

The
Morning Star.

Seibert.

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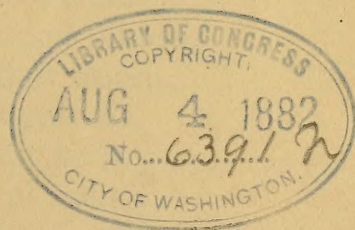


THE
MORNING STAR.

AN EPIC POEM.

BY JOHN SEIBERT.

33
ἔγὼ εἰμι—ὁ ἀστὴρ ὁ λαμπρὸς καὶ ὀρθρινός.



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THE MORNING STAR.

CANTO I.

UNDER THE FIG TREE.

N wings ecstatic O, my muse arise,
To azure heights serene of starry skies,
Thence mount aloft to planes of golden
zone,
And truth divine bring down from pearly throne!
Lo, hark the rustling of immortal wings,
Of seraphs chanting to ethereal strings,
As shining poise amid the ambient air,
The glory on their golden pinions bear;
They bid "arise with us to blissful home,
To glitt'ring stars amid the azure dome,
The truthful words indite with angel plume,
Of peerless archings and the nether doom,
The light refulgent where archangels sit,
And fearful darkness of the lowest pit;
By will divine behold th' immortal man,
For vulgar sense defeats the glorious plan,
That noble form descends to dust below,
Or mounts in beauty to the purple bow;

The deadly blightings he will seldom flee
'Till in the maelstrom of the whirling sea,
Until the thunders shake the stormy sky,
Along the ground reverberating fly,
Until the frightful judgment is revealed,
Th' unbending fate of lost forever sealed,
Convulsions dreadful rock the starry plane,
And chaos old resumes his sway again:
The universe of solar system bright,
All govern'd is by one electric light,
By law revolves, exact in order runs,
So must control the world prophetic suns,
While shining planets roll around the skies,
The straying comet far erratic flies,
And wand'ring stars extinguished as they blaze,
Through space career till mingled with the haze!"

Mid Eden's blissful bowers grew
The sacred tree of love,
Ere star arose of lurid hue,
Ere fled the turtle-dove;
Then lightnings rose from ocean wave,
The nidus of the storm,
And blazed along the dark concave,
And billows where they form;
To glory dim, the beauty mar
Of flowers fair in bloom,
Death's harbinger the purple star
Ascended mid the gloom,
In vision loomed the ghastly shroud,
Siroccos blasting blew,
And deeply veiled behind the cloud,
The Morning Star from view;
Lo, tarnished what was glorious made,
Creation's noble birth,

Then flashed aloft the fiery blade,
Jehovah cursed the earth;
Then mountains shook when awful doomed,
And tottered to their base,
The earth involved, volcanoes loomed,
Through thralldom of the race,
Because that man was doomed to die,
His star forever wane,
The prince of darkness dared defy,
Horrific willed to reign!
Forbidden fruit, remember well,
Will tear away the breath,
To dust consign or flaming hell,
In jaws of livid death;
This magic power rules the world,
In heaven and in earth,
The serpents' guile to Eve unfurled,
Revealed the mystic worth,
To power wrest, divine that claimed,
And man whom loving formed,
Dominion given, life and named,
And in His bosom warmed;
The creature chose before their God,
The blending into one,
With satan, bowed beneath the rod,
The thorns with 'roses won;
In satan's way terrific, went,
To Eden's fruit destroy,
His subtle arts the devil lent,
The gold corrupt, alloy;
In likeness fair, was fashioned man,
And in the garden placed,
But earthy wooed, the fatal ban,
Gods' image was effaced,
Creation marred, his handy works,

Perverted sadly all;
In earthy ways the serpent lurks,
And men—Gods' apples—fall!

When glory fair of manhood gone,
The image bright of God,
Th' immortal spark in vain bemoan,
The thistle, thorn and rod;
Result of sin, forbidden fruit,
What horrors then disclose,
In cavern deep from baneful root,
Lo, tree of death arose!
The righteous Abels perish all,
The sacrifice in vain,
Once looming dark the funeral pall,
The treasures ebb amain;
Should earthy things be cherished dear,
The heart to Jesus give,
That in his likeness may appear,
With him forever live!
Forbidden fruit of Eden fly,
Choose precious life instead,
Exalted, shine, ascend the sky,
Upon the serpent tread;
The fruit of Eden plainly taught,
Was eaten earthy free,
The Scriptures say lo, forth were brought,
Beneath an apple tree;
Forbidden fruit, the blight behold,
Of which, partaken had,
On troubled sea what billows rolled,
What sin engendered sad,
What surges dashed amid the storm
When touched the thing unclean,
Then deadly bane, sepulchral worm,

No living verdure seen!
Oh, dread effects from evil root,
Of mystic tree they chose,
The blighting sin, forbidden fruit,
Corruption, tomb disclose;
But star of hope was promised still,
The Savior, Son of God,
The star of Bethlehem, his will,
With heel the serpent trod;
Than glitt'ring gems from mountains high,
Than planets bright will He,
Than twinkling stars of vaulted sky,
Still more enduring be;
O, loving kindness gushing fresh
From fountain of the heart,
The Gilead balm for erring flesh
To freedom, life impart!

To Christ was in the garden brought
Temptation as he stood,
As unto Adam what he sought,
Instead of living food;
The one abstained, the other chose,
And placed therein his trust;
One went to heaven, high arose,
The other to the dust;
One went beyond the purple cloud,
The other to the world,
To good and evil and the shroud
From Paradise was hurled;
To joy exultant, beauty rise,
Ascends the living Word;
While earthy, disobedient dies,
Behold the flaming sword;
The river flows for prudent, wise,

For glory one had striven;
The other straying, hearkened, flies,
Is from the garden driven;
Confusion one, satanic strife,
Once wanes the vital breath;
One immortality and life,
Corruption one and death!

Christ would not heed his mother's plan,
"Obedient what! to thee,
Because to evil hearkened man,
I die on Calvary;"
"No wine," replied "hear my demands,"
She said, "why longer feign,"
"No, "I'll obey my God's commands,
And fly the deadly stain;"
When bleeding, hung upon the cross,
Fulfilled were greatest fears:
"My son, my son, alas, my loss,"
She cried with woman's tears;
Then Jesus cried "behold your son,
It greatly me annoys,
'Twill tear away the crown I've won,
My glory and my joys;"
But still his bosom heaved with love,
Provided her a home,
Before he went to God above.
The bright celestial dome!

As perfect one as trod the earth,
Was man before the thrall,
Creator's work, of noble birth
Since woman bore us all;
Were twain created, not before,
Enkindled fond desire,

For naught was found in earthly store,
To light the gentle fire;
Nor was it good to be alone,
For man of earthy mind,
To vision in the mind enthroned,
The heart around entwined;
'Twas not His will to lose but save,
Still made an agent free,
His works to prove inducement gave,
Could either choose or flee;
Through earthy deeds arose the law,
To death alas the key;
To stand aloof from lions' jaw,
Like Christ be earthy free,
Man's days of woman born how few,
And full of trouble all,
The shameful cross on Jesus drew,
The wormwood and the gall!
Herein, the myst'ry and the wonder,
Of old the secrets tell,
To pieces rend the living sunder,
The counterpart of hell;
"Behold my mother, sister, brother,
They are more blessed still,
Than aught relating unto mother,
Who do my Fathers will;"
The ways divine how wondrous strange,
How penetrate the maze,
Or seeming contradictions range!
But still of wisdom's ways.
O, Lord we pray our souls to sever
From every evil thought,
'Twas not thy sacred will forever,
To rend in sunder aught!

'Tis asked, does man forever live?
Perhaps in others may;
So sacred life may loving give,
The wand'ring pilgrim stray;
To death consigned the sacred life—
The written word of God—
Dust unto dust, the earthy strife,
'Tis Eden or the clod;
In frail, exhausted frames abound,
The seeds of death await,
No oil is in the vessels found,
The foolish virgin's fate;
The golden fruit it squand'red 'way,
The ravishment in duty,
Is vanished now the lustrous ray,
Lo, fallen star of beauty;
To brimstone, dust consigned or flames,
The dark designing plot,
Now many forms and varied names,
To dread, eventful lot;
The lily white, the rose unsoiled,
Man's nearest emblems found,
Before by evil deeds despoiled,
The deep, the ghastly wound!
But holy ones to God belong,
By sin were never charmed,
Behold the bless'd, the happy throng,
Creation is unharmed:
Melchizedek like Adam tried,
Throughout a race of joy,
Whom God created, never died,
Unchained by earthly toy;
King David slept within his tomb,
His patriarchal grave;
King Jesus rose, escaped the doom,

While vict'ries round him wave!
A jewel bright of costly price,
The blood of Jesus bought,
Salvation's scheme will now suffice,
The battle virtue fought,
The battle fought, triumphant won
Arose to clouds of glory,
The golden race celestial run,
O, grand the thrilling story!

To heaven scale, its vaults of blue,
T'avoid the powers of hell,
Is earthy not to touch nor woo,
It will destroy as well;
Alone, upon the Lord to wait,
Religion pure will bless,
The golden gate behold, how strait,
To worship, happiness:
A tree exists, in nature grows
Its poison who may tell,
In flow'ry meads luxuriant blows,
And mid the shady dell;
With magic charms it softly steals
Th' enraptured sense away,
In silent, drear oblivion seals,
In fixed, unchanging clay!
The wisest man in vortex fell,
Engulfed his strength of nerve,
Entranced, by carnal, earthy spell,
Then many gods to serve;
As perfect one, how can he live!
The inner man destroyed,
To fragile ones did treasure give,
In subtile ways decoyed;
As soul and body never will,

As ghost he doubtless strays;
The way is straight to Zion's hill,
To death are many ways!
I know Elijah lives and Paul,
That Moses lives likewise,
As John beloved were holy all,
Beyond this world of sighs;
And Jesus lives, beheld his face,
And heard his glorious voice,
Lo, rank divine in every trace,
In him ye saints rejoice!
Thrice blessed he who in distress
Has Jesus for his friend,
Sustain and comfort will and bless,
Will faithful be till end;
Then on the Savior faithful true,
Upon his bosom lean,
For you prepared a kingdom too,
Unheard, as yet unseen;
"My own beloved Son is he,"
Said the celestial voice,
"Let only love, the glorious be,
Forever only choice,
Whose royal look divine dissolves,
Pierced Simon like a dart,
Salvation sweet on him devolves,
Behold his bleeding heart,
Whose beaming love from radiant sky,
Will brightly shine forever,
The Savior's love exalted high,
But earthy love must sever,
Whose virtue pure as morning star
That gilds the mighty main,
That glowing beams in orient 'far,
Nor will forever wane,

Whose rosy cheeks and lips of dew,
Of stately form behold,
Ascending to the royal blue,
To heaven's scheme unfold!"
The rock, the rock, the precious rock,
O, place our feet upon,
Nor prayers of the faithful mock,
Disciples of Thy Son!

Though charming fair the earthly scene,
The less for earthy sigh;
To Jesus fly of fairest mien,
Of heaven-beaming eye;
The more enticing then the race,
The more th' allurements fly,
When morning star may shining grace,
The light from beamy sky;
Although invite may flow'ry charms,
With breath will pass away;
Will solace give mid death's alarms,
Or brighten waning day!
In earthy ways, may hardly please—
Away to Jesus fly,
On baneful lusts nor pleasures seize,
Nor with the earthy die;
Lo, murder, lust are hand in hand
Since Cain his brother slew,
With passion walked and bore the brand,
Where gusts and tempests brew;
The carnage red, the bloody fight,
The seeds the earthy sow,
Like avalanche mid sable night,
The dreadful evils flow;
Ignobly man from god-like heights
Descends to grov'ling beast,

And desecrates his sacred rights,
The raven's ominous feast!
Was not defiled His holy lip,
To thwart the dark design,
That we might of the waters sip
Through Shiloh, the divine!
When sons of ancient strangely walked.
'Twas grievous to His heart,
Corrupt the earth, with Noah talked,
Resolved anew to start.
Then lightnings flash, the tempest roar
Through skies the dreadful doom,
The thunders crash, the torrents pour,
And mantle earth in gloom;
Then gates of heaven open wide,
And fountains of the deep,
Lo, towering waves, the ocean tide,
Like avalanches sweep,
O'er mountain top the swelling seas,
The turgid billows roll,
Th'equator 'round the deluge flees,
From north to southern pole!
Still Noah's saved, the floods refine,
The earth from sin in vain,
Behold, with evil walked and wine,
Ham's race was cursed again!
For when entranced, headlong will rush,
Death's embers wildly fan,
Till wheels of Juggernaut him crush,
O, madness of the man!
Alas, could but recall his days,
Would never sensual walk,
But tread in wisdom's narrow ways,
Without deaths terrors stalk!
When feet are clean—away to God!

Nor walk as earthy kind;
With Jesus walk, avoid the rod,
It will with fetters bind;
In evil ways nor earthy walk,
But sacred laws fulfill;
At heaven's gate may useless knock.
It surely is His will!
Should never handle, never touch
What will in pieces tear,
Release will God from evil such—
Of earthy ways beware!
'Twas not His will, and yet it was,
But strayed to wicked devil;
And violated sacred laws,
Then knowledge good and evil;
Alas, the blood thereafter shed,
It trod upon the law;
First guardian angels Adam led,
Then grief and sorrow saw!
Jehovah wills no earthy way
In rescuing from hell
Lo, Moses justly sought to slay
By dark destroyer fell;
Was Moses not then humble still,
In earthy ways indulged?
The law was careful to fulfil,
In Abrah'm too divulged,
But vexed alas, was Moses meek,
Behold his fate, he died!
Before me walk, perfection seek,
Then Abrah'm justified!
Still how consoling to the breast,
Like patriarchs of old,
Like Job with sons and daughters blest,
The lambs within the fold!

Behold the exceeding great reward,
Thy shield I am as well,
When Abram said, "the earthy, Lord,"
A horrid darkness fell,
For Abram slept as Adam slept
Until the vision came,
Then helper found, the promise kept,
Reserved for either's name;
What represent in sunder rent,
The heifer, ram and goat;
Betwixt the lamp and furnace went;
On earthy, spirits dote;
The birds of innocence remain,
No mangling knife despoils:
The stars of beauty never wane,
Bright shining as they poise!
And Sarah too delighted, moved,
Nor heeded mystic law,
The angel bright her laugh reproved;
The sunny side she saw!
The Lord, t'escape prepared a way,
"Now offer up thy son:"
To serpent bruise, behold, would slay
His own beloved One!
Though Sarah was of beauty bright,
Of fair and comely face,
"Away," cried Abrah'm, "out of sight,
Give me a burying place!"
A livid corpse and putrid gas
Were left of marble bust,
Remaining lo, corruption's mass,
And black, revolting dust!

When Jacob went to fortune seek,
God said in wand'ring way,

“Thy faithful friend, support of weak,
I am thy loving stay;”
Lo, twenty years in bondage served,
Still Jacob fondly, brave;
Beneath the feet though undeserved,
Was trodden seed a slave!
“Ah, evil, few, my fleeting years,”
Cried Jacob, witness bear,
“One hundred thirty lo, in tears,”
Although with Rachel fair;
Where Bethel’s ladder touched the skies,
His well beloved, entombed,
His earthy joy, his Rachel lies,
Soon dust where beauty bloomed!
What toilsome duties, never cease,
Confusions by the score;
But blessings rest and balmy peace,
With Him forevermore;
Around, Jehovah’s arm sustains,
Upholds the living breath:
To Jacob’s love a tomb remains,
A monument of death!

Soon golden life forever ends,
Its prospect and career;
Eternal life or death depends
Upon our doings here:
The soldier brave with brandished sword
Will blood and carnage dare;
So firmly wave the sacred Word,
And satan’s wiles beware,
Mid battle cry who will not fight,
The enemy redoubt,
When vict’ries perch on banners bright,
Can not their triumph shout;

Herein is life alone and truth,
Upon the destined way;
Man must deny the flesh forsooth
Or perish mid dismay;
If rashly mar the inner man,
He never can restore,
What God conferred, creation's plan,
His image as before;
Though righteous been, and careful sown,
Although a faithful soul,
Still sing of triumphs not his own,
May never reach the goal,
May all the ordinances keep,
And shout of joys above,
Its fruit alas, may never reap,
Because of terrene love,
Before the world appears a saint,
But full of weakness lo!
And David like 'fore Anak faint,
Succumb beneath the blow,
From fiery serpents may be freed,
The wilderness have braved,
Through rock of ages, promised seed,
Still few alas, are saved;
Through lack of wisdom, treasure lost,
The righteous even stray,
The flesh indulged, the fearful cost,
Eternity to pay;
The vital part all wasted too,
No longer than a span,
Appears terrific, and too true,
This destiny of man;
The golden heights where angels dwell;
He scaling climbs below,
Or sinks to fearful depths of hell,

Whichever seed may sow;
Or, hears the dreadful sentence stern
When disobeyed command,
"To mold'ring clay, to dust return,
To dark and hopeless land!"
But unto wisdom, living green,
Sweet mercy still the plea,
Why daring touch the thing unclean,
For die must sapless tree:
If love of Jesus, chosen few,
If all forsake besides,
Nor sensual walk as earthy do,
May then be Jesus' brides;
If holy live for heaven's sake,
Are children happy, free,
More than can chosen sons partake,
Than daughters ever be;
From righteous ones still He may take
What little spirit's left,
But failing hearts must throbbing break,
Of all but hell bereft;
May spirit be forever more,
And that alas, alone,
As soul and body Jesus bore,
How few have wisely won!
The resurrection and the life,
Like unto holy seven,
Is live aloof from earthy strife—
The Savior's tracks to heaven!
When sea with wrecks the tempests strew,
How few the finder saves!
Bright sides have pictures, shadows too,
As ocean's billowy waves!

That blessed morn when Christ arose,
What glorious vict'ry wrought!
Triumphant over bloody foes,
The victor nobly fought;
To conquer and to conquer willed,
Forever evermore,
The volume of the book fulfilled,
Eternal life in store;
God's sacred laws he must fulfil
And strictest caution use,
Tenacious be of holy will,
To head of serpent bruise;
Lo, wisdom bruised the serpent's fangs,
Unfolded living door;
On holiness salvation hangs,
And life forevermore;
If aught herein, had gravely failed,
No Savior more for man,
Nor hope beyond the tomb had hailed,
But dark, sepulchral ban;
Upon the Throne now interceeds,
The green, the living tree,
"Upon you take my yoke," he pleads,
And wisdom learn of me;
With adamant ægis brave
The fiery darts that fly,
And mount where starry summits lave,
Amid the bending sky!"

O, the magical scenes and what raptures arise,
On the well who was sitting sweet mem'ry we prize,
In the desert who prayed where the flowers had
bloomed,
On the mountain who wept o'er Jerusalem doomed!
Now the watchman in Zion true, glorious on high,

As beside the clear fountain seraphic is by,
By the waters all limpid mid sacred its heights,
Mid the stars with Jehovah, the burning of lights;
Now the flashing of meteors in fall will arise,
And revolve bright again mid the azure of skies,
Through the crucifix ransom to mortals below,
Through carnation from sin, from the devil and woe!

If down in regions dark of nether gloom,
Where demons fierce with guile and murder doom,
We value hearts where human pulses beat
What thrills transporting when the Savior meek!
When high aloft around the tree of life,
And far away, away from galling strife,
From rusty devils, smoke and putrid fumes,
Will we exult aloud where garden blooms!



CANTO II.

HARMLESS!

F men the living source but sagely knew,
Would ne'er be lighted by a taper blue,
Through ghostly valley of a baneful fen,
Where looming phantoms stalk mid dismal
glen!

The harlot's haunt, the dark abyss,
Lo, wretchedness the love,
As dang'rous as the serpent's hiss,
Although a cooing dove;
Destruction's sister, veils in gloom,
Of Stygian river fame,
Corruption, dust, the awful doom,
And horror is the name!
The Jezebels with flaunting airs—
The palace *vis a vis*—
The devil's flock, polluted tares,
Their fascinations flee;
The daintiest morsels feed upon,
The universal rule;
Like spider's web their trappings don,
With lure ensnare the fool;
Destructive mediums to seduce,
To hell lo, downward lead,

Scarce dark design or carnal ruse,
But foster horrid deed;
Their race like worms must crawl the ground,
Or 'round terrific haunt.
On earth then desolation found,
And will the Lord them want!
O woman fair from hand divine,
The fairest flow'r that blooms,
With angel, or a fiend's design,
A ravager of tombs:
Unlawful sow, corruption reap,
The end is surely dust,
With harlots and with devils keep
The festival of lust;
The envenomed tooth of serpent's craft.
The melrose of his wiles;
Lo, satan's subtle breathing waft
To artful blushing smiles;
Oblivion's ways forever pave,
How dismal is the thought,
The jaws of death, the living grave,
With blighting horrors fraught!
Like arsenic bright and copper green,
Though splendid to the eye,
In brilliant polish, poison seen,
Like coils of serpent lie;
Though calm the sea the reef along,
Gales gentle as a breath,
Soon vessel wrecked through siren song
That lures to certain death;
The lethean maelstrom, aspic dread,
Oblivion's vortex seal,
Forever hushed among the dead,
In pools corruption reel!
Deceitful is, pollution low,

The beauty truly vain,
Will seeds of sorrow surely sow,
And pleasures end in pain;
With deeds corrupt the soul abuse,
Then man a wand'ring elf,
He likewise may cremation choose,
Annihilate himself!
Oh, earthy love, the sinful price,
Allures away from God,
From holy ways will heart entice,
To land of sterile Nod;
Will pride induce, with war combine
T' unveil death's putrid flood,
Then earthly grin, the form divine,
Lo, shed Redeemer's blood;
Once innocence of childhood gone,
Then sorrows seize the soul,
O'er troubled seas the fate bemoan
Where billows ceaseless roll,
The blessed Savior from above
Can wily foe defeat,
Not harlot fair, the purple dove,
Behold the devil's seat;
The horrors all from earthy bliss,
On Christ the anguish fell,
The deep damnation, the abyss
Of black, polluted hell;
He satan's agents truly hates,
The simple eas'ly urge,
Like sister Furies and the Fates,
With torch and serpents scourge;
Destructive mediums to seduce,
Adown the pit mislead,
Scarce dark design or carnal ruse,
But foster horrid deed;

Lo, wisdom hear from Zion's hill,
'Tis poison of the asp;
But morning star bright beaming still,
Eternal life will grasp!
No paling thrills e'er pierce the starry dome,
Nor bony raptures scale that pearly home!

In deadly conflict brothers meet,
Like Cain their lusts abide;
Lo, crim'nal deeds pierced holy feet,
And evil thoughts His side;
Must banish death and hellish strife,
That rugged tree alone;
Nor murd'rer shares eternal life,
What joy when satan gone!
What blighting sorrow, hideous woes
On rampage sin is found,
Deformed, in agonizing throes,
In thralldom earth around!
How changed alas, the sad alloy
What horrors 'round it hang,
Since shouted sons of God for joy,
And stars together sang!
The wicked world, the flesh and devil,
What evils them surround;
Lo, anguish and corruption revel,
Destruction, death abound!
The earthy ways, the devil dread,
The enemies of life,
All hope consign to earthy bed
Mid sorrow, care and strife;
'Tis earthy love that separates
Betwixt the Lord and man,
The wasting lo, the evil hates,
Corrupt, unholy ban;

Lo, earthy love, th'abuse and loss,
Were justice in the wake,
'Twould surely nail to shameful cross,
Or burn at dreadful stake;
The serpent vile, the devil is
The sacred law to know,
To pieces rend, the carnage his,
To seeds of havoc sow;
That serpent old, if would defeat,
Like Jesus cast behind,
As victor hurl from gory seat,
With chains the dragon bind;
For if would satan overturn,
Then know where tempters lurk,
Let not unwisely passions burn,
Behold, deceiver's work:
When seven locks of honor shorn
From giant of the earth,
No longer, Sampson's fetters torn,
Then danced his foes with mirth;
Should soldiers in the battle flee!
Must strike a deadly blow,
Must struggle for the victory,
Or vanquished by the foe;
Then Michael and the angels fight,
The dragon and his bands,
Till headlong cast from heaven's height,
Why disobey commands!
Why tread the law beneath the feet,
Then wailing weep in vain,
Lie prostrate at the mercy seat,
When might exalted reign!
Why not obey the bless'd edict,
Why grieve the heart divine,
Involve the earth in dread conflict,

Ensanguined doom consign!
In pleasing God we must observe
The record of his word,
And careful beauty's form preserve,
Lo, chosen of the Lord;
The principal conservative,
Is virtue, rarest gem,
Of nations all that hopeful live,
Earth's New Jerusalem;
To holy walk nor evil choose,
The path the blessed trod;
In virtue's way His spirit woos,
And upward leads to God:
But way terrene, how strong its hold,
Tempestuous as the sea,
Away to tear from Jesus' fold,
Of death will terror be;
Descend or rise to mystic seven,
Do evil or do well;
Men may arise to highest heaven,
Or sink to lowest hell;
And too alas, how dear they pay
For sin, corrupting vice,
Sweet life for evils of a day,
Terrific, what a price!
In earthy ways the banquet found,
The story shall we tell?
In marrow, flesh and bones abound
Corruption, death and hell,
Though hoping, trusting, praying,
Indulging fatal lust,
Then dieing and decaying,
And mingle with the dust.

The greatest boon of heaven or earth,
Is breathing soul to live,

Though world obtain alas, the dearth,
Or what in barter give!
Blastema germ—when spirit rent,
No more can perfect be;
While 'round pavillion bow is bent,
Salvation glorious free;
Man, first preserving pow'rs contained,
Soon mortal, dying breath;
When *aura vitae*, spirit waned,
Then sickness, livid death;
When once of *bioplasm* rid,
What then supplies the place?
An acid, rheum, a *tertiam quid*,
For gold, the metals base;
Some loss supply, to spirits turn,
Where vital spark enclosed,
Will lambent flames consuming burn,
Of alcohol composed;
The wriggling worm already reigns,
In serum of the blood,
The discs deformed of drunkard's veins,
Lo, canker in the bud;
The nervous vim of vital brain,
By microscopic lore,
Is proven that they ne'er regain
The *aura* as before;
The cerebrum and nervous spine
Have lost their vital force,
In ganglions exalted fine,
Is given place to coarse;
Lo, is supplied by other power,
Electric it may be,
Not breath divine, sweet heaven's flower,
Of fragrant, blooming tree;
Consumptions thence and gouts arise,

And maladies untold,
Then ebbs away, the spirit flies,
The myst'ries all unfold;
Then unto dust the body goes,
The soul a phantom strays,
How long exists God only knows,
What errant destiny sways;
The broken egg, the shell remains,
The glitt'ring sabre rust,
The blazing comet losing wanes,
The man returns to dust:
Magnetic fish, th' Electric Ray,
Few shocks imparted, dies,
So vital spark whensquand'red 'way,
Behold, forever flies;
Then sullen gloom of dismal night,
Forlorn, the hopeless fate,
Through waves of scientific light,
Revealed the wretched state;
The earthy sum—the being wanes,
The wheat departs with bloom,
The worthless chaff of ear remains,
To perish in the tomb,
Sepulchred there the hopeless all,
Within the solemn grave,
Like Adam frail of primal thrall,
Beneath the dismal wave!

How strong is earthy love in man!
He traffics all and buys,
What is beneath the sov'reign ban,
Will sacrifice the skies;
E'en inmost thoughts offensive are,
Unless of sacred germ,
May in His holy presence mar

Existent precious term;
From wicked thoughts are actions hell,
Why evil think at all?
Thereby the angels hopeless fell,
Look up and never fall;
The fearful part performed in life,
Terrific, did we know,
Forever torn with baneful strife,
Would seeds of wisdom sow;
If mischief not in heart indulged,
In sight no evil dwell,
No sinful actions then divulged,
Nor wicked cast in hell;
The undefiled in glory sings,
Alone the Scriptures teach,
Eternal life, salvation brings,
So few will heaven reach;
When roughly touched, the lily fair,
No longer spotless pure,
To Him who numbers wafting hair,
So fly the tainting lure;
To realize this blessed truth,
Devote should early free,
Ourselves resign in blooming youth,
To God and prospered be;
If sacred love the soul refresh,
Divine not earthy kiss,
Too holy for impulsive flesh,
Herein is heaven, bliss!

Dissolved will be this fragile form,
This vessel frail of clay,
Where passions then of grov'ling worm,
The creature of a day!
Life's journey could men endless run

Beneath destructive sway,
What aspic horrors, all undone,
By satan led astray!
Of father's lusts terrific, all,
In paths corruption stalk,
In galling chains, the servile thrall,
Thus with the devil walk;
May bear alas, revolting mark,
The endless horrors too,
The blighting wilt of passions dark,
And fruitless be to rue;
From thence arise, all troubles come,
The earth's illumed with light,
Of sorrows all behold, the sum,
The heavens, garnished bright!
In poetry 'tis beautiful,
And cherished fondly dear,
Alas, the day ye dutiful,
The dread, appalling bier;
The devil, dragon, satan's toils,
The fiery demon's power,
The flaming sword, the serpent's coils
In arches vaulting tower!

Lo, earthy love is of the ground,
Beneath, not from above,
On Jacob's ladder, lowest round—
On highest, heaven's love,
There nothing is in kingdom come,
But inwardly that dwells,
The inner man, the total sum,
For woful pleasure sells;
When childhood's bloom, the youthful gone,
Then dust to dust the man,
Then toilsome labors, grief alone,

And waning life a span;
Result behold, the end disgust,
To naught the final doom,
The blooming charms consigned to dust,
To perish in the tomb:
When many wives then many gods,
The fall of princes wise,
Then many thorns and many rods,
And they of Titan size;
The threads were spun of cruel fate,
Of shroud the texture wove,
In meshes caught. the tardy late,
Dieu sauve qui se sauve!
Herein the picture well portrays,
The carnival at least,
And as revealed, the downward ways,
Mazeppa and the beast;
Lo, hell thereby's alert with strife,
To tear the vital breath,
The turning point of precious life;
To withered flower, death;
Can life's career no longer run,
Retrieve, no more repeat,
Lo, waning star, the setting sun,
The serpent's charm complete!

Before the earth and heaven's face,
Befitting, pleasant home,
Should woman gently fill her place,
Nor vapid, wand'ring roam;
Nor yet persist in doubtful strife,
In ways of mortal evil,
Contentions then and tumults rife,
Dominion of the devil;
Confusions thence and wily foe!

Retain then wisely place,
From dim beginning was it so,
Would new position grace?
The evils less, attractions more,
And would condition be,
Exalted, better than before,
More virtuous, happy, free?
In shame involves, divorce and sin,
Will surely wake the foe,
Will horrors bring and satan's gin,
With many a hurtful woe,
Aye piercing sorrows, subtle foes,
In present, and to come;
Who law proclaimed He only knows,
In Him is wisdom's sum;
Will wrath awake and satan's rod,
With evils in disguise;
The Jewish law, the law of God,
The christian law likewise;
Behold, the Mede and Persian law,
Contempt and wrath foreseen,
The king in spouse rebellion saw,
Which made fair Esther queen!
Did Pagan hist'ry ever grace,
Or yet the sacred pen,
As giantess, renowned race,
Ye daughters fair of men!
Unwisely then with rebel band
Unite, the law despise,
Descend in scale, forsaken stand,
Or Gentle Esther rise!

To precious heart of womankind,
No ill allusion, trust,
'Tis motive low, the purpose blind

Will hasten to the dust:
To neither Martha, Mary aught,
Whom Jesus loved so pure,
In holy breasts designings wrought,
In bosoms tempting lure;
He who restored the withered arm
Could make them also sing,
Beneath his wing protect from harm,
Where living waters spring!
The pure enclosure, hallowed love
Is sacred in His sight,
Desire of hope, the home above,
Their children of the light;
Thence stars arise, all beaming bright,
From heaven's milky way,
That lighten up the gloomy night,
And shine till coming day:
Our tender mother, also been,
And likewise darling child,
Whom Savior too redeemed from sin,
For her salvation died,
Than sister, brother dearer far,
May hardly loss endure,
The nearest light to morning star,
The love celestial pure,
That oft protected fragile form,
When sudden death was near,
With downy suit from chilling storm,
The hands of mother dear;
All honor then to her who bore,
And kept with fondest care,
May God unfold a welcome door,
My mother freely there!
Like angels dear the guardians 'round,
Of consecrated love,

Devoted true and faithful found,
As gentle turtle dove;
Is sacred, pure in Holy sight
The vesture of renown,
In Jesus lives celestial light,
Amid his starry crown!

Lo, glorious arose and all beaming and bright,
The sun in careering refulgent with light,
The dews to collect by the darting of ray,
Till Sirius all flaming dispersed them away!



CANTO III.

THE PROBATION, THE THRALDOM.



, the rushes in fen's where the fair lilies
grow,

As the charms they conceal 'neath the
beauty of bow;

While the witnesses loom in the azure afar,
Lo, the clouds are thick gath'ring to mantle
the Star!

The Eternal spake, "Let's woman make,
A helper as before,

Man's willing heart to love's awake;"

An earthy love he bore;

Then gentle female loving made,

In ev'ning twilight dim,

When all complete, the mystic aid;

The Savior rode for him;

Because created, fashioned fair,

Said, "would his parents leave,

And loving too the burden share,

Still scarcely be reprieve;"

And satan thought, would prove untrue,

As once of Job declared;

Commandments then as nuptials due—

With Eve was Adam paired:
Although unsought, may lucky find,
Nor gravely be to blame,
May happen so to dest'ny bind,
Results precisely same;
The sheep discovered when was sought,
The piece of silver too,
Because of treasure field was bought,
So partner wed or woo;
Attained to wisdom then at length,
The knowledge first desired,
Of nature's gifts, the sov'reign's strength,
By serpent, lo, inspired;
The mortal knowledge, baneful root,
From earthy seeds a sowing,
Fruition of forbidden fruit,
The good and evil knowing;
Still in devotion, did not fail,
To witness at the cross,
O'er primal sin to vict'ry hail,
The triumph over loss;
And chosen is to fruitage bear,
A precious name begot,
Who walk therewith, devoted share
Convention's happy lot;
Should also kindly cherish, love,
Protect the fragile form,
From danger, want as God above
Provides and shelters warm.
When Adam first of evil chose,
And Cain his brother slew,
Then angel stern with sword arose,
And both His presence flew;
Not willing were alone to be,
Soon into evil fell.

Corruption still would Jesus flee,
With God forever dwell;
Will parents both devoted leave,
Because created twain,
And loving unto nuptials cleave;
Created one in vain?
Nor vainly, might have unit made,
But when arose the two,
The offence to them was justly laid,
When unto satan flew;
Should they away rebellious flee?
Lo, seeds of evil sown;
Not wisdom, duty in the plea
For Jesus to atone;
The greatest bane beneath of hell,
Is sin's destructive charm,
For men thereby and angels fell,
From warning take alarm.
Who o'er a precipice will leap,
In maniacs oft occur,
They perish in the surging deep,
But sorrows then bestir;
To earthy still the creature flies,
And since the world began,
Foundation thence the living rise,
And is the inner man;
And when unharmed the being strong,
The sacred living power,
The proper use opposed to wrong,
The ever blooming flower;
The snowy emblems, heaven clad,
There innocence and joy:
All sinful pleasures seeking, mad,
In realizing cloy!

Man was created, given breath,
Became a living soul,
When desolate, terrific, death,
As earthy worm or mole!
Since Adam downward went to dust,
Arisen not afresh,
Should wisdom not its ways distrust,
The evils of the flesh?
The good and evil, baneful tree,
The consummation fruit,
The fragrant roses wilted see,
Primeval sin impute;
Nor will divine—and yet it was,
But strayed to vicious devil,
And violated sacred laws,
The knowledge good and evil;
Lo, Satan rises in his strength,
The dark deceiver fell,
That mighty power tears at length
To either dust or hell;
A living soul in pieces torn,
Horrific, what a fate,
Who image of his Maker borne,
Repentance then too late;
The pitcher broken at the fount,
Then black th' eternal seal,
As horrors grim we here recount,
In sorrow to reveal!

Lo, harmful 'twas, an evil kind,
Soon earthy fruits arise,
To nakedness then were not blind,
As wand'red 'neath the skies;
The innocent of earthy love,
No hidings ever show

As harmless as the turtle dove,
Till good and evil known;
Was not a will to man destroy?
A power of the devil;
What sin to subtle arts employ,
Reduce to earthy level!
Not will conceived to create man?
A power of the Throne,
T' ascend the Throne was satan's ban,
In hell he reigns alone!
What myst'ry in that marv'lorous link,
Is in that mystic power,
The living death, destruction's brink,
Lo, hell, or heaven's flower!
What honor yet and blessing still
To children rear in grace,
To place divine exalted fill,
And dignify the race!
Still galaxy of stars around
The throne divine above
With glitt'ring triumphet welcom sound
To pure and holy love;
Temptations dark must be denied,
'Tis for eternal life,
How satan shook when Job was tried,
O, hell's inventive strife!
"Arise, said God and multiply,"
Because it happened so,
For evil then in deluge die,
Still mercy gave the bow;
First no command, but unto beast,
Direction too in love,
A precept none, permission least,
Condition not above;
'Twas not because they multiplied,

But punishment condign,
For wicked ways in deluge died,
For ills corrupt repine;
The doleful fate, the evil done
That could not be forgiven,
Nor prohibition was alone,
From Paradise were driven;
If would offend--disloyal first,
Lo, satan's fearful seat!
In fanning too the chaff is curst,
Alone preserved the wheat!
Then garments vile invested both,
Excluded with the devil,
To earth desend with reptiles loath,
Reduced to earthy level:
A sin exists that's unto death,
A dark and fatal thrall,
Destructive sin of vital breath,
Of glory's ray—the pall;
Nor could Jehovah cast away,
Except a thing of naught,
In essence good, how could he slay,
Unless his wrath were hot?
Must justice guard, how could he rest,
The loving, holy One,
If offspring crushed at his behest,
Who evil scarcely done?
But bands were sund'red, barred the gate,
All locked in black despair,
The iron, stern decree of fate,
The fiery serpent there;
O, drama dark, the mortal scene,
According to His word,
The black design, in darkness seen
Destroyer, flaming sword!

Man censure cast in face divine,
The earthy that he chose,
Then rod satanic fell, condign,
Hence enmity arose;
When governmental wrath was hot,
Because the child rebelled,
When rebel fired the fatal shot,
To war the tumult swelled;
Oh, rending sad what mercy made,
In sacred hist'ry famed,
The child rebels, the flowers fade,
Lo, horrors dark, unnamed;
The story told of heaven and earth,
When cherubim were sent,
When civil discord had its birth,
With sable rebel went;
Then gospel precepts hidden 'far,
No living fountain free,
No rising of baptismal star,
Nor refuge whither flee;
To Adam and the rebel Jews,
Still sign of Jonah given,
The knowledge to the serpent bruise,
The spotless Being riven;
Determined was the foe to slay,
Till Jesus stood between,
As ransom gave himself away,
To guilty victim screen;
The sacred foot divine still bears
The spotted colored mark,
Of serpent bruised that vilely tears,
Or murders in the dark;
The shocking truth, the horrors loom,
Awaiting sinful acts.
Still few believe the fearful doom,

Though one declare the facts:
What love divine, what patience there,
In gracious heart supreme,
For ages work, for men prepare,
And when rebel, redeem,
Redeem with blood of holy One
From portals black of doom,
But He who lightnings made and sun,
Still great beyond the tomb;
To offer a beloved son
Upon a bloody rack,
Was grace beyond an earthly one,
To purchase rebels back;
O, wisdom gracious, spotless Lamb,
The grace divine how free,
Redemption blood, the Gilead balm
Effused on Calvary!
Where sibilant hiss, the cooing dove,
O, what a marv'lous scene,
Th' envenomed snake, the turtle dove
Amid th' embowered green!
In habits of whiteness though magical rare,
Beware of the viper the viper beware!

Fair Eden's fruits around us are,
We're placed herein to tend,
The noxious weeds to hurl afar,
Our thoughts and actions mend;
Temptations secret dark unfold,
Like serpents to uncrown,
In ocean's heart, its depths behold,
The sov'reign eye looks down!
Oft evil thoughts, regarded sin,
The consummation worse,
In tempting lure, the devil's gin,

Fruition lo, the curse!
Because was earthy, Adam failed
To bruise the serpent's head,
The Savior then divine was hailed,
From thralldom raised the dead!
Terrific, lost the sacred breath,
What grace divine had given,
Returned to dust, consigned to death,
The soul and body riven!
Ere passions rose was sorrow free,
Then blighting tempests blew,
From tempting fruit of apple tree,
The thorns and thistles grew;
The earth was cursed instead of man,
Though loving kindness made,
Oh, what a fearful, awful ban,
A glorious world to fade!
From fruit of the forbidden tree—
The awful deed is done,
Soon Adam flies, a refugee,
From God, a vagrant son;
Still love and mercy to mankind
Bestowed the promised seed,
To serpent bruise, to satan bind,
Nor broke the bruised reed;
Still out of evil, loving brought
By power of his word;
In meshes own the devil caught,
O, wisdom of the Lord!
But blighting curse through rolling years,
The fatal reign they saw,
The havoc dread, the ghastly fears,
Till Moses gave the law;
What toilsome lot for Adam's race,
What blasting of the earth,

Confusions too, reproaches base,
Which gave the murd'rer birth!
Where zephyrs bland, the tempests blew,
Where honey dewes the tears,
Neath Junipers the thistles grew,
Then daisy weird, the biers;
Terrific, what a dreadful state,
The thistle, sorrow, thorn,
Annihilation, death the fate,
No resurrection morn!
Oh, what a dismal night on earth,
To live nine hundred years,
The blighted hope, the blasting dearth,
The sorrows, age and fears!
How many Adams living still
To dust descend the tomb,
Who never live, their ways fulfil,
And meet a final doom!
If, will resolve to earthy be
When once are perfect made,
From satan's thraldom, how can free!
Will blooming flowers fade;
Alas, what labor, goading pains,
Will too enact on earth,
Themselves destroy and perish gains,
Then vain immortal birth;
In wisdom then forever flee
Satanic horrors dread;
Where tempests loom, oblivion sea,
Enchain will hopeless dead!

What plessures fraught or sorrows lacked,
T' insure them His and stand,
Who measure can a mite exact,
Or weigh a golden sand;

By parching drought and hunger tried,
Sowrought upon their fears,
Through unbelief frail Isreal died,
He proved them forty years;
With grief Elijah was oppressed,
In pleading craved to die,
A wand'ring hungered one distressed,
Ere raised to azure sky!
The beaming sun and genial showers
Adorn the earth at length,
Tempestuous winds then test the bowers
And prove their native strength;
So heaven's love expands the soul,
Exalts supremely high,
'Fore boist'rous winds from southern pole,
We stand, then fall, or die!

Man disobedient could not tread
Beneath his wayward feet,
The murd'rous serpent foul and dread,
For sin's at satan's seat;
Rejoicing then when Cain was born,
A man again to live,
In Adam's stead to world adorn,
For dust to breathing give:
First earthy ways inclined to greed,
A helper too desired,
And fearful act, th' ensanguined deed,
When evil, bosoms fired;
Aye, lust and murder are akin,
Both downward lead the same;
So banish all, triumphant win
Life's everlasting game:
The fowls of air of every hue,
Of wisdom have a ray,

In life rejoice, their flight pursue,
Nor best from virtue stray,
Did man the living source but know,
Its fountain head could trace,
Would surely seeds of wisdom sow,
Or perish in the race;
The brightest spark lo, care demands,
If of an earthy ray;
Nor soil the seraphim their hands,
'Twould tear their crowns away;
Were Jesus' blood not placed between,
To ruin all been hurled,
Mid havoc dread engulfed had been,
For satan claimed the world!
If man headlong in evil delves,
When passions wildly flush,
Then serpent's coils unfold themselves,
To writhing victim crush,
The living tree to dust condemn,
To quench the vital spark,
With craft the crystal river stem,
The light convert to dark,
With iron rod, with tyrant reign,
To bosom shroud in gloom,
Within his folds in darkness chain,
And seal eternal doom!

Though once beloved, where art thou now?
Astray, lo, Adam flees,
With other tie, with broken vow,
Though hid, Jehovah sees;
The preference, the union rent,
Th' astounding truth revealed,
The magic charms enchantment lent,
The fatal act then sealed!

Behold, a picture fearful dark,
A couple in their tomb,
For earthy failed t' attain the mark,
Intensely deep the gloom;
The brilliant prospects all to fail
For evils of the flesh,
For ages then the fate bewail,
No more t' arise afresh:
"I did," said Job "with sin abide,
The path with flowers strew,
Nor secrets will in bosom hide,
Like unto Adam do,
Like Adam not in breast conceal,
Did earthy fragile love,
My secret thoughts I will reveal,
Nor chide with God above;"
Aye holy love, and earthy love,
Adverse are as the poles,
One from the spangled dome above,
One meager, blighted souls:
How perfect, pure the love divine!
Defends with jealous care,
The lustrous ray, the holy shrine,
Why tempting then or dare!
These glorious and these fearful truths,
Them may we realize,
Sweet heaven choose its blooming youths,
In Zion seek the prize!

Temptations not revolting are,
But decked like richest tome,
In accents lisp and sweeter far
Than honey in the comb;
Beneath this gilded garb there lurks
The serpent's forked tongue,

And agonies—the devil's works,
From many a victim wrung!
The fruit is tempting, charming fair,
Terrific, but is death,
Among the roses hark! beware!
The serpent's hissing breath!
It magic charms and mighty has,
For man of mortal birth,
But spirit growth to help alas,
From heaven far as earth!
And to Belial, doth belong,
He selfish claims his own,
The greatest of his powers among;
The votary as his son!
Frail loves magnetic spark astray,
Will lead to mortal goal,
Is truly death, will turn its way,
As needle to the pole!
No people then that's earthy born,
Forever lives that can,
Soon fragile state will be forlorn,
Or walk therewith the man!
He's great confessed though casual falls,
If quickly rise again;
But greater he who never palls,
And stars that never wane!
Should earthy think unless we will?
No wand'ring ray from heaven,
On earth conceived, corruption still,
Destructive is the leaven;
Engulf will too the precious soul,
And sweet emotion, love,
In death's embrace as ages roll,
While others reign above!
Celestial love of purer ray,

A bright and lustrous spark,
From King of glory, fulgid day,
But red from powers dark;
No longer then in mountain stray,
Since heaven loving shields,
O, speed on pinions far away,
And roam the Elysian fields!

Abomination in His sight,
Corruption, mould and dust,
Beclouding of the living light,
The earthy ways distrust;
Through evil ways descend to earth,
Then low the Savior lain,
To life confer, baptismal birth,
And Paradise regain!
From waters drink the living well,
From broken cisterns not,
The shackles sunder, magic spell,
With aspic venom fraught!
Terrific, flee from pieces tear,
Is death beneath the ground,
Among the roses, hark! beware!
The serpent's hissing sound!
The fruit is charming will entice,
And pleasing to the eye,
But thistles, thorns, the mortal price,
And many a greivous sigh:
Upon the almond tree are found,
The sweet and bitter grow,
With fragrant rose the thorns abound
The blessing and the woe;
Hence noxious tares will satan sow,
He strives with might and main,
To us seduce and overthrow,
And slay with hellish bane;

Then quickly rise, temptation flee,
Involve will sullen gloom,
From sleep arouse—euthanasy!
Will seal with endless doom!
In thraldom once, away from God,
They stray from shining shore;
Lo, fatal bane, the mould'ring clod,
Repair may nevermore;
Away from angels, may remain,
Oh, fruitless, sad endeavor,
With one terrific, hate in vain,
Forever and forever;
Unless He by a special power,
For sake of righteousness,
His hand extend from lofty tower,
And with the holy bless;
For veins of silver course the ground,
As Job was purged of dross,
Beneath the scourge of satan bound,
As meekly bore his cross;
We must His holy laws fulfil,
To see His shining face,
At hand divine perform His will,
Or dwell away through grace;
To worms, corruption, fondly cling,
Oh, what insane delight,
While gifts celestial angels wing,
And crowns immortal bright;
That mystic world that whither go,
Each face beholds to face,
Forever sealed for weal or woe,
For honor or disgrace;
Nor will preserve the name of church,
To what behold, relate?
Indulging sin, the fatal lurch,

Descending certain fate;
Jehovah Jah, the great I Am
To skies exalts divine,
Will holy shield, the wicked damn,
To hell alas, consign!
May heaven grant us daily food,
And in His temple dwell,
Not bleak and dreary solitude,
Or roam in famished hell!

Till evil rose in Eden's dell,
No blighting, no decoy,
By serpent from the lowest hell,
That demon to destroy;
Lo, magic charms, enchantment bound,
Beneath inviting bowers,
Magnetic waves encompass 'round,
Despoiled the blooming flowers!
The holy God who framed the sky,
Created man below,
He says, "away, why will ye die,"
He surely ought to know!
Toward the twain of sexes both,
Still subtle wiles employs,
So watching stand nor foster sloth,
The devil still decoys!
From serpent's face, horrific foe,
O, Father in heaven shield!
Since Shiloh bruised, preserved from woe,
That fruitage we might yield,
From fountain drink, the living well,
Of hidden manna eat,
Where loving, trusting bosoms swell,
And hearts responsive beat;
Deliverance give from evil ways,
Then will temptation cease,

Will glory of Thy lustrous rays
From thraldom dark release;
Then holy way of mystic seven,
In glory as begun,
On earth performed as is in heaven.
Thy will triumphant done!

O, Father of angels on pinions of morn,
On zephyrs who rose where the beauties adorn,
And rolling had launched, lo, rejoicing in race,
The planets all glowing and wondrous in space;
Creator, Almighty 'tis Thee we adore,
And Jesus triumphant the Shepherd and door,
Eternal, concede though away and afar,
Thy children this blessing through glory of star!

How many Adams since the world began,
Have fallen . . . beneath that fearful ban,
Their fortunes wrecked upon the sandy plain,
Where awful doom and dark oblivion reign!
All gone the Abrahamic fathers too,
The fragile vanished like the morning dew,
The patriarchal spirits passed away,
Mid dreary gloom behold remaining clay;
Declensions thence, and thence the living 'wake,
Together meet amid the thrilling quake,
On flow'ry banks of smiling waters bright,
The blissful rapture of a sweet delight;
But christian manhood firm exalted prize
Outvies all hopeless toil and rayless skies,
Exclusive aim with pure devotion true,
Will peerless shine amid the starry blue!
With Shiloh watch then while at satan's seat,
The fiery wrath of iron hearted meet,
On Afric's plain where prickly roses bloom
Ere doleful star will rest on dismal tomb!



CANTO IV.

THE LENGTHENING SHADOWS
THE LOST KEY.

LO, vivid lightnings flashing in pitchy clouds
afar,
Where balances are pending where hid
the morning star,
Where arrows of Jehovah now quench the fiery darts,
From flaming regions rising to pierce the mourning
hearts!

King David in his tomb was found—
Of mighty Isreal's boast—
In grim and mould'ring fetters bound,
The Lamb with heaven's host;
For David walked as earthy one,
Which blessed heaven cost,
No more the form of beauty won,
Alas, among the lost,
Among the twelve of old renowned,
But two have entered life,
Amid the royal arch are crowned,
Aloof from satan's strife;
But half a dozen now remain,
As perfect ones enrolled;
Th' imperfect only ages gain,

They pass away behold!
When Jesus from the tomb arose,
Still not Jehovah's will,
Still evil present, blighting woes,
Must heaven's laws fulfil;
When sinful one His garments touched,
In sickness, deep despair,
Then horrors grim its victim clutched,
The sense of virtue fair;
And when arose—that wondrous day!
Strict virtue still his lot,
Because 'twas wisdom, living way,
Would thwart the devil's plot;
In fiery furnace, tried the gold,
How rigid too and stern!
Determined was, for suff'rings told
Obedience how to learn!
“Unworthy lo,” said Peter, “am
To bleed as Jesus bled,
To die erect as spotless Lamb,
Because of earthy led;”
The crowing cock, the warning bird,
Of weather and of hour,
Of trodden law, of broken word,
Of dark, satanic power!
But why deny the dying Lamb,
The blessed royal door,
Which might alas, the spirit damn,
To holy one ignore;
And satan thought, would prove untrue.
Did even heaven dare,
Because he was of chosen few,
To sacred truths declare:
But obligations strict of love,
The purity of peace,

Like innocence of Noah's dove,
Still faithful in release!
Though man be honest, loving, true,
And pious as a saint,
No law infringe nor violence brew,
May 'fore the giants faint;
Thus Sampson strong and David brave
Before their en'mies quail—
Uriah's wife, Delilah's slave!
Thereby the heroes fail!
Who's holy, deaf, all evils flee,
Commandments only hear,
As Jesus blind, from passions free,
Who righteous lived in fear!
We cannot good and evil love,
Th' unholy and the pure,
Must love alone the Lord above,
For earthy may allure:
By kindling of a base desire,
When realized, entombed,
By burning of internal fire,
The crater is consumed!
May golden links of truth divine
Enchain us unto God,
His rays of glory brightly shine,
The world illumine abroad!

Th' emotions of the human breast,
Imperious most of all,
Is earthy frail, insidious guest,
The subtle of the thrall;
No earthy thought nor touch indulged,
To happiness the way,
The wisdom of the Lord divulged,
Should we from heaven stray!

All grievous burdens men endure,
The passions fierce have brought,
Temptations yielding will ensure
All evil ever wrought;
Of subtle ways, most potent all,
The wand of satan's throne,
With sepulchre, the funeral pall,
Through serpent's coils alone;
An ancient sage with wisdom said,
"Consume will this alive,
Nor eagles eat till victim dead"—
What mortals will contrive!
Thus in perdition angels fell,
To murd'ers grim and liars,
Exponent traits behold, of hell,
Of sin's destructive fires!
'Tis not to terrify, deceive,
But all to overawe,
Nor holy God of glory grieve,
How dreadful Sinai's law!

The time has been when sex was not,
That time again will be,
The present things will be forgot,
Amid eternity;
As transient toys away will flee,
The ashes, dust we sought;
If this aware, why careful be,
Why merely strive for naught!
Should sweet or bitter then concern,
Or gilded foibles prize?
Revolving cycles ne'er return,
Descend no more to rise!
All vanished like the snowy flake,
Or mist of dewy morn,

Like flowers fair the tempest shake,
The beauties that adorn;
Like morning clouds that roll away,
Or like forgotten dreams,
Like mist before the rising ray,
The sun's dispelling beams!
Destruction of the human race,
Of earthy way is true,
Corruption of the mortals base,
The perfect oh, few!
Destruction to the precious soul,
The inner, spirit man,
Then, down th' abyss t' oblivion roll,
To darkness black, the ban;
Of innocence, th' effulgence gone.
Lo, mildew on the brow,
May voice divine awake alone,
From death alas, but how!
Then fly away, forever fly,
As from the serpent's face,
And overcome before ye die,
And win the glorious race;
In striving seek a higher plane,
A chaste and holy life,
Nor sword divine is drawn in vain,
The devil's in the strife!
Still reasons just, well understood,
In Scripture too explained,
In one united, always good,
From sin aloof unstained;
For marital—the holy love
The golden gate unbars,
The nuptial tie of holy dove,
Thence nurs'ry of the stars;
And children are the winged shafts

To hurl against the foe,
The quiver full o'er river wafts,
Will span with promised bow;
How well to wives and children love,
What's life thereof bereft!
The dearest blessing from above,
Of primal thralldom left;
Domestic bliss, endearing home,
Though blessings, sorrows too;
Still, thorns concealed if wand'ring roam,
The flowers fragile woo!

Not all the Abrah'ns dwell with God,
Nor yet the righteous, just,
The pure alone escape the rod,
May sinful go to dust;
Still, peaceful may from labor rest,
In nuptials joined, or not,
Both in their way divinely blest,
Will each partake his lot;
For each his proper gift enjoys,
As God bestows on all,
The builder wise, or that destroys,
Terrific, too the thrall!
Behold, the wisdom of the Lord,
Descended from above,
The teachings of the sacred word,
The counsels of his love,
The way revealed of precious life,
The narrow way to God,
All other ways, with danger rife,
The downward road how broad!
Of life unchanging, glorious laws,
The story Eden told,
The violation death because

Then but sepulchral mould;
Around this tumult sad revolves
The golden star of life,
Discard, accept the problem solves
Of either death or life;
For Daniels lot unchanging cast,
While pilgrim here below,
Decrees are fast and judgments fast,
The harvest as we sow!
Oh, rescue Lord when passions brew,
Which like siroccos slay,
The spirit, body, soul renew,
Restore each passing day,
And when escaped th' impending doom,
To Thee away we'll fly,
There sweetly blow as lillies bloom
Amid the vaulted sky!

Through man arose essential life,
Sweet life from holy fruit;
But fiery fangs of wrathful strife
From good and evil root;
The Paradise of Eden fair,
All blooming sweet or dearth,
Will figs or thorns the bowers bear,
Whatever be the birth;
Our precious lives, should we exhaust,
What, seething ruins woo,
With vain delights are nations lost,
They vanish as the dew!
That serpent old, does he not know
Creation vast around,
Of primal evil, Adam's woe,
Of Jesus' bleeding wound,
Of olden time what horrors doomed

To fossil's sad remains,
Or vestiges ere chaos loomed,
As wand'ring comet wanes,
What primal thing most subtile was
To wrest from God his own,
To vilely tear through broken laws,
In thralldom chain as stone;
Lo, mystery of mysteries,
The canker worm of earth,
The Babylon old of histories
Of ancient, mortal birth!
If men their idols loving woo,
Nor sacred laws fulfil,
Mid thorny ways where thistles strew,
God will do what he will;
At ignorance of sacred law,
He winked at blind, obtuse,
But since through Christ salvation saw,
No longer wills abuse;
That glowing flame that burns above,
That's lit with holy zeal,
That's unto death, is jealous love,
May doom forever seal!
Lo, bitter cup was drained of evil,
T' atone for fallen hearts,
To overcome that mighty devil,
And quench his fiery darts!
How few avoid the dreadful way,
Of sin's corrupting vice,
Where roaring lion seeks his prey,
Where flow'ry vales entice!
'Tis wondrous strange this God permits,
But works He wisely proves,
It for eternal life befits,
A holy love behooves;

His will allows and naught besides,
In mercy through His son,
And honors Him, who sinners hides,
In bloody writhings done;
Unworthy all who not for Him
All earthy loves forsake,
Celestial rays it will bedim,
The glory from them take;
We must observe the sacred plan,
Or state is good and evil,
'Tis not because, abhors the man,
The war is with the devil;
The flaming sword, the Shepherd there,
Then hopeless lost, or blest:
The soldier must the helmet wear,
The golden gate to rest,
The royal road to starry way,
To life eternal gain;
'Tis not alone to shout nor pray,
Without this all is vain;
The river this, the living bread,
The oil, the rosy wine,
Bereft thereof then hopeless dead,
No crowns in glory shine;
The secret path to golden mart
The narrow way to life,
The royal road to royal heart,
Without enkindles strife;
In casket fragile, miry clay,
Encased the precious gem,
Through passions dark, destructive way
Will if befouled, condemn;
A by-word then and name reproach,
A wanderer in the waste,
On grounds forbidden will encroach,

From book of life erased!
In might arise with Sampson's arm,
Then slay thy thousand foes,
Like vultures flock with dread alarm,
To cover thee with woes;
How gracious, wise Creator blest,
If passions we control,
For Jesus live, eternal rest,
Where ages ceaseless roll;
If nerve hath quailed nor eye hath blanched,
Nor thought hath wandered frail,
When mid the troubled waters launched,
Then palm of vict'ry hail;
On golden pinions then may sped,
As eagles upward mount,
Triumphant rise, th' awakened dead,
Of life behold, the fount!

It is to be or not to be,
Hereafter live or not,
To nonexist the stern decree,
Or conscious be the lot;
Of mortal and immortal part,
Of body, spirit made,
But hostile lo, the carnal heart,
Thereby may spirit fade;
Still spirit through the body grows,
And nourishment imparts,
To vital force the substance goes,
To form immortal hearts;
As vegetative growth depends—
Unmarred the living tree,
So human form sweet beauty lends,
From harm the vitals free;
There's perfect order in the growth

From forest oak to fern,
In walk and conversation both,
From nature wisdom learn;
When seed is scattered there is naught
Remains but empty pod,
Then fruitful branch is vainly sought,
Soon dust beneath the clod:
The faded rose will bloom no more,
Once blossoms fair decay,
When petals fell then prickles bore,
To fallen star no ray!

From evil ways is scarce reprieve,
In dust are leveled low,
Could men terrific this believe,
Would thorns nor thistles sow,
If heaven, will then must deny,
All evil passions slay,
Before its portals, barriers lie,
The earthy charming way;
Of all the ways of righteousness,
'Tis striving for the goal,
The greatest too the garden dress,
Preserve the being whole;
The soul immortal dwells within,
Through passions will decay;
Is unto death the fatal sin
To God's creation slay;
When disobeyed what he decreed,
Then satan's kingdom rose,
To serpent bruise, the promised seed,
The thistle, thorn and woes;
We're agents free to' accept the good,
Reject that which depraves,
As loving Father, counsels good,

Nor wills his children slaves;
Enchains enraptured souls to him
By golden links of love:
When free from earthy, fleeting, dim,
Attention then above;
With trumpets loud we may proclaim,
The truths to others teach,
Unless perform, the end is shame,
Lo, Dives willed to preach;
Will realize the blessing sought,
Or may in darkness grope,
Uncertainties and horrors fraught,
Without a ray of hope;
'Tis precious life alone deserves,
Eternal life to gain,
The living bloom as God preserves,
All else is fleeting, vain;
What! manhood yield, the sacred rights,
Be His imperfect one!
For in creation He delights,
Unharm'd the course to run;
'Tis of Jehovah lo, the way,
Still greater the surprise,
Foundation here of future lay,
And wondrous in our eyes;
Behold, the wisdom of the Lord,
And man's salvation too,
How happy, if observe his word,
His counsels love and do!

A place exists although unseen,
Where men in future dwell,
Around perhaps where often been,
Erect they stood or fell;
As bright immortals may unfold,

Appear and walk the earth,
Or fallen stars with hell enrolled,
And some of beastly birth;
Lo, demons strive t' allure the saint,
Among their hellish band,
And eager watch if feeble faint,
Or will the devil's hand;
Hell-vicious imps behold, abound,
To rend baptismal birth,
The Shepherd's fold to ghastly wound,
To ravage saints on earth;
Like satan with his fiery darts,
Impure, unholy all,
Uncircumcised, polluted hearts,
The demons of the fall;
Like murd'rer dread Apollyon,
Persistent in demands,
The sinful are alas, undone
Without Almighty hands;
Let earthy go and passions flee,
Then impotent their power,
But cling thereto, with evil be,
May vultures foul devour,
Extinct become oh, dreadful ways,
How contemplate it all,
Like o'er a precipice to gaze,
And knowing thence may fall!
No mortal may, no being know
What devils, odious names,
What horrors spirit giants sow,
Till all consumed in flames,
What powers dark the fate control,
Beyond this earthly sphere,
The worth of an immortal soul,
To God how precious dear!

No one can dwell above, unless
They walk the narrow way,
Will gracious One divinely bless,
But fearful if they stray;
When lost, celestial pillars shake,
At dread, appalling fate,
Perfection's habitations quake,
When love succumbs to hate;
Why is this so, why could not He
Avert the horrid blow?
Because it is, will ever be,
Terrific, as we sow!
Through kindness this we loving speak,
T' avoid the lion's lair,
The blooming tree of heaven seek,
Nor is it to ensnare;
To waters quaff of living fount,
On Jordan's greenly banks,
The heights to scale of Zion's Mount,
Enlist in holy ranks;
Beatitude serene and more,
Of holy pure and sons,
Soul springing thrills reserved in store,
Immortal, blessed ones;
All blooming sweet as fragrant bowers,
Inviting as the lawn,
As charming as the opening flowers,
As lovely as the dawn!

Wherever God a kingdom makes,
There hell erects one too,
Around the fold, the horrid snakes,
To either slay or woo;
This, satan had of ancient shown,

And cruel angel band;
His institution's tares are sown,
Besides Jehovah's stand;
The crested serpent reared his head
By Eden's river fair,
Beelzebub his legions led,
In Canaan had his lair;
Behold, the foul, polluted bird,
Of rav'nous, vulture kind,
When, if infringed the sacred word,
To pieces oft consigned;
At sacred altar often stands,
And mingles with the saints,
To rend in sunder brother's bands,
The precious soul attaints;
Still none determined more than he,
That brother love his brother,
Dispensed must holy scriptures be,
Nor suffer will another;
But seeds of her'sy still will sow,
Reduce to earthly level,
Of hatred, fiery sparks will blow,
Oh, wrath of flaming devil;
The church array against the church,
Like angels once that fell,
The saints corrupt where holies perch,
A heaven turned to hell;
His agents come within the fold,
To unbelief may turn,
To satan then horrific sold,
In smoke and flamings burn;
Lo, devils oft surround the saint,
To rob of sacred gold,
To plunder if ignobly faint,
On mercy lose his hold;

May precious soul in darkness land,
Away from great Adored,
With trembling awe terrific stand
Beside the flaming sword!
How marv'lous strange this God allows.
But works He sternly proves,
Must be eternal love the vows,
A holy love behooves;
Hell's turbid stream of sorrow raves
Against the banks of life,
And mighty he who stems the waves,
And triumphs mid the strife,
His vessel lands upou the shore,
Ascends up Zion's Mount,
May manna eat forevermore,
And drink from living fount,
His head may pillow on the rock,
Like Jacob pure of old,
Will heaven's portals bright unlock
The ladder to the fold!

Though rocking earth in orbit quakes,
Cerulean dome of heaven shakes,
As thunder loud, terrific rolls,
And lightnings flash around the poles,
Still path exists to heaven high,
Away beyoud the rolling clouds,
To glitt'ring stars, the brilliant sky,
Triumphant from the winding shrouds!

On sandy shores of ocean your trembling soul awaits,
To stem the surging waters and hail the golden gates,
Though angel friends are waiting to carry to the goal,
Still fondly we are hopeful until the bell will toll;
If passed away in ether amid the azure deeps,

O, what will there betide you upon those airy steeps,
What loving hands providing in mazy regions stern,
Amid yon teeming wonders to nevermore return!
Afar on tossing billows where winged tempests roar
A child was wafted leeward upon a desert shore,
Where man had never landed his feet had never,
 stood,
Still God provided raiment, his hand the daily food;
When ocean waves are rolling and dark the misty
 way,
With halo bright then gleaming the star of golden
 ray,
Though sped beyond earth's orbit will beams illu-
 mine you,
The rosy morn still cheering and tints of magic hue;
When dimly star is shining mid haze of evening skies,
And dusky shadows hov'ring and last of ember dies,
Lo, angel hands still bending the bow of mellow
 light,
And solar beams a glowing in lamp of sable night;
When rainbow hues have faded and moon beclouded
 o'er,
The sun beneath th' horizon has set to rise no more,
What mildew in the valley the elfin dismal home,
To grisly fay belated with gloomy torch to roam!
O, restless waves careering the teeming round the
 world;
Mid stormy wild commotion the tempest tossed are
 hurled,
With dwarfish brief existence soon all will pass away,
Amid the polar regions the billows into spray!
Alas, there's still a wonder a trailing orb afar,
A comet in its wand'rings the doleful purple star,
With baneful rays how blighting with dreary horror
 paves,

Then blasting onward rolling the fiery sulphur waves;
Then soulless spirits haunting no more the blooming
green,

But angels far on pinions and wavy branches seen,
The last of dreadful crisis last flutt'ring on the wing,
Desire of hope then ended forever lashing sting!

When quaking earth is rocking and waning planets
fall,

And teeming millions wailing around this flaming
ball,

To gracious heart of heaven O, wistful, loving cling,
Until the great Jehovah the kingdom come will bring,
Until emotions thrilling in bosoms all aglow,
And beauty never fading beyond the purple bow,
O, there the river streaming away in endless space,
Exhaustless as the ocean, eternal as His grace!



CANTO V.

THE MANNA, THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

HOW beaming the halo th' escutcheon of free,
Bright faces surrounding the liberty tree,
When eye of Jehovah with pinions aglow,
To daisy extending the sceptre and bow!

Christ in the garden wailing saw
Death's terrors, vict'ries won,
The stern demands of broken law
No arm to lean upon;
As incense glowed celestial fire
When satan earth enslaved,
But Jesus braved the donjon dire,
A world in thralldom saved;
That fearful, grim, ensanguined doom,
The conflict with the foe,
The terrors of the ghastly tomb,
Alone t' encounter woe;
Polluted cup, the bloody sweat,
The thorny garland wore,
Th' accursed tree, the horrors met,
And braved the dungeon door;
With clammy brow and pallid face,
The crucial tortures saw,
The fearful knell, the finished race,



ASCENSION

Atoned for broken law!
In chast'ning they, in mocking smite,
His back in furrows tear,
How shocking lo, th' appalling sight,
For innocence to bear;
Of piercing thorns, his diadem,
For earthy creatures crowned,
What goodness wrought to rescue them,
Might freedom, life redound;
With quiv'ring lips and trembling limbs,
Did 'neath his sorrows bow,
Exhausted nerve the eye bedims,
Thus toiled to Calvary's brow;
The failing heart, the bleeding head,
The mocking, jeering throng,
The yawning tomb, the ghastly dead,
And satan close along;
Lo, wormwood, gall, corruption fill
His cup, the dreadful loss,
Of carnal ways, to lusts fulfil,
Comports it with the cross!
What scoffing taunts, revilings sad,
As Jesus weltered there,
The heavens were in mourning clad,
And horrors filled the air!
His tortures on the rugged cross,
Both men and angels saw,
A warning of the frightful loss,
And God's infringed law;
Mid nature's groans the Savior cries,
As darkness veils the land,
Mid writhing throes in bleeding dies,
While quakings rock the strand;
Lo, blood of Jesus vilely shed,
On theme with trembling dwell,

For venal crimes degrading bled,
To rescue souls from hell;
O, crowning jew'l of heav'n and earth,
The secret spring of life,
Blood royal price, celestial birth,
To quell the raging strife;
Lo, tocsin peals ring through the land,
Man's dark, despondent state,
For demons black and earth demand
The agonizing fate;
With fury hell then fiercely raged,
Earth's councils did their worst,
With vinegar and gall assuaged,
They quenched His burning thirst;
With solemn thunder heavens toll,
O, grand funereal dirge,
While rocks in frightful fragments roll,
And chime with ocean's surge;
O, tragedy, the acme dread,
The culminating hight,
The quaking earth, the Savior dead,
The heavens robed in night!

Can fragile human wisdom know
The extent of satan's might,
Must precious blood of Jesus flow,
To usher in the light!
'Fore monster huge no beaming hope,
Whose weapons burning fire,
With mighty foe no mortal cope,
His fierce, devouring ire;
Nor justice spared the only Son,
But brought among the dead,
Was sore amazed, he fought alone,
Then bowed his bleeding head;

Was much amazed, the fiery wrath,
At fierce encounter hot.
The lion met upon his path,
Lo, 'mong the murdered lot;
Sepulchred then to ghastly lie,
Entombed where serpents hiss,
Atoned, arose, ascended high,
To joy, eternal bliss,
Beyond the clouds where seraphs dwell,
Above the earthly level,
To Zion's hights from seething hell,
To quell that raging devil!

What wonders has performed to save,
The Lord a guilty world!
His well Beloved in mercy gave,
Thus satan 'neath us hurled;
From anguished, hell, terrific, saved,
Descended from the sky,
With trickling blood the passage paved,
To battlements on high,
From weapons of the deadly foe,
His malice, dark and hate,
From dismal doom, horrific woe,
From satan's flaming gate
From crumbling bones where goblins haunt,
From hopeless, ghastly tomb,
From spectred spirits foul and gaunt,
Dispelled the fearful gloom!
Through crimson blood is raiment clean,
The blackened garments white,
Exalted what debased had been,
Enshrined in living light.
Sublimely grand the love of God,
As boundless too as space,

Deprived relentless foe of rod,
Has rescued human race!
Through merits of beloved son
May we forever be,
The spirit, soul and body one,
All pleasing unto Thee,
Triumphant be through Jesus' name,
O'er yawning hell and grave;
Through bleeding lamb O, God reclaim,
Through Rock of Ages save!

All honor unto God who saved
Through Jesus' hallowed fame;
The very pit of Lethe braved,
To rescue through his name,
To rescue from that fierce arch fiend,
The dark deceiver's toils,
From burning embers spirits gleamed,
Hell's horrors and its spoils;
Stupendous was the mighty work,
What wonders did to save,
To rescue souls where serpents lurk,
And snatch from noisome grave!
From voidness, who creation called,
From out of darkness light,
Th' Almighty one has disenthralled,
From serpent's mortal bite;
His lustrous dart triumphant flies,
Amid opposing jars,
His soaring arrows pierce the skies,
And lodge beyond the stars;
Let every one exalt his name,
For glorious are his ways,
Ye nations all his wondrous fame,
Exultant anthems raise;

For loving kind is truly God,
What watchful, patient zeal,
A worm t' exalt a mould'ring clod,
The ghastly wounds to heal;
The holy One still loving wills
The saints t' exalt above,
Eternity his mercy fills,
O, censure not his love,
Lest lightnings from the judgment seat
In justice hurl us down,
All hell advance, with hisses great,
And wreath with fiery crown!
The living tree again has bud,
And nevermore will fade,
Extinguished flaming sword with blood,
He quenched the fiery blade;
With wailing throes, expiring look,
For us prepared an ark,
Ere quaking earth great Lebanon shook,
Enshrouded all in dark;
The righteous for unrighteous bled,
His soul exempt from guile,
The innocent, the guiltless dead,
Through dreadful tomb the trial!

'Tis finished now, the hostage's past,
The sacrifice is made,
He cries aloud, expires at last,
In sepulchre is laid,
Five feet below the solid ground,
Beneath the weighty rock,
By death enchained, a cave around,
To sepulchres unlock;
Pollutions pool—oh, dread decree,
In lion's clutches fast,

From adder's sting to mortals free,
The devil's power how vast!
Triumphant, conquered all alone,
The horrid dragon slew,
Lo, satan hurled from gory throne,
His kingdom overthrew!
The vision of his face behold,
The symmetry of form,
Like mighty men renowned of old,
A citadel to storm;
With giant arm the prison bars,
In sunder rended all,
And bid arise the ransomed stars,
Of deluge and the thrall;
Beneath the cross the serpent's found,
Received the signal blow;
Then sepulchres were opened 'round,
When Jesus bruised the foe;
The quaking earth aroused with dread;
Terrific, what an hour;
And rocking, yielded up the dead,
When Christ arose with power.
Th' Almighty owns beloved Son,
And magnifies his name,
Exalts the cross what Jesus done,
To cover Adam's shame.
Most fearful thought that man indulged,
Three awful days to dwell—
Damnation black lo, there divulged,
Beneath the curse in hell;
And oh, reflect, in dying bled,
Thy debt with anguish paid,
Three awful days in gloomy bed,
The ghastly grave was laid;
Enshrouded in the dismal tomb,

The dear anointed slept,
Departed all the living bloom,
Then God with horror wept;
“But shall arise” he said “again,
Will hear his dying plea,
I now remember well his pain,
His spotless purity;”
Victorious rose from doleful tomb,
Death’s power, satan slew,
The blighted tree restored to bloom,
To way with flowers strew;
His hostile foes beneath his feet
Then God Almighty hurled,
Arose and walked the golden street,
The conq’rer of the world;
Like mountain peak amid the storm,
Sublime in grandeur, looms,
Or like a Titan’s massive form,
When bloody battle dooms;
Triumphant, o’er the dismal grave,
Emancipates the soul;
Will angels too from thralldom save,
As age on ages roll;
As heaven’s hights or depths of hell,
Creation wide extends,
His blood unbolts the prison cell,
Death’s bars and fetters rends;
Ten thousand times ten thousand land,
And thousands, thousands more,
Around the throne rejoicing stand,
Christ opens wide the door;
What triumphs hov’ring round the tomb,
The zenith of his might,
His glory culminating bloom,
Refulgent as the light!

'Bove hights sublime, ethereal blue,
Beyond death's raging flood,
Is place prepared for me and you,
In Jesus' sacred blood;
Ascend may now exalted high,
To mansions bright of bliss,
The holy to the glorious sky,
Who early Jesus kiss;
If Morning Star had never shone,
The Savior never bled,
No sprinkled blood around the Throne
Would resurrect the dead;
But chalice lo, of precious blood,
For sprinkling the elect,
For ark upon the rolling flood,
The bridal chamber decked;
The blood of Jesus sov'reign hail,
On high exists with God,
Will deep carnation never fail
To quench the burning rod!

The royal guest, not mortal king,
The Lord descended down,
Left regal throne to tidings bring,
With life to mortals crown;
With hands divine, embraced the cross,
And drew to sacred breast,
What wisdom lacked sustained the loss—
In bleeding bosom rest;
Horrific, torn beloved Son,
Alas, and can it be,
In parting, yielded all for one,
From death to sinners free,
To serpent bruise defeat his wiles,
Reverse the dying fate,

To rescue through the dark defiles,
His goodness O, how great!
His sov'reign love triumphant hark,
Forgives the railing mirth,
Lo, through carnation heavens dark,
His groans convulse the earth;
With iron nails, with rods distressed,
With keen affliction sore,
For sinful ones, was hard oppressed,
And yet with patience bore;
The smoke of Sinai tarnished black,
When humbly, made his bed
Beneath the fiery serpent's track,
To bruise his subtle head;
The might divine's in shameful cross,
O'er horrid dev'lish strife,
That rugged tree is satan's loss,
The savor sweet of life;
The Savor sweet, the spotless Lamb,
How sinful 'tis to name,
Unless we for this holy balm
Abandon sin and shame!
Alas, did thralldom vile condemn,
Sepulchral horrors see,
From manger lo, of Bethlehem
To skulls of Calvary;
No love could rescue, ever save,
But love that Jesus bore,
Alone he dared, unaided brave,
To swing the dungeon door;
None but the Savior entered dare,
With dragon and the elf,
Within the lion's fatal lair,
But life was in himself;
Tear open not his sacred wounds,

Will mould'rings profit be,
Lo, hearken to sepulchral sounds,
"But once he died for thee!"

God said, "on earthy do not smile"—
'Twas done, he was bereaved,
He knew that satan would beguile,
Then Adam was deceived;
As prisoners some in battle take,
From foes we ransom them,
So Jesus from the burning lake,
Redeemed from satan's realm;
His hand is stretched to flaming hell,
To rescue from the thrall,
We are, amazing truth to tell,
Blood ransomed sinners all;
Before the heavens high and earth,
Through ghastly wounds the cure;
God's wisdom was Messiah's birth,
The Lamb to cross endure,
Who on his blood-besprinkled way,
To Calvary's culprit Mount,
A pool unlocked where wand'ers stray,
In desert living fount;
His bleeding arms embraced the world,
As circling seas around,
The serpent's folds beneath were hurled,
His majesty uncrowned;
The fiery flying serpent's fangs,
The cross triumphant breaks,
And sweetly soothes the dying pangs,
The slumb'ring dead awakes;
Triumphant was redeeming love,
What damning sin has done!
Hosannas to the king above,

And his anointed One!
O, be this loving Savior then,
Our elder brother be,
The awful doom who deigned to stem,
Upon the tree to free!
O, satan's craft O, earthy charms,
O, strength of sordid love,
To wrest from Jesus' loving arms,
And glorious God above!

How many Peters still we find,
And Judas' to betray!
Mid sorest trials wavers mind,
Amid a dread dismay;
No, strong was Peter, true and brave,
But fiery fiends arose,
As ocean's billows madly rave—
How devils dark oppose!
No friendly hand to burden bear,
Nor gleam celestial ray,
Mid seas of anguish spirits wear,
On blood besprinkled way;
The pillars firm of heaven shook,
Forsaken courts of light,
When Jesus gave expiring look,
Was mantled earth in night!
O, Son of the eternal God!
Whose love could nothing part,
Not rugged cross nor vengeful rod,
Nor yet a bleeding heart;
Unsullied by a reeking hell,
Untainted by the mould,
From ashes raised,, who sinning fell,
And saints within the fold;
Entrusted charge from Olive's heights,

Ascended then on high,
Five hundred saw with angel's bright,
To glories in the sky,
From charnel house, from dismal tomb,
From nether pit of hell,
To heaven's heights to living bloom,
Where choirs angelic swell;
From anguish, groans, pathetic cry,
From deep'ning sinks of woe,
To rapturous scenes sublime on high,
Where peals of anthems flow!
From mountain hewn this mighty stone,
Will o'er the earth extend,
Exalted on the pearly Throne,
His kingdom have no end
To Jesus find let's careful seek,
And cherish with delight,
How frantic, sad, despairing weak,
When vanished out of sight!
The creatures frail without decay,
They disappear and die,
As ores exposed soon rust away,
Unshielded as they lie:
"It must not be, it shall not be,
The precious soul to lose,
Since heaven sweet, salvation free,"
Responds celestial muse!
Then come to Jesus while ye may,
And sweetest mercy prove,
To Morning Star of bright'ning ray,
The heavens high may move;
Cling unto Shiloh, precious balm,
All shouting with one breath,
To God hosannas and the Lamb,
For triumphs over death!

Th' angelic host beheld the rising sun,
When first career in glorions triumph run,
Beheld it setting in the western sky,
As flashed aloft its radiant lustre high;
But never was t' empyrean heights unfurled,
Such beaming light as glowed around the world,
The crowning halo of the Savior's head,
Such glory bright as raised the sleeping dead!
With beauty then arose mid glitt'ring stars,
Where seraph beings ride in golden cars,
To shine forever on the distant shore,
Where waning sun will rise and set no more!

The sacred bread and hallowed wine,
Will covenant of love,
Commotion and the lapse of time
Remain, are from above;
His blood revered to us bequeathed,
The sacrament divine,
In glory then was crowned, enwreathed,
The seal, the living wine!
How selfish lo, debasing, vile,
Is earthy love compared,
Unworthy world to reconcile,
Heart's blood nor body spared!
"Let there be light, and there was light,"
Said majesty divine;
Are substitutes in holy sight,
The broken bread and wine;
How difficult to understand,
Is His mysterious might,
The tempest stilled at Christ's command,
At God's behest was light!
The sacrament intentions meet
Of Jesus' flesh and blood,

The living food exultant greet,
Will stem destructions flood,
Will spirit, body, soul renew,
The balm to life impart;
Then Jesus bless'd forever woo,
The sacred, living heart!
The Savior sweet, supreme, adored,
Before in anguish bled,
Reclining at the sacred board,
Divinely thus he said:
"If men partake, believing mine,
Belong at my right hand,
Shall rise again by might divine,
To living bloom and stand;
In God I live, ye live in me,
The self-subsisting One,
Eternal life will blessed see,
In me exist alone!"
The power lo, that made the world
By the creating word,
This doctrine has His will unfurled,
The wisdom of the Lord;
Engrafted on the living vine,
Without, may wither, die,
Aye lost without this boon divine,
The blessing from the sky;
Still may be so, may not be so,
As mercy sweet may will,
But few will drink where waters flow,
Unless His will fulfil!

Where two or three together meet,
Assemble in His name,
Will living Christ with blessing greet,
Not eucharistic game;

No longer sacred in His sight,
The sacrist, loving bade;
Then bottle up the morning light,
By word divine was made;
Remaining bread, divine endow!
Will it return to Son?
Then humbly to an image bow,
To an insensate one;
As Sabbath is observed for rest,
And not to worshiped be,
The sacrist likewise wisdom blest,
From idols, children flee;
Nor christians worship Jordan's stream,
Where sacred waters flow,
Where rose beneath celestial beam,
The blessed Savior lo,
Salvation is the only end,
Not bread alone and wine,
From table left we may commend
Extraneous all consign;
Bow kneeling to the living head,
And worship Him alone,
The living Christ, not waning dead,
As vainly some have done;
There hidden deeps profound are reached,
Divine commandments new,
The jew'ls upheaved, the myst'rys preached,
We 're free to either woo;
The wise select the living tree,
Their enemies, ashamed,
From wisdom's sons alarmed flee,
Those rav'nous beasts untamed;

Love's vintage, blessed sacrament
Of holy Lamb and Dove,

Passover feast, new testament,
Have naught with earthy love;
The Savior chose victorious palm,
Nor would partake of grape,
The sov'reign cure, the Gilead balm,
That guilty might escape:
Himself of birthright did defeat,
Who mess of pottage craved.
Not Lamb divine would rashly eat,
From hell's dominion saved!
In broken body, broken bread
We Jesus know and see,
The Savior with the risen dead,
Behold, salvation free!
From bleeding side the cleansing flows,
The wine, the crimson blood,
Will rescue from impending woes,
The ark upon the flood.
Return and live, why straying go,
Why longer starve for bread,
Since living streams of waters flow,
And sumptuous table spread;
To nourish blind and hungry maim,
No gold possessed to buy,
Then holy bread from heaven came,
The manna from the sky;
Divinely true, the loving heart,
Th' Eternal throbs to free,
And warmly beats—to jewel part,
We pray may never be;
In bleeding wounds communion not,
His sacred body too?
As scriptures say, were loving bought,
From hell where horrors brew!
Behold, a fearful, awful way,

But dreadful state demands.
Th' appalling cure, there wisdom lay,
The Lord exalted stand!

What blessings doth the Lord unfold!
This angels are aware,
They cannot be baptized, enrolled,
Nor sacrament can share;
When heavens all in darkness hung,
In regions dismal, delves,
Mid awful peals the tocsin rung,
Among the ghostly elves;
Dispelled the darkness, scarlet hell,
Lo, vict'ry Jesus won,
O'er might satanic, magic spell,
Before the rising sun;
The Savior sweet profoundest love,
To rescue man has shown,
'Twould honor angels from above,
This celebrate alone:
A hallowed time we always keep
Whenever it transpires,
Rejoicing hearts exultant leap,
Remembrance that inspires;
To celebrate the Feast aright,
We should the time observe,
In glooming darkness, after night,
The pattern strictly serve;
At night, His broken body willed,
What sin upon Him drew!
Th' apostles were with sorrow filled,
Should us the horrors too;
Behold, at night the Paschal Feast,
To fearful gloom foreshow,
The sacrifice of Israel's Priest,

Might living waters flow;
In orient the shepherds keep
Their vigils after night,
His star behold, exultant leap,
With seraphs hail its light;
Lo, wavy flames of golden hues
Through veil of air descend,
And mingle with the ocean dews,
Where rainbow halos blend;
O, condescension grand, sublime,
Rays from celestial throne,
Beam sweetly down where anthems chime,
To animate a stone!

'Twas the evening of Christmas mid stillness of night,
That the shepherds were watching on plains of
delight,
For the star of expectance to nations of earth,
While the angels were waiting on pinions at birth,
The bright cohorts assembled ere dawning of Day,
As they halted when speeding on missions away,
And rejoiced at the vict'ries o'er malice of foe,
Were exultant at rest and the triumphs below;
For behold, of Emanuel his star had appeared,
The effulgence of lustre mid darkness careered,
While the nations were sleeping unconscious atar,
Lo, the watchman were honored by glory of Star!



CANTO VI.

JORDAN'S FLOOD. THE CROSS-KEY.

HOW beautiful the Morning Star,
Refulgent on auroral car,
The radiant beams with piercing light,
Illume the dark sepulchral night!

If the Star ne'er had gilded the clouds of dark hue,
Nor the lustre had glinted o'er tempests that blew,
Where the dragon had gloated on waters so dark,
Ne'er refulgent the sun would have flashed o'er the
ark;

When old chaos was looming in darkness afar,
From the ocean arose then the glory of Star;
Though the billows may dash and the surges may
toss,

We will safely come home if remember the cross;
Oh, then down with the sails and the anchors too cast,
And there speedily make the firm cables all fast,
For the storm is fast brewing in th' horison of sky,
Lo, the tempest is fierce and its raging is nigh;
Oh, the tail of the dragon the horrible tail,
Which the regions of beauty has blasted with wail,
Has extinguished the colors and glory of bow,
And the Jewels bright sparkling the starry aglow;
Oft the *sanctum sanctorum* itself is not free,
With temptations there brightest the devil will be,

O, how many the stars but the planets how few,
That encircle the sun and of glittering hue!

Come be baptized in Jesus's name,

As bowed before the tomb,

That, may arise with him again,

In beauty, living bloom;

If would ascend the holy mount,

With God's elected few,

We must descend Bethesda's Fount,

Mere sprinkling would not do;

Unless we're planted by His breath,

'Tis written without doubt,

Baptized according to His death,

We may be rooted out:

If Jesus wailed, obedient bled,

Laid in his lowly tomb,

From thralldom raised the guilty dead,

Can we not stoop in bloom!

What wisdom then 's in yonder thought

But trace of water found,

In world immense if over sought,

Or sparsely course the ground!

Imperfect works do not fulfil—

The flock may lead astray,

May render null the sacred will

Nor is it wisdom's way;

Baptism will obedience prove,

The promise from the rod,

The blood of sprinkling's in the move,

Behold, th' elect of God;

Of water born and sprinkled blood,

The birthright precious sum,

The promised ark on rolling flood,

To newly borr become;

Then bright enwreathed, in shrine enchased

From watery grave are led,
Where serpent glides, chaotic waste,
Arise from the dead!
May humbling seem, the royal way,
But sacred word demands,
If would exist through endless day,
Obey divine commands,
As Jesus in the garden bowed,
'Neath billows of the flood,
An humbling scene for haughty proud,
In sorrow sweated blood;
Then unto stream in Canaan's vale,
From mountain of the sky,
The covenant exultant hail,
Descending from on high!
Behold, the Savior's beacon light,
The christian should pursue,
The glitt'ring star from Zion's hight,
Nor pulpit urn may do,
Whence dove ascends, and not descends,
In clouds of darkness hides,
No Shepherd there with crook defends,
In darkness all abides;
But token lo, that satan gives,
Deceiver, adder fell,
Nor vision bright, divine that lives,
Nor written all is well;
O, anthems sweet, for beaming hope,
For light Jehovah gave,
To longer need in darkness grope,
There 's rising from the grave;
Lo, promise gives of Zion's hill,
May foretaste realize,
When holy precepts all fulfil,
Ascend the radiant skies,

With morning star divine of God,
Who sign to Israel gave,
Who brighter rose from chast'ning's rod,
Still brighter from the grave;
As morning star arose serene,
With triumphs on the wing,
Will radiant gems be glitt'ring seen,
Will Jesus with him bring;
As jewels bright, adorn his brow,
Who bow of beauty prise,
Leave tattered raiment where they bow,
With bridal garments rise;
Thereby St. John arose on high,
From out a watery grave,
Revealed the myst'ries of the sky,
Beyond baptismal wave!

No herbage green nor leaflet found,
O'er dismal waters dark,
Nor resting place upon the ground,
For dove of Noah's ark,
Until to ark return again,
The weary pilgrim meek;
Around for rest apply in vain,
Till, Jordan's river seek:
The patriarch obedience saved,
In righteous Noah's flood,
The watery way through deluge paved,
Thus saved through Shiloh's blood;
Within the ark of safety blest,
That sails from Zion's Mount,
In blood secure and water rest,
In Jesus, living fount!
Thus Abraham obedient was,
Nor mountain did despise,

Would not attained to holy laws,
Nor ram for sacrifice;
The rushing wind how understand,
Wence comes or whither goes?
So christian ark on ocean grand,
The Lord the myst'ry knows!

But why baptize where waters flow?
The doubter still demands,
Satanic might 'twill overthrow,
Like all divine commands;
For Jordan's stream like Zion's Mount,
Is odious in *his* eyes,
Will curse Jehovah, living fount,
And make his billows rise!
'Twill heaven apprehend by force,
To candidate baptize,
Unfolds the way, the living course,
Herein the myst'ry lies;
Will sanctify with gift divine,
The balm of crimson blood,
Mid dewy bow the gems enshrine,
Beyond the rolling flood;
Conduct to future mansions bright,
Salvation sweet in store,
The resurrection raiment white,
The mantle Samuel wore;
The safety ark to trusting blest,
Will evils wash away,
Direct too unto holy rest,
To Jesus, loving stay;
From ruin save, from horrors dire,
As Noah's ark preserved,
Through waning planets, waving fire,
Those pleasing God and served!

When Christ emerged from Jordan's stream,
The heavens witness bear,
Immortal angel faces beam,
Who watch with guardian care;
Lo, when baptized was spirit sent,
Where sacred waters flow:
When Noah through the deluge went,
Revealed the showery bow;
O, grand entrhrilling thought sublime!
The Lord descended down,
In Jordan's stream in youthful prime,
Received the royal crown;
Beneath the bright involving skies,
Hark ye Jehovah's voice!
Lo, emblem dove descending flies,
Upon his sacred choice,
As voice divine from heaven came
To pleasing message bear,
New born arose celestial flame,
What! no salvation there!
Lo, secret path prepared of God,
For wisdom's golden ray
Illuminated steps he trod,
Eternal life the way!

Away to bright waters, the silvery flood,
In river there bathe, with the sprinkling of blood,
Salvation is promised, triumphant will flow,
Since Shiloh arose 'neath the crescent of bow,
Since holy, victorious abandoned their shrouds,
And Jesus exultant ascended the clouds,
Since Spirit descended and sund'red the bars,
The chosen will mount to the glittering stars!

Then blooming fair the eglantine,
On Jordan's stream where ivys twine,

On sacred river, banks serene,
Mid bowers sweet, the living green;
With lucid rays of wavy light,
Then angels come from starry hight,
Lo, glitt'ring down through boundless space,
As circling beams of halo grace!

To banks of the Jordan O, carry me there,
Where Jesus arose from its bosom so fair,
From waters through Canaan triumphantly walked,
From terrors all safely of demons that stalked!

Since woful curse of Noah's flood,
To substitute install,
From tomb to rescue sprinkled blood,
Baptize the worthy all;
As waters deep submerged the globe
First at creation's morn,
Envelope will with royal robe,
The candidate new-born;
Without this rite then few may land
Beyond the future change;
The ark the billows will withstand,
His ways how wondrous strange!
To ark prepare it Christ behooved,
To rescue from the doom;
Still, may be wanting not approved,
Ere all anew will bloom;
Three frightful days still Jonah saved,
Down in the hideous deep,
While surging billows o'er him raved,
O, disobedient sleep!
Must blood of Jesus first redeem,
Ere join the palmed band,
We must pass over Jordan's stream,

To enter Canaan's land;
Obedience is the scripture palm,
Herein, salvation free,
Without, no promise is to man,
Lo, fruit, forbidden tree;
In Eden, lost the primal birth,
To Paradise regain,
Since God Almighty cursed the earth,
Man must be born again;
Baptism lo, in rainbow cloud,
Will rescue from the dust,
Restored again through Jesus' shroud,
Abstain from earthy lust;
What caused the deluge, watery bow,
The radiant arc t' illume,
Chaotic waste? then wisely know
What rescue will or doom;
In rising from baptismal stream,
How few from thralldom saved,
Will cleansing blood divine redeem,
Where dragon's billows raved!
Of hosts unnumbered few arise,
Will coming vengeance flee,
Can rite renew, again baptize,
Lo, cursed the barren tree!
Is hope beyond the second birth,
When from this refuge fell?
Is crescent bow for blasted earth,
Can with Jehovah dwell?
Can men again an entrance find,
In ark where billows swell?
Unless as pure as angel kind,
May sink to flaming hell;
'Twill give to satan final blow,
Or raise satanic powers—

The regions bright or darkness lo,
The shades or Eden's bowers!
If violate the stern behest,
Then quakings of the ground,
Confusion, horror in the breast,
Volcanos rumbling 'round;
Will satan launch terrific thunders,
Reverberating ring,
Hell's fiery darts, infernal wonders
Despatch on lightning wing;
For those baptised in Jesus' name,
In sepulchre go down,
Arise, may shine again the same,
Amid His starry crown,
Beside the star of Bethlehem,
If sinless, perfect walk,
May fiery tempest safely stem,
Where looming phantoms stalk;
If wisely walk, all evil fly,
As spotless, conq'ring Lamb,
And passions evil crucify,
Then healed by Gilead's balm;
If holiness the actions stamp,
The righteousness be bright,
Salvation shine a burning lamp,
Then clothed in raiment white;
If unto sacred canons bow,
While here below may stay,
Baptismal dews upon the brow,
And walk in wisdom's way;
By grace divine, this anchor sure,
Upon the stormy wave,
To spotless clean, the blameless pure,
The holy walk will save,
Mid wreck of crashing worlds preserve.

In golden urn enshrine,
This wisdom of the Lord observe,
The statute is divine;
O'er crested waves, tempestuous dread,
From Jordan's stream the way,
To Zion's Mount where Jesus led,
Nor in the mountain stray;
On Jordan's bank sweet heaven beams,
And living waters well;
At mouth thereof terrific, gleams
A bleak, bituminous hell!

On the banks of the Jordan the lilies are growing,
Still the flowers are blooming the roses are
blowing;
On the summits of Zion the lights are still beam-
ing,
And to heaven reflecting the glories all teem-
ing.

Lo, mountains shake beneath Thy feet,
Thy holy feet with dread—
The everlasting God we'll meet,
Will come t' awake the dead!
When we beneath the daisies lie,
Regard in mercy free,
Eternal One, wilt never die,
May we remembered be;
If must depart, secure us fast,
For thy Beloved's sake,
Conceal until the wrath is past,
Through Jesus then awake;
Oh, reinstate that righteous dwell
Within thy courts above,
Triumphant o'er a conquered hell.
And shout redeeming love!

Jehovah is a peerless king,
In Jesus seek a part,
His praises chant, with anthems sing
A tribute of the heart;
Let music chimes, a rolling flood,
Let earth the echo raise,
With angels join in Jesus' blood,
Exultant sing his praise,
Who purchased life, salvation free,
From ruin and the grave,
Will entrance sweet, the hallowed be,
Our souls in crimson lave!
Away with tears and banish sighs,
Rejoice ye ransomed throng,
Your crowns are glitt'ring through the skies,
Sing loud redemption's song;
If will commit the fragile all
To Him within the heart,
Dispel will dark, sepulchral pall,
Extinguish satan's dart;
'Tis lie in dust or walk the clouds,
Amid the deep serene,
To moulder in the dismal shrouds,
Or tread the living green!
Let purpose firm, then nothing foil,
Temptation is at hand,
It is the serpent's fearful coil,
To crush with iron band!
Defend O, Lord in greatest need,
And quench our fiery woes,
Nor justly break the bruised reed,
But conquer cruel foes,
Concede this gracious, glorious boon,
To dwell in promised land,
Above the sun, the placid moon,

With blood besprinkled band!
Then glory, honor and salvation,
To Thee, the holy One,
Preserve the child of Thy creation,
Keep fondly all Thine own!

The prodigal forsook his home,
To independent be,
In foreign lands to idly roam,
With festive, sportive glee;
His richest treasures soon alas!
His portion squand'red 'way;
As earthy pleasures fleeting pass,
Will inward man decay,
A guardian dog is satan then,
The flaming sword behold,
For leafless tree of Eden when,
Is squandred 'way the gold;
Then Jesus's blood effused in vain,
For man of mortal breath,
Unless the Lord in mercy deign
To save from certain death;
Can rescue still the wandering soul,
The prostrate of the thrall;
But holy live as ages roll,
Nor know of sable pall;
The mighty arm divine can save,
But is it sacred will?
If burning wrath the foolish brave,
Will graves of folly fill!
Yet righteous, may forever live,
Conformed to holy writ,
Still silver cords may sentence give,
Consign to lowest pit;
Though Jesus Paradise bequeath

The thief upon the cross,
By casting mock'ry in his teeth,
May 've sealed redemption's loss;
The lost He welcomes from afar,
But holy calls He, "mine,
With me in glory ever are,
And all possess is thine!"

Will piety of soul avail?
'Twill often us deceive,
As beacon light no seamen hail,
As vainly some believe;
But slow advance will also make,
Alone the pious soul,
Must satan fight for glory's sake,
Must run t'attain the goal;
Determined ones, the valiant win,
With virtue strictly pure,
With courage stand and battle sin,
And spurn the tempting lure,
The evil shun and passions fell,
Of holiness the way,
Defiance hurl to raging hell,
And bid remain at bay;
With valor meet the horrid foe,
Encounter dark advance,
With quiver full, the silver bow,
The buckler and the lance;
Encounter dark and cruel hate,
His power lo, the tomb,
His subtle wiles the fiery gate,
And dreadful pits of doom.
On lion then, the bear advance,
Like David brave of old,
To satan hurl the quiv'ring lance,

Triumphant, meekly, bold;
This heaven is t' obtain by force,
The battle of the cross,
With wisdom prove the grand recourse,
As paltry reckon loss.
Ye pious souls who dream of bliss,
And think indulgence naught,
Just ponder well, remember this,
For life the angels fought!
Untrue that goodness in the heart,
Will burning lamp display:
Lo, 'twas in Dives kindly part,
His brethren's course to stay;
Salvation unto pious soul!
'Tis unto valiant pure!
As vanquished may alas, enroll,
Alone will not endure!
The pious still we love, embrace,
As sweet and humble child,
But often fails to foe displace,
By tempter too defiled;
Jehovah loves the mighty one,
Who overcomes the devil,
The flashing of the fallen sun,
Upon a sulphur level;
The mighty wants, not yielding weak,
But choicest of the flock,
For sacrifice when, striving seek,
And firm as heaven's rock;
So stand erect before the ban,
The devil's tyrant rod,
In stature full of valiant man,
Like Christ the son of God!

O. valiant be when tempest raves!
To Jesus life conform,

Like forest oaks the lightnings brave,
And wrestle with the storm;
In innocence as children be,
As giants still in might,
Not yielding weak, of feeble knee,
But hector in the fight;
Eternal life, 'twill bliss insure,
Not yielding in dismay,
Herein success, to valor pure,
Behold, the ancient way!
Still if in thralldom, never faint,
For God may Jesus send,
Say, "loving and repentant saint,
I am thy faithful friend;"
May righteous deeds salvation bring,
It is His holy will;
The saving balm hosannas sing,
Is midst of Eden still,
Still bounties rich, divine in store,
When hopes are seeming vain:
The parching winds are just before
The fine, refreshing rain;
His sov'reign grace in Jesus' name
Endures forevermore,
Sweet mercy, love the Lord proclaim,
Let earth and heaven adore!

The narrow way is holiness,
And purity the same;
To whole preserve will heaven bless,
And wisdom is its name;
That holy gate how fearful straight,
The way how narrow too!
Aye follies vain and baneful hate
We must beneath subdue;

To walk with angels here below,
And Zion's course to run,
Is truly sacred will to know,
The Father and the son;
Thus Enoch walked three hundred years
Devoutly in the Word,
In sacred will with his compeers,
Translated by the Lord;
Lo, David's God, of Isreal,
Now calls; observe the call,
From heaven's hight where glories dwell,
Whence living mercies fall;
At Ephrata the ark is found,
The covenant of blood,
The precious sheaves are loving bound,
Away from dragon flood;
Then guardian angels 'round the cot,
Protect from foes of hell;
He slumb'reth and he sleepeth not,
The God of Israel!

Behold the consecrated place,
Near Zion's holy hill,
There faithful steps of Jesus trace,
Perform His sacred will;
The sweetest place beneath we'll find,
Is close at Jesus' feet,
Will God his cov'nant faithful bind,
His holy children meet;
In pleasing Him, is Jesus choose,
In holy ways to walk,
The guiltless, pure will not refuse,
But gracious with them talk;
If unto God, obedient are,
Then know whom loyal serve,

To whom belong, not straying far,
Nor satan's crew deserve;
Of knowledge, truth behold the test,
And precious knowledge life;
These are the happy, chosen blest,
Then ceases satan's strife;
'Tis truly life to know the Lord,
Eternal life indeed,
Each other love, observe his word
The chosen, blessed seed,
The golden staff whereon to lean,
The gate to golden street,
Where golden harps mid living green,
Sweet vocal music greet.
In holy Scripture 'tis instilled,
To be his precious gold,
To Adam too in mercy willed,
Remain within the fold;
Of ancient Jews from bondage freed,
Of all that mighty band,
That honored stock of Israel's seed,
Two entered Canaan's land;
How touching, sad, the piteous state!
In desert grope the blind;
When once is closed fair Eden's gate,
No more can Jesus find,
Unless it be at Jordan's stream,
Or at Mount Sinai's base,
May heaven on obedient beam,
On Adam's fragile race!
The prophet saw the spirit leave,
Pass out the temple door,
Who would themselves of Christ bereave,
He left, returned no more,
As once declared to rebel Jews;

No more behold his face,
Who once their Savior would refuse,
Until restored to grace;
So fear th' Almighty One alone,
The king of heaven rules,
Will come upon the royal Throne,
In making up his jewels;
May feeble wings support nor stay,
Th' unfledged in flying fall,
The wily foe secures the prey,
So christians often pall;
No longer then with angels bright,
No longer dwell with God,
Forever bear the damning blight,
The scourges of the rod;
Then downward, down, still downward more,
Until they reach the pit,
No more return to Canaan's shore,
Once flaming horrors lit;
No more engrafted on the Vine,
No ray of light behold,
Forsaken too by love divine,
The soul to hell is sold,
For mess of pottage, heaven sold,
Then tears of no avail,
Terrific fate of Esau told,
Too late's the bitter wail!
Soon bloom departs of fairest flower,
Oh, perils that await,
The agonies of fatal hour,
Too late alas, too late!
No longer rings celestial muse,
But howls from satan's gate;
The mighty God of Jacob choose,
Before it is too late!

No more behold seraphic forms,
Nor magic tones await,
But horrid reign, infernal storms,
Mid putrid fumes, too late!
Then doleful, dread, impending doom,
The melancholy fate,
The God-forsaken, parting bloom,
Too late behold, too late!
Then demons shriek around the grave,
Foreboding deadly hate,
While spectres rumbling o'er it rave
The dismal sounds, "too late!"
The yelling imps around the tomb,
The agonizing fate,
The fiery fiends, the dreadful doom,
Terrific, then too late!
Behold, enthralled by hateful one,
And dragged to flaming gate,
With satan's curse from burning throne,
Horrific, then too late!
Too late, the dreadful funeral knell
Then rings the shocking fate,
Through ev'ry nerve—"the soul in hell,"
The frightful doom, "too late!"

From star of the morning to transient the bow,
From mountain high looming to valley below,
From Jordan revered to Golgotha again,
From sulphur estate to eternal the wane!

O, let me repose in a forest of trees!
On banks of the river meand'ring to seas,
Where flowers are springing mid halo of hues,
All blooming sweet, fragrant and dripping with
dews;

Where zephyrs are sighing, where rustle the leaves
Beside the still water in murmuring heaves,
Where robins are building all mossy in green,
And caroling music mid splendor of sheen;
Where never temptation polluting defiles,
Nor magic of evil e'er wildering beguiles,
No tumult of sorrows to harass the day,
Nor nightly intrusions of wandering fay;
Alone mid the wilds, though forgotten my name,
Unknown to mortals, unherald'd the fame,
Still hopeful I'll rest on the wilderness shore,
Though whistle the wild winds and tempests may
 roar,

Till voices seraphic in choruses wave,
And music triumphant shall thrill through the grave,
Through Jesus victorious, arise from the shroud,
On wings of the zephyr ascend to the cloud,
On pinions of love and of rapture on high,
To regions of glory sublime in the sky,
Away to the arching, to twinkling of star,
To hues of the rainbow in beauty afar;
Away to the waters that beautiful glide,
To land where the peaceful forever abide,
Where glitt'ring the courts and all brilliantly glow,
Sweet anthems celestial in cadences flow;
Away and afar amid deeps of the blue,
Lo, Iris beyond, its bright halo and hue,
Amid jewels enstarred, immortal enrolled,
With God the Eternal, where treasures unfold;
All beaming the lights there in radiance will shine,
Shekinah, the glory of Maker divine,
Twelve manner of fruits on the arbor there grow,
And sparkling the river through splendor of bow!



CANTO VII.

VIRTUE'S GOLDEN PINIONS.

ARIVER clear sparkling all beaming and
bright,
Through forests of flowers of wildest de-
light,
Through mountains stupendous in solemn
repose,
In grandeur and beauty sublimely it flows!

“Oh, for a closer walk with God,”
Oft saints exclaim in vain,
'Tis virtue's path, but passage broad
That downward heads amain;
That thorny road that leads to death,
Though roses fair may bloom,
No radiant crown, but putrid breath,
And dismal is the tomb;
God's image marred—the fatal bane,
The blighting wilt behold,
When fruit indulged, decay and wane,
No more in skies enrolled;
No longer ark upon the sea,
No more on billows launch,
No longer fruit nor blooming tree,
But withered is the branch;
Though mountains high of glitt'ring gold,

Once sacred embers die,
On fames escutcheon name enrolled,
No more can treasure buy;
Lo, rosy fragrance, sweetness gone.
The loveliness and bloom,
Unfolding charms of petals blown,
All turned to withering doom;
How can it blossom from the dust,
Did Eden bloom again?
Lo, fading tree like cank'ring rust,
Must star forever wane!
To shout aloud with seraph voice,
Sing anthems of the skies,
Must virtue pure be only choice,
Without all gladness flies;
This narrow way will sweetly bless,
With life eternal day,
The king's highway of holiness,
The everlasting way;
The ambient skies reverberate
From wisdom's happy throng,
In glory sing, triumphant state,
Re-echo earth the song!

To happiness, the royal road,
Is virtue strictly pure,
The golden crown in bless'd abode,
And life's foundation sure;
For godly love and sordid world
Cannot united be,
Lo, Esau from his birthright hurled,
His blessing, title free;
'Tis not of Jesus, not of God,
But satan's crew and dire,

Corruption lo, beneath the sod,
And sin, consuming fire;
The emblem of the Savior's cross,
Is pure, celestial love,
Nor kindred is with waning dross,
Reflects the light above;
So vowing raise aloft the hand,
Determined 'neath the sky,
And thus resolve, invoke and stand,
Before retreating, die;
If we respect sweet heaven's love
Will of none other think,
No powers fear beneath, above,
Nor dread the crumbling brink;
Then holy dreams to heaven's child,
By angels guarded bright,
By foul temptations ne'er defiled,
The raiment snowy white;
Behold the problem true of life,
To layman, priest and king,
Nor glitt'ring tinsel, pompous strife,
Will lasting comforts bring;
Lo, happiness serenely dwells,
Around the blessing lies,
On mountains blue, in greenly dells,
And beauties in the skies;
Still none can precious jewels grasp,
Unless the hands are pure,
But if in lucid splendors bask,
Forever may endure;
Without no beauty in the earth,
No glory in the sky,
Seem dreary meads mid parching dearth,
And splendors flitting fly;
No charms in music, carols sweet,

Except in ribald glee,
Where boon companions shameless meet
Amid the brothel spree;
Where pains to pleasures swiftly come,
The good and evil fruit,
Of earthy joys, climact'ric sum,
The end of evil root,
Then sulph'rous red, the nether flames,
The way will passions strew,
And putrid fumes with horrid names,
Where tortures rise anew!

The luminous halos that surround
The Throne, eternal day,
The glories bright that rich abound.
From virtue's golden ray;
Ye pious souls who dream of bliss,
May never taste alas!
Just ponder well, remember this,
Strict virtue is the pass,
The savor sweet, or putred breath,
'Tis here the fountains well,
To portals key of life or death,
To heaven or to hell;
The secret word, the magic key,
To ope the pearly gate,
The passage to eternity,
Where seraphim await;
The blessed, happy, chosen bands,
Who sunder earthy bars,
The chanting few where Michael stands,
Amid the brilliant stars;
Who live aloof for Jesus' sake,
And quench the rising flame,
The tempests stem while others quake,

Or blushing hide for shame;
Who will escape a raging hell,
When earth is passed away,
In New Jerus'lem sweetly dwell,
Through bright eternal day!

To soar aloft on seraph wing,
The rapturous sight to see,
Beyond the clouds where cherubs sing,
His glorious Majesty;
To penetrate the heart divine,
Discover secret spring,
Of happiness, of woe condign,
The truth beneath to bring;
Our pensive thoughts were life t' avail,
To weight of glory gain;
'Tis virtue pure, the myst'ry hail,
Of life, the golden vein;
The lack thereof the devil's power,
Behold, demands his own,
Terrific thought, may them devour,
Or down in darkness moan;
His angel to perform his will,
Against the God of love,
With satan hellish will fulfill,
Against the sword above;
No loving hearts in pity burn,
Then all delusive hope,
No bowels of mercy longer yearn,
In darkness, dungeons grope;
May raining fire consume them all,
Cast in the dreadful lake,
With fiery beasts of frightful fall,
And all but hell forsake!
From sun descend archangel down,

Proclaim God's holy love,
May smiles dispel the wrathful frown,
Prepare a home above,
Through Jesus rescue, sacred law
From this horrific fate,
Let halos of thy glory draw
Up to thy blessed state!

If sun be misted, christian light,
The mariners barque, becalmed,
May founder ark in deep'ning night,
Be numbered with the damned!
But virtue pure, the vestal fruit,
When tree is living green,
Then springing branch from vital root,
Will star arise serene,
Will rays divine of golden hue
Then gild the curling wave,
The sov'reign balm with mercy woo
In passing through the grave;
Will morning star in beauty beam,
Will shine when waning dim,
On purchased world still blessings teem,
The precious unto Him;
Lo, Rock of Ages on the brow
Of Calvary's culprit mount,
Emanuel in the dust must bow,
To open living fount;
With bleeding hands, embraced the cross,
With spear within his breast,
What virtue, lacked sustained the loss—
In pierced bosom rest;
Whose crimson garments white as wool,
With shepherd's hand he led,
Behold the life, the Wonderful,

Yes, Jesus is the bread;
The living vine to quench the thirst,
And horrid flames of hell,
The day spring prison bars to burst,
Who bled where virtue fell;
Embrace his feet, his pierced feet,
Come worship, lowly bow,
Since Shiloh left the royal seat,
To blessed Savior vow!
The wand'ring moon will fading wane,
Not shining Son divine,
Will royal Priest forever reign,
In saving grace enshrine;
Like sun dispelling murky gloom,
The gorgeous king of day,
Who darkness drove from doleful tomb,
Through bright, refulgent ray!
And great sublime the Wonderful,
Jehovah Jah, the Lord,
In universe, most beautiful,
With mercy, great reward,
Who teeming earth the fruitage brings;
And sends the timely rain,
His seraph flight triumphant wings,
Nor plants his hand in vain;
Mysterious constellations bright,
The work of great I Am,
Those glorious orbs of glowing light,
Were fashioned in his palm!

The face should firmly set as flint,
In virtue's golden ways,
To realize rich heaven's mint,
Or chant Jehovah's praise;
Nor entertain, a love conceive

For trifles or a day,
If God Almighty will receive
Our homage when we pray!
Though charming bright temptations be,
Will beauty fade and die;
To Shiloh, Isreal's teacher flee,
Then walk the starry sky!
If faith sublime and works exist,
And self denying walk,
May name enroll, with God enlist,
Like Moses with him talk;
If mystic sails of vessel trim,
On anchor lean of hope,
And virtue's rudder, trust in Him,
May with the dragon cope;
With spear upraised the giants may
Three hundred brave assail,
In snowy time the lion slay,
O'er prowling foe prevail;
From yawning pit escape condign,
But why will vengeance dare,
Where fiery scorpions basking shine,
Why tread defying there!
But golden rule of sacred will,
Will beat the serpent down,
And virtue's vital laws fulfil,
Of life the golden crown!
'Tis not the debtor's promise fair,
But precious, shining gold;
Must golden apples Eden bear,
Of virtue's hundred fold;
Should earth in fitful spasms rock,
And hope inspiring die,
Will virtue's pearly key unlock
The portals to the sky,

The Temple scale with cohort band
Its pinnacle ascend,
On Zion's hights enraptured land,
Where bow its beauties blend!

We may have loving dined and supped,
Still never with Him dwell;
The millionare alas, bankrupt—
For mould to jewels sell!
The evils dark of earthy ways,
The good and evil tree,
Destructive lo, of glory's rays—
Fot life th' unholy flee;
For most attractive force that sways,
Beneath is earthy love;
But virtue pure is endless days,
And glory bright above!
If lavish oil though virgins be,
If fountain we exhaust,
Must vanish in eternity,
In endless ages lost;
If squander oil, no wisdom learn,
Must burning lamps go out,
How could through rolling ages burn?
Extinguished without doubt;
When savor sweet, the saltness gone,
When jewels all are lost,
Then refuse, dust remain alone,
Beneath the feet are tossed;
The radiant fires vibrating ray
Of bright, refulgent star,
Lo, scattered o'er the milky way,
The beams dispersed afar!
But comely form of beauty, grace,
Results of holiness—

May sculpture mar if aught deface,
Nor blooming flower less;
The cherubim could not remain,
In wasting would decay,
The seraphim would dwindle, wane,
In ages pass away:
Here wisdom lies to self preserve,
Of life the secret dwells,
And happiness to soul conserve,
Here living fountain wells;
Then God descends in holy cause,
If passions but deny,
In bounds restrain of sacred laws,
May never, never die!
May heaven's will divine be done,
May virtue's lucid ray,
In brightness beam, the radiant sun,
Each walk the narrow way;
Nor stain pollute uplifted hands,
Nor thought defile the heart,
Since Jesus guardian angel stands,
To vindicate our part!
Remember well O, blessed God
The creatures of thy hand,
Dispersed will be as sheep abroad,
Unless thou for us stand;
Oh, may Jehovah love alone,
As Father kindly greet,
And blessed Son upon the Throne,
As elder brother meet!

Like ocean waves the surges heave
Against the shores of time,
In wasting dismal havoc leave,
Results of blasting crime;

But like the ever blooming rose,
Is virtue, lovely flower,
On adamant the mountain grows,
Beneath the billows tower;
Its mystic fragrance flings around,
As blossoms in the dawn,
Its petals healed the Savior's wound,
The fairest of the lawn;
Exultant swells the heaving breast,
Its blessings never cease,
With sweet emotion, holy zest,
And mantles all with peace;
Lo, scaling grasps the golden key,
To battlements on high,
Of New Jerus'lem, raiment be,
Descending from the sky;
Unlocks the glorious, pearly gates,
Where starry crowns aglow,
Where God upon his throne awaits,
Encompassed by his bow;
The grand engirdling cov'nant seal,
The glory of his might,
Of manna sweet where waters heal,
The bright, refulgent light;
Triumphal arch of mighty deeds,
The pathway Jesus trod,
Beyond the stellar region leads,
Up to th' eternal God;
Where joys ecstatic, anthem praise,
Like tidals of the main,
Pellucid essence, lucid rays,
Refulgent glories reign!

When virtue gone, then fragile all,
The lively hope, the joy,

The flowers droop, the petals fall,
The gold corrupt alloy;
From holiness thus angels fell,
In Paradise had been,
Lo, heaven one, the other hell,
And in the harlot seen;
Fair virgin pure, of youthful bloom,
Thy virtue is thy life,
Without, no promise from the tomb,
But fierce, satanic strife;
Corruption mould th' oblivion lot,
No resurrection morn,
In vain with satan, Michael fought,
Lo, blighted hope, forlorn;
No more the fallen tree arose,
Nor sweetly more will bloom,
Around decaying stump then grows
The parasite mushroom;
How happy they who precepts do!
Will sunder satan's power;
But yielded rights, preserved how few!
Will perish with the flower;
Oblivion like a tempest cloud
Then hovers o'er the grave,
No rising star though trumpet loud
Awake, the holy save;
The frightful loss, the dread sustained,
The blooming flower mould,
Nor thousand years will be regained,
The frightful ghosts behold!

Just in proportion as may sow,
The seeds of virtue rare,
We single and collective grow,
As flowers blooming fair;

Arise in station, prosper too,
The age and land adorn,
Nor ever once regret nor rue
The epoch lucky born;
A blushing rose sweet, fragrant blown,
Antipodal to vice,
A blissful cup full overflown,
The gem of matchless price,
The downy gold like pinioned fame,
Lo, dazzling as it flies,
Transporting sweet the rapturous flame,
And waves around the skies;
The golden crown celestial pure,
Without, many hardly live;
To prodigal no promise sure,
That eldest son he give;
Nor vilely leaving father's home,
That folly is alone,
Of prodigals because they roam,
But waste of substance moan:
St. John beloved did zealous run,
Was blameless to a fault,
The holy life, the virtuous won
A crown in azure vault!
'Tis better not devotions join,
Unless, abandon strife,
May satan's lures, the foul purloin,
What still remains of life;
For surely will the devil rail,
Present his horrid claims,
With vile accusings will assail,
Defeat the cherished aims;
What blessings still has Jesus bought!
But fearful in demands,
Salvation brings, or awful lot,

Unless, have holy hands;
No longer now of lowly birth,
The babe of Bethlehem,
But righteous judge of heaven and earth,
The wicked to condemn!
Depart ye curs'd—oh dreadful woe!
To hear those accents thrill,
Whence springing fountains, rivers flow,
Will bright empyrean fill!
Should vessels then preserve and oil
Till Jesus' fearful day,
Unsullied keep and never soil,
As prodigals that stray;
In desert lo, the hopeless fall,
No lamp divine for feet,
No oil nor wisdom, perish all,
Nor saints in Canaan meet;
If wayward sow, will whirlwind reap,
If tares, in harvest tares,
If squander oil in darkness sleep,
If wine Jehovah dares;
'Tis living bloom, celestial love,
Eternal bliss or woe,
Exultant anthems sweet above,
Or wailings with the foe!

Not for a moment thoughts indulge,
The evil hurl away,
May God his wisdom then divulge,
The soul emerge in day;
May elevate beyond the sky,
To New Jerusalem,
The secret place exalted high,
The loss thereof condemn;
How many cry, "Oh, rescue me!"

The fleeting winds how save?
From pieces tear, terrific flee,
May way salvation pave;
Salvation's way, is nothing do
To injure mercy's plan;
Excessive zeal and learning strew
With thorns the path of man;
Will basis sap like earthy lust,
The firm foundation shake,
Exhaust and hasten to the dust,
Will dwindle, wither break;
For spirit is the nervous fluid,
The living soul sensation,
With body wisely too endued,
Profound the strict relation;
The myst'ries these beneath unfold,
Of life, the latent spark,
To well preserve the secret's told,
Without, may miss the mark;
Not left enough for perfect man,
Th' unbending law of give,
Then truly life a fleeting span,
Still may for ages live;
The spirit quickens into life,
How quickly this is gone!
Destruction then, corruption rife,
The flesh decays alone!
O blessed Lord if prayers avail,
On bended knees we bow,
First holy love we eager hail,
Again as humbly vow;
Sweet, precious Savior quickly come,
And be our living tree,
Millennial king in rest become,
In New Jerus'lem free;

May we possess, accorded be
The faith that Abraham led,
All possible are unto thee,
From ashes raise the dead!

The title clear of heaven's heir,
To mansions in the sky,
Is raiment white the holy wear,
Who nevermore will die;
May then rejoice and hopeful trust,
May cope with fiery king,
Arise in beauty from the dust,
Defy his deadly sting;
If sunder foul, the earthy bars,
Forever may endure,
Arise and shine among the stars,
Amid the azure pure!
When Christ arose—that blessed day!
Still virtue pure his lot,
Because 'twas holiness, the way;
Would thwart the devil's plot:
For naught will soaring eagle halt,
In tow'ring airy flight,
Until it scales the azure vault,
And poises mid its hight!
So Paul arose to mansions bright,
And others, angels say,
Like John to clear, celestial light,
Translated into day!
Though planets all consuming wane,
Should virtue master be,
Though darkness, gloom and horrors reign,
Will prowling demons flee;
Though quaking earth terrific, rock,
And fiery serpents fly,

Will virtue's pearly key unlock
The portals to the sky;
Behold, the land of Beulah this,
The glowing Eden bloom,
The Paradise of angel bliss,
The luster of their plume!
In cross-age, early christian days,
Men self-denying trod,
Nor downward walked in earthy ways,
Devoted were to God;
If dust we love may thither go,
Lo, Adam's fate may reap;
If Shiloh, then immortal bow,
In Jesus hopeful sleep!
In earthy vale what fearful loss!
The trophies of its king,
While haloes lave heraldic cross,
Its triumphs angels sing;
Yet wand'ring, wild, the olive branch
God may engraft again,
Again the ark on billows launch,
With banners on the main;
Still from material, forms the rank,
And from condition, things;
If minds parental are a blank,
No giant from them springs;
Nor from imagination beams,
Of life the golden rays,
Nor from emotion frantic streams
The fount of wisdom's ways!
In vain we wrestle, striving pray,
Still prayers not avail,
May shout aloud till dawning day,
If oil in vessels fail;
The barren figtree now behold!

No fruit thereon is found,
No thirty, sixty, hundred fold,
“ Why cumb’r’eth it the ground,
In innocence why not remain,
Why be a burning brand,
A prodigal with sinful stain,
On sandy basis stand?
Why Shiloh tempt who perfect made
And why provoke his ire,
Why dash ourselves in pieces, fade,
Why leap into the fire?
At dread import of wondrous theme,
Astounded, we’re amazed,
The narrow way, salvation’s scheme,
How few to heaven raised!
Although baptized, may loving greet,
Communion sacred take,
Still never live nor Jesus meet,
May nevermore awake;
No hundred Saviors though arise
Then from the dismal grave,
Could victim waft to starry skies,
The wretched, fallen save!

Celestial joy our soul inspires,
Transcendent with delight,
The mind illumines with holy fires,
With rays of living light,
Since Venus, morning star arose,
O’er sparkling waters blue,
Like virtue bright, we vowing chose
To golden rays pursue;
When we beheld its beaming light,
All radiant and afar,
Enraptured were at thrilling sight,

At bright and morning star,
As seemed t' arise from waters blue,
And touch the billows grand,
And fulgid streams of glitt'ring hue,
From sand extend to sand;
The Savior in the star behold,
Mid calm and stilly night,
Within earth's orbit lo, enrolled,
Oh, sweet, enthrilling 'sight!
We gladly closed our wondering eyes
To every sinful lure,
His feet embraced with loving sighs,
The sweet, enchanting cure!
To worship then at Jesus' feet,
Too humbling is it pray,
Since angels him on faces greet?
Come wretched sinner say!
Oh, him adore who proffered life,
And washed our sins away,
Who purchased grace amid the strife,
And glory's fulgid ray;
Yes homage do and lowly bow,
And kiss his pierced feet,
Whom cherub angels worship now
Beneath the mercy seat;
From horrid flames tormenting, saved,
From regions dark and dire,
With sprinkled blood the passage paved,
From fierce devouring fire;
The fierceness of th' Almighty's wrath,
To violate behest,
The lion prowling in the path,
Ideal in the breast;
The flow'ry meads of charming names,
The serpent in the grass,

The fiery vortex, gulf of flames,
The heavens burning brass!
Still, stretches forth His mighty hand,
To rescue from the doom,
From satan's legions, fiery band,
Hell's horrors and the tomb;
Still sov'reign mercy pleads on high,
To living waters give:
"That fierce arch-fiend o'ercome and fly
To gracious arms and live;"
And still He urges, pleads, "Oh why
Your own destruction carve,
Why madly perish, rashly die;
Why mid abundance starve?
Since in my kingdom's plenty food,
And pleasures evermore,
My Son is standing, ever stood,
The living open door;
The Savior meek with cleansing blood,
Of beauty, blooming youth,
Of dragon's billows, stemmed the flood,
Behold, the way of truth!"
Says, "Come to Jesus, loving one,
The rock of ages now,
The bleeding Lamb, behold my Son,
Who bled on Calvary's brow!"
Says, "Come to Jesus, Savior sweet,
The royal priest forgives,
The blessed One will loving meet,
My Son forever lives;"
Says, "Come to Jesus, horrors flee,
Behold him from the grave,
Arose to set from bondage free,
The tyrant's abject slave;"
Says, "Look at Jesus, Savior look,

The peace you now enjoy,
The blessed hope within the Book,
To death and hell destroy ;”
Says, “Look at Jesus, living fount,
The glorious sight behold,
Ascending up from Olive’s Mount,
To problem grand unfold ;”
Says, “Walk with Jesus, sov’reign light,
For soon may darkness loom,
Mid terrors grim of dreary night,
Forever sealed the doom ;”
Says, “Walk with Jesus, him alone,
Lo, satan overthrows,
Since morning star in orient shone,
Pellucid river flows ;”
Says, “Come to Jesus, crystal fount,
Behold, the time will come,
Will pass away to Zion’s Mount,
His bright, celestial home ;
To Jesus come while flower blooms,
Before will pass away,
The morning star to darkness dooms,
Oblivion’s hopeless ray ;
To Savior come ere all forlorn,
For soon will be afar,
My Son, the harbinger of morn,
The bright, refulgent star ;
From thence, triumphant judge the world,
If rightly not prepared,
In righteous judgment may be hurled,
Alone the chosen spared ;
Once shining cohorts bright on high,
In clouds of darkness hide,
No beaming rays from starless sky,
Will mid the tempest guide !

Forever and forever look
To me, th' Eternal One,
Who pillars firm of powers shook,
For I am God alone,
Who with my finger painted bright,
Where chaste Aurora glows,
The rainbow hues, the penciled light,
The lily and the rose!"

The blessed Savior "welcome," bids
The angels say, "come home,"
And all within the sacred lids,
Says, "*come*, why longer roam!"

The sainted ones who grace obtained,
Who've seen the horrid end,
Of wicked doomed, of lepers stained,
Vehement pleadings send!

The privilege oh, grand, benign,
What love supreme bestows,
To walk with Jesus sweet, divine,
The balm of Gilead blows;

The teeming earth, the radiant skies,
The exalted God proclaim,
From void, creation bid arise,
All say, "revere his name;

Before him worship, he is good,
'Fore glorious brightness vow,
From heaven rains the manna food,
Let all creation bow;

O, rev'rent bow throughout its length,
To great I Am, behooves,
Creation rocks with lightning strength,
Beneath his feet it moves!

Lo, cherubs bright and fallen stones,
The seraph prayer pours,
And God himself in vocal tones
The sovereign God adores!"



TRANSFIGURATION.

O, all ye faithful worship on this terrestrial globe,
Who love the sacred music and wear the royal robe,
Come bow ye loyal subjects to Father and the Son,
Around creation teeming before th' eternal One!
Come raise the pealing anthem up to the pearly
Throne,

And let the flying echo ring to the frigid zone,
For all the showered blessings from the imperial blue,
And kingdom bright of glory angelic sweet and true,
For stars refulgent beaming away in boundless space,
Mid cycles bright revolving all glorious in the race,
For rich and certain promise from awe of sable bier,
And life eternal, holy beyond this waning sphere,
For earth of splendor, beauty, the newness fresh of
gem,

Beyond the rolling ages, the New Jerusalem,
Where sable clouds of darkness ne'er veil the luster
bright,

In endless time the glory of God's eternal light!



CANTO VIII.

INFINITUDE. THE PINIONED IN LIGHT.

ERE teeming creations, Jehovah their
source,
As cycles revolving eternal in course, .
As sun of the morning in orient arose,
O'er orbits of planets, arcade of the bows!

The earth the Lord created, sky,
The springing herb and tree,
Things creeping and that winged fly,
And man to ruler be;
Above the waves of mighty seas
He rides before the storm,
The tempest lulls to fanning breeze,
O'er all created form;
The lightning's flash, terrific peal,
The quakings of footstool,
The powers grand above reveal,
Majestic heaven's rule;
The roaring deep, the ocean wave,
Where billows huge arise,
The surges grand of waters rave,
Tumultuous to the skies,
Tornadoes grand, the tempests roar,
The shining orbs attest,
The hail congealed from heaven's store,

How Infinite is blest;
The nightingale's melodious strains,
The eagle's lofty flight,
The lion bold that fear disdains,
His praise proclaim and might;
The craggy cliff, the tow'ring peak,
Where God the raven feeds,
The streams majestic, deserts bleak,
Declare his wondrous deeds,
Whose wisdom framed the starry sky,
In beauty garnished bright,
In glory reigns exalted high,
In majesty and might;
Mid royal arch the pearly throne,
The bow of lovely hues,
Mid Zion's heights, celestial zone,
Mid azure belt the muse!
O, scene sublime of Stephen's view,
Enthroned at God's right hand,
Mid canopy the heaven's blue,
The Son in glory stand;
Reflected thence from stellar dome,
Through clear, ethereal light,
By penciled rays on earthly tome,
Amid a gloomy night!

Jehovah Jah's a jealous God,
No rival may allow,
May perish at his royal nod,
Resolving let us vow;
If we've abandoned waning world,
Its vanity and dross,
Let banners to the breeze unfurled,
The wisdom of the cross;
Of charity, the fruits display,

The golden rule of love,
And verity, the chaste array,
Prerogatives above!
The Father draws, the Son atones,
The Holy Ghost inspires,
Thereby the righteous judge on thrones
With tongues of living fires.
O, loving kindness of the Lord,
Untiring zeal how great,
The power of his sacred word,
T' exalt to his estate!
Lo, wondrous Being, glorious God,
As human form enrolled,
With sceptre ruling and the rod,
A mighty voice behold;
Messiah too, th' anointed One,
The Holy Ghost in list,
Are likewise in dominion one,
Distinct may too exist;
Exultant anthems sing: He lives,
Triumphant holy One,
His blessing freely, loving gives
Through His beloved Son;
With finger in the starry sky,
Proclaims the triune God,
The tripple jew'ls, Orion high,
Sweet mercy, scepter rod;
And Pleiades, once seven gems,
Like seven spirits seem,
Behold the crowning diadems,
Bright glitt'ring as they beam;
Like avalanche, the waving light,
Lo, crystal pillars tower,
O'er darkened world the luster bright,
Beyond the stars His power;

The curtains of the sky unfolds,
The loveliness is shown
In hand the pealing thunder holds,
The lightnings are His own!

The sweetest accents ever heard,
By angel voices sung,
But sweeter still Jehovah's word
In melting cadence rung;
His actual presence will enthrill,
Astounding too if true,
And grandly true, more marv'ulous still,
Beneath still known to few;
Amazed we are as peer aloft,
As pensive gaze on high,
On condescension ponder oft,
Why deign descend, O why!
The heart expands with anthem praise
For bright, eternal prize,
Aloud our voice exultant raise
For life amid the skies;
Lo, beauty clothes the heaven's bright,
Nor kindred with the clod,
All pleasing there in holy sight,
Where dwells the living God;
Exalted stands amid the sky,
Beyond the purple bow,
Where seraphim in glory fly
Above the haunts of woe;
Upon the cloud where thunder sleeps,
The lightnings have their home,
On pinions of the tempest sweeps,
Or treads the billow's foam;
O, vainly to Jehovah sing,
When sped to beamy star,

With halo of a seraph wing,
Pellucid rays afar!

On Zion's Mount where seraphs dwell,
Are pleasures and delight,
No serpents coil from wily hell,
Pollute those regions bright,
On Zion's heights of holy God;
His dwelling ever been,
No lion's whelp there ever trod,
Nor vulture's eye hath seen;
No rav'nous beasts presume t' ascend
The heights of holy Mount,
Where radiant bow its beauties blend
With ever welling fount;
No vapors chilling, viper's bane,
Nor missile weapons goad,
Upon that bright, ethereal plane,
That star embossed road!
Confounded, we in wonder gaze
On Zion's holy hill,
Where skies resound with Shiloh's praise,
The echoes heaven fill;
All peaceful dwell at hand divine,
Forever evermore,
Exultant sing, with muses nine,
With joys unheard in store!

The Lord exults, triumphant sings,
Sweet rings celestial dome,
From earth to heaven joyful brings,
He shouts the vintage home;
With precious blood a city bought,
Of clear, celestial light,
Beyond the range of distant thought,

The New Jerus'lem bright;
In heaven stands aloft, on earth,
In darkest regions feared:
His holy name revere from birth,
All things created, reared,
Who shelters man and warmly clothes,
Who counsels him so well,
Although those counsels often loathes,
Like angels once that fell;
Who ransomed him from regions dark,
And life eternal gave,
Prepared a safe, preserving ark,
Salvation from the grave;
His motives who will dare impugn,
His righteous judgments, truth,
Who sun created, silver moon,
All teem with blooming youth;
Who hosts sublime of heaven made,
In beauty, grace enshrined,
Whose youthful bloom will never fade,
In moral laws confined;
Who reverent bow as humbly name,
Or drink where waters flow;
Will puny man of earthly fame,
Esteem his judgments low!
If we that sacred name pronounce,
Away would fain remove,
If things devoid and sin renounce,
Let actions worthy prove,
Ye saints arise, declare his praise,
Who all created good,
With joyful notes your voices raise,
Who devils hath withstood;
His bounties rich O, thankful greet,
Who all conferred so free;

With joyful lays his mercy sweet,
Our all present to Thee,
Because 'tis Thou, th' eternal One,
Who bow of beauty bends,
Because 'tis Christ, the blessed Son,
As Shepherd us defends!

The blooming tree and manna grow
Within that glitt'ring gem,
And living streams of waters flow,
In New Jerusalem;
Resplendent beauties, halos bright,
All radiant and divine,
Celestial domes mid golden light,
With brilliant luster shine;
Mid heaven's height where lusters glow,
There mansions will endure,
Refulgent sun beyond the bow,
Of lustrous glory pure;
O will we know each other there!
Yes, if like morning star,
O'er billows flash the luster fair,
Nor living verdure mar;
With holy children, may abide,
And sing to warbling lyre,
Elijah-like triumphant ride
In chariots bright of fire;
Like Christ with body, soul arose,
Beyond this earthy bar,
Where manna grows the river flows,
Where bright, the morning star;
Like Jesus rose beyond the bow,
And scaled the radiant skies,
Where beams divine in luster glow,
Seraphic incense rise!

If hardly known then scarcely saved
Beyond the fiery change;
No stranger e'er a furnace braved,
Nor holy will derange;
In many years we scarcely know
A friend once cherished dear,
An individual here below,
What changes often drear!
Lo, flaming sword and fiery woes
Exist still as of yore,
And river sweet of water flows
In Eden as before;
In emblems nearest living green,
The cypress, yew and pine,
And ever blooming roses seen,
The symbols sweet divine!

As moon resplendent angel's crowns,
Of law the symbol pure,
Nor fearful aught of demon's frowns,
Will glory bright endure;
As glitt'ring gleam, the sparkle bright,
Of diamond, pearly dew,
Still not compared the mellow light,
The luster nor the hues;
Nor immaterial image light,
As thought abstract may seem,
But living, speaking beings bright,
Archangel faces beam,
As silently, descend as go,
Like dew upon the grass,
Like stellar beams or penciled bow,
The shining cherubs pass,
Ascend to distant azure blue,
Beyond discordant jars,

Enwreathed in beauty, golden hue,
The flowers bloomed to stars;
In golden chariots, blessed bands,
Immortals ride the skies,
Bright seraphs 'round th' Eternal stand,
While hallelujahs rise!

O, what a wondrous thought sublime,
The holiest of the pure,
Creation bid in olden time,
Forever will endure,
From everlasting, endless days,
To everlasting will,
Eternal are his holy ways,
Eternity will fill!
Celestial courts are all aglow
With radiance of the Lord,
And pleasures sweet like rivers flow
Through triumphs of the Word;
There ransomed to th' Eternal bring
The sweet mellifluous psalm,
Still sweeter song the virgins sing,
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Bring sweetest anthems to Jehovah,
And bright anointed One,
There singing glory hallelujah
O'er happy kingdom come;
There fondly hearts unfeigned love,
Responsive thrill to God,
Obedient there the turtle dove
Flies cooing at his nod;
There rising thoughts are welling pure,
Serene as primal morn.
There love eternal will endure;
And glory bright adorn;

There virgin's song as billow rolls,
Expanded as the sea,
O, rhapsodies, immortal souls,
The shouts of Jubilee!
That sacred place, that happy home
They love to dwell upon,
Where bright seraphic beings roam
Beneath the Eternal Sun;
With holy ones, the seraphim,
They bathe in heaven's lore,
No sable cloud their joys bedim,
Forever, evermore!

Like golden stars in vaulted skies,
Are loving spirits pure,
The pearly dew in rapturous eyes
Attraction's mystic lure;
With light seraphic faces beam,
As thrilling love impart,
With keen emotions bosoms teem,
As heart responds to heart;
Light beaming from celestial eyes,
Immortals sweet reflect;
Th' eternal love divine of skies,
Companionship select;
He who immensity hath planned,
And rests in peace above,
O why descend where demon's stand,
Aye truly God is love!

Will Christ to living waters lead,
Sweet mercy, love combine,
To flock with hidden manna feed,
Alone the gift divine;
No mortal tongue expressed the joys,

No heart conceived the bliss,
Who early please, forsake their toys,
In youth will Jesus kiss.
When fires approach and we escape,
And us can never reach,
No longer tents in mourning drape,
But shout hosannas each;
No longer ask, why are they blest,
Rejoicing, weeping never,
Or why exult with holy zest?
They *know* they live forever!

In sweet perfection God abounds,
In majesty and glory,
While loving kindness full redounds,
Untold the thrilling story;
In persons two, dominion one,
With mortals often dwell,
In judgment sit upon the Throne,
Controlling earth and hell;
If learned sages still persist,
With science not agree,
Know, everywhere cannot exist,
One body cannot be;
For holy One with Jesus talked,
Paternal hand did bear,
Wherever go, together walked,
Then was not everywhere;
And journeyed too at His behest,
Did always with him dwell,
In every region amply blest,
In heaven or in hell;
Behold the Father at his side,
Creation's primal Son!
How blind O Isreal for thee died,

Messiah, holy One!
The peaceful rest, enjoy indeed
Doth through the Savior flow,
Though unaware, through promised seed,
Emanuel bruised the foe!
With Jesus walk be loving choice,
In his companionship,
With him commune, in him rejoice,
In heaven dine and sip;
This exaltation far too great
To comprehend with mind,
And promised still a loftier state,
Unseen, unheard, divined;
Hereto he agonized and prayed,
If sacred will, would do,
Such glory reap, the lustrous weighed,
And that eternal too;
O, luminous halo, joyful truth,
The sacred, living bread,
To perfect few from early youth,
The promise from the dead,
To sepulcher, the bright'ning ray,
The light to dungeous dark,
O, Savior, shining star of day,
Bright beacon of the ark!
Behold, the morning star and bright
That lightens up the gloom,
The saintly tomb with dawning light,
Averts impending doom;
Its beauty seen by shepherds far,
The star of Bethlehem,
Now glowing bright, The Morning Star,
Of New Jerusalem!

Without the Lord none could arise
Beyond the space of time,

No mortal scale the radiant skies,
The hights of Zion climb;
Without the Lord, would dreary live,
Would flitting pleasure flee,
Nor earthy things would comfort give,
No longer charms for me;
Without the Lord in kingdom come,
Without the Savior blest,
Of future joys behold, the sum,
To dwell serene in rest;
Without the Lord the beaming stars
Would vanish from these eyes,
Would chaos leap from prison bars,
The earth confound and skies;
Without his presence waning cloy,
Would flee the blessed truth,
No hope without, ecstatic joy,
Nor heaven be forsooth;
Both men and angels perish all,
Without the holy One,
All nature be a sable pall,
Forever too undone,
In misty nothing pass away,
Without preserving God,
Pollution foul would rampant sway,
Without the chast'ning rod;
All praises then to Him alone,
Who will forsake us never,
Who sitteth on th' ethereal Throne,
And to the Lamb forever!

Th' Omnipotent, how holy, pure,
Lo, heavens seem unclean,
Seraphic brightness what endure,
From everlasting been!

With glorious beauty, visage shines,
The everliving God,
The inmost thought of man divines,
Though deeps of night abroad;
Refulgent shines the holy One,
All beauteous every trace,
Above the brightness of the sun,
Th' effulgence of his face;
With halo bright to worlds illumine,
Will sweetest glory shine,
With living, glowing, youthful bloom,
Nor limits to define;
Shekinah lo, the glory bright,
The essence pure of soul,
Th' effulgent glow, enrapturing sight,
Sweet aspiration, goal;
Bright holiness by angels praised,
Through inspiration, love,
Exalted beauty, radiant dazed,
At halo bright above;
To prostrate Paul at holy feet,
Refulgent glory shone,
Than sun above the mercy seat,
More brilliant still alone;
It truly was a favored lot
To see the wondrous sight,
Own eyes beheld, with others not,
The king of glory bright;
Beheld likewise the great white throne
Amid the heavens blue,
Exalted high, the golden zone
The jasper whiteness, hue;
And ever too, behold his form
Before these eyes to keep,
This treach'rous heart from passion's storm,

Or falling in the deep!
Tis God—be silent—stand in awe,
Their faces angels veil,
'Fore lustrous glory, wonders saw,
With rev'rence humbly hail;
Th' eternal God, O, mighty name!
Whose pearly arches tower,
Lo, Sinai's thunders wrath proclaim,
The quaking earth his power;
O'er waning worlds the Word declares,
Will wondrous Being soar,
With hand aloft to heaven swears,
"I live forevermore!"
On jasper throne mid brilliant courts,
Exalted glory reigns,
Mid crescent bow, the scene comports
With Majesty's domains;
Jehovah will forever shine
Upon celestial throne,
And reign in majesty divine,
The great I Am alone;
O, graspless thought to essence scan,
The mazy paths he trod!
Beyond the ken of mortal man,
The majesty of God;
Th' eternal future, boundless past,
Of old of dreadful fame,
Mid crashing worlds he standeth fast,
And Reverend is his name!
How know aright his marv'lous ways,
His judgments, power, love,
Th' astounding truth the devious maze,
The glorious God above,
In rev'ry deep, profound we're lost,
His greatness to define,

To understand, with tumult tossed,
The majesty divine;
Eternity where cycles blend,
Or grasp the boundless space,
Almighty God then comprehend,
And measure full his grace;
Then myst'ries all divinely preached,
Since God eternal reigned,
Infinite wisdom lofty reached,
Then fathomed and explained!
O, glorious One, who beaming sun,
The moon created, stars,
Its axis, earth revolve upon,
And seas confined in bars!
To him alone accord then song,
In time, eternal day,
Who planets launched for holy throng,
Beyond the milky way!

Singing in the moonlight,
Singing to the stars,
Singing till the twilight
Th' orient unbars;
Singing in the sunbeams,
Singing in the groves,
Singing free the daydreams,
Singing in alcoves;
Singing 'neath the leaflets,
Singing 'neath the bow,
Singing by the streamlets,
Singing as ye go!

O, ye children of Zion arise,
And let anthems ascend to the skies,

To Jehovah the muses awake,
Till the arches celestial will shake,
That the heart of compassion may move,
And the prayers of mourning approve,
That the raptures transporting may please,
And the cadence of music appease,
That the ragings of satan be still,
And the triumphs of victory thrill,
Where to bosoms beloved are pressed,
In the kingdom eternal at rest!



CANTO IX.

THE THRONELESS. GOD ONLY CARES
FOR THEE.

O mortal man his puny arm extends,
To rescue where the dragon flame im-
pends!

A Bard renowned with honest blame
Declares unjust and base,
Th' unforgiven absolved proclaim,
The souls of human race;
On patriarchs, apostles too,
The scriptures lay their stress,
By sacred will were chosen few,
With gift divine to bless;
If christians love each other all—
They brethren are the same,
Where reigneth love, divine the call,
Aspirings none for fame;
Who ransomed, died to rule behooves,
To men absolve, redeem,
Assumed lordship, disapproves,
Presumption in extreme;
Who withered arm can well restore
At his command or will,

May sins forgive, but not before,
Requirements fulfil;
Among the fragile seek for aid,
In darkness seek the light,
In Christ alone who ransom paid,
Is glorious, sovereign might;
Like men of Athens were of old,
Some too devoted are,
To mortals humbly kneel and gold,
From holy ways afar;
And cringing too in rigor ends,
May weakened vessel fall;
While purple bow in beauty bends,
To you 's the Shepherd's call;
If come to loving Savior dear,
How pleasing task will be!
From sinfulness, appalling bier
Can shining glory free;
Bow kneeling at the mercy seat,
Alone at God's footstool,
Upon the knees the brethren greet?
May soon become a fool:
He who bestows the daily food,
And clothes and shelters warm,
He can forgive, the gracious good,
And shelter from the storm;
No angel, prophet this permits,
At feet to humbly fall,
Th' Eternal One alone befits,
The sovereign over all;
Arise then lay your garments by,
If would the Savior meet,
As mortals humbly born to die,
And wash each others feet;
What! unto fellow servants kneel,

Not Peter would allow;
Beneath the royal arch appeal,
To heaven pay your vow;
Will orisons and glad refrain
In rays of light rebound,
From regal dome whence timely rain,
His blessings rich redound,
Who thunder holds in scepter'd hand,
The lightnings of His might,
The arching bow celestial, grand,
And pencils with the light;
Will Jesus pour in fragrant wine,
With oil the bruises heal,
The good Samaritan divine,
For wounded kindly feel,
Who over doomed cities wept,
Who groaned for sleeping dead,
Who sweated blood while others slept,
And bruised the serpent's head:
Who conquered foes that galling mar,
Triumphant too will be,
O'er raging hell, the Morning star,
Refulgent shining free,
Alone the river, springing fount,
Of sinful world the light,
Transfigured on the sacred mount,
His raiment glistening white;
The Morning Star our only hope,
From tomb, a dungeon raised,
Alone without, in darkness grope,
In dreary gloom amazed;
Before Him lost is heaven's frown,
Dispelled the gloomy night,
While inspiration streaming down
In rays of living light;

Will sprinkled blood, the crimson save,
From cruel thralldom free,
O, let the banner ever wave;
"He's Priest alone for thee!"

What us concerns the errors wrought
Before our natal birth,
Untrue, although for ages taught,
But wisdom of the earth;
In Jesus Christ our only hope,
To broken law restore,
The Shepherd door, without we cope
Where beasts of carnage roar;
The Savior sweet forgiveth sin,
Who suffered, freely bled,
High priest forever, ever been,
Triumphant from the dead;
Jehovah's own from starry sky,
Who framed the vaulted blue,
The moon in beauty soaring high,
The stars his finger too;
Through coronation, chosen priest,
The only crown conferred,
Of priestly rank, divine at least,
To sins forgive by word!
Lo, fallible of Aaron, true,
With incense to unfold:
Now dispensation lustrous new,
The priestly office old;
The seven seals are opened now,
The bleeding Lamb prevailed,
Before the Throne the angels bow,
High priest forever hailed;
The conq'rer brave with thunder greets
By crested moon in white,

With Shepherd's crook the Savior meets
His flock mid stilly night!
O, sad delusion, willful blind,
Infatuation wild,
Upon the brow to ensign bind,
That angels first beguiled!
Absurd, lo, wisdom stands amazed,
Is man divine enrolled,
In Him baptized, to heaven raised?—
The vicar now behold!
What! man infallible, divine,
Alone Jehovah's claim,
Archangels bright in glory shine,
Still covet not this fame;
Cry holy, holy, holy God,
With wings their faces veil,
And meekly sound his praise abroad,
Perfections, wonders hail!
The sovereign Lord 's a jealous God,
No rival will allow,
Usurp the scepter and the rod,
What! self divine endow!
Deluded creatures, what can do
To satan overthrow,
A dying worm perform for you,
T' avert the future woe!
Th' Almighty all the Prince discerns—
Then couns'ler who will be,
Will sun illume if candle burns,
Or drop augment the sea!
But mighty ones may still arise,
To succor those who bow,
The dragon tear from starry skies,
If grace divine endow;
So rashly dare no one condemn,

Nor at their worship mock,
May God create, proclaim of them
The chosen of his flock;
May springing waters cause to flow
To either he may please,
Make fruitful figs or thistles grow,
Or baneful upas trees;
To arid ground may larger run,
And primal root may seem,
Supplanted by a smaller one
But watered by a stream,
Oft 'neath the rugged mountain lies,
Its rocky bowels amid,
Bright shining gems we greatly prize,
The sparkling diamond's hid!

Two rightly, sons of thunder named,
One rock at early call,
Nor rock divine had Peter claimed,
Nor thunder they at all;
To Peter, wisdom God revealed,
The knowledge of his Son,
That knowing faith from none concealed,
As giants vict'ry won;
When once untied the Gordian knot,
Then all possessed the key,
Sweet heaven which the Savior bought,
To Rock could many flee;
And Paul, the chosen vessel pure,
To bear his holy name,
The key obtained, His grace secure,
The devils owned his fame;
And unto Rock he witness bore,
And hence received the call,
Said, "Christ alone 's the open door,

Eternal rock to all; ”
Of Rock the holy prophets talked,
Which Peter said were sure;
With holy children, mighty walked,
Amid the flames with pure;
The mystic key to portals high,
Who princely thrones obtained,
All things forsook to kingdom buy,
With Majesty then reigned;
The angels strong who Isreal led,
Had key to Canaan’s land,
To flaming hell, to slumb’ring dead,
Who ’fore th’ Almighty stand!
A locksmith old of serpent wiles,
Is satan in his craft,
None can unlock that ere defiles,
Like chaff the tempests waft;
He wisely knows what key unlocks,
Dominion to receive,
At erring ways the devil mocks,
Nor tinsel will deceive;
He knows of Shiloh’s sprinkled blood,
Who sitteth on the Throne,
The seed prophetic ere the flood,
Is Advocate alone;
He knows no Virgin Mary stands
Before the throne divine,
To mediate nor meet demands,
T’ avert the doom condign;
Nor sheperdess mid stormy night,
From wolf protects the flock,
Nor wisdom is sublime in might,
But Shepherd ’lone the Rock;
The bruiser knows of serpent’s head,
He knows the Advocate,

The risen Savior from the dead,
The Mediator great;
Who keys obtained, discerneth well,
He knows alone who saves,
To heaven keys of dreadful hell,
Will triumph o'er the graves;
To whom belongs entreating prayer,
To whom alone should bow,
In heaven, earth, none other dare,
Should homage take, allow,
Save Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The triune God as one,
Nor worshiped should be heaven's host,
But great I Am alone,
That Jesus Christ forgiveth sin,
Is God Almighty's Son,
For sinful man alone between,
The true and faithful one;
That serpent old too sagely knows—
All witness still abounds—
Who rescued from impending woes,
Beheld his pierced wounds;
If Shiloh's blood a world redeems,
A world forgive he can,
No reason for two Saviors seems,
Behold the gospel plan!

To erring priest of mortal birth
Then bend no pliant knee,
To king celestial 'lone, of earth,
To the Creator flee;
Come unto God, the faithful then,
Will graces, self reveal,
Not unto frail and carnal men,
What, unto them appeal!

On shoulders crippled take the blind,
With sins about compassed!
The victim's left in race behind,
In jaws of lion vast;
Of old would holy children bow,
Or yield to man's decrees,
Submission to his idols vow?
Behold, th' Almighty sees;
Must unto law and prophets cling,
What is not gospel mold,
Will satan know and surely bring
Within the *wolfherd fold*;
If fount corrupt, then stream impure,
May after life partake,
The noxious bane may death insure,
As spectres too awake;
High priest forever wisely hail,
If endless life would gain,
Exalted high will never fail,
Nor pleads he idly vain;
With welcome greets as freely gives,
His seal divine receive,
Who dead restores, the Lord forgives,
Alone with him's reprieve;
In him confide, the risen dead,
The river for the thirst,
His yoke endure, by shepherd led,
Be 'mong the risen first;
Come unto Christ, the royal priest,
Who regal banquet gives,
O flock around th' eternal feast,
That priest forever lives!
With boldness too the Scriptures say,
Approach the mercy seat,
Since opened wide the sovereign way,

Can enemies defeat;
From darkness of the dismal tomb,
The morning star arose,
With crescent moon to way illume,
Where vipers, asps oppose;
With Savior pure is only hope,
To broken law restore,
To mansions gain, without we grope
Where battle reigns and gore;
This living tree in Eden blooms,
That yields the precious balm,
The morning star the way illumes,
Beside the waving palm;
In Paradise alone it grows,
Celestial, living bread,
From Christ divine the river flows,
For chosen from the dead;
All honor then to God, ascribed,
And his anointed One,
Who bitter cup alone imbibed
To dregs and triumph won!

O, the beautiful porch where the Savior had walked,
As in Solomon's temple the wisdom he talked,
How resplendent the mountain 'neath beamings of sky
Mid the olives all blooming ascended on high!

I once had friends, presumed were friends,
Would friendship constant be,
A word disjoins, a notion rends,
They little cared for me;
Like sparrows often fly away,
As hopes upon the sea,
When tempests drive the ship astray,
Untrue, away they flee;

Their friendship to mishap succumbs,
Like winds that chilling flee,
Nor may divine when specious comes,
A broken staff for me;
A love abounds, a fleeting kind,
In festive halls of glee,
Where tinsel threads of fashion bind,
Like butterflies they flee;
A venal oft, degrading, base,
Of revelry may be,
Nor will endure of low disgrace,
Will not abide for thee;
A love exists, a tender love,
Oft each'rous as the sea,
From earth beneath, and not above,
Away, away they flee;
A union too, a sacred tie,
A wedded love may be,
If motives base will wither, die,
Aye longing to be free;
When vestal pure, divine as truth,
Hopes verdant as the lea,
Soon poisoned by the serpent's tooth,
Like vultures care for me;
Satiric lore, the sparkling fire,
No soul in repartee,
Unkindly thrusts, the galling dire,
May sting forever be;
The party ties of rabble throng,
Official spoils the key,
The flippant speech, transporting song,
No golden ties for thee;
When candidates for office strive,
Though sigh for refugee,
For gold but flatter and connive,

And little care for thee;
Uncertain as the crumbling rock,
Or frail as debauchee,
With breezes shift, the weathercock,
Nor may dependence be;
Confiding love may thieves display,
Like that of stinging bee,
Or rav'nous wolves for harmless prey,
Like sharks of briny sea;
Some avocations are the same,
Alone 'tis for the fee,
Nor hired servants are to blame,
As empty bubbles flee;
In palaces the pompous crowd
Is calloused in degree,
As millions have, reserved and proud,
Nor deign to notice thee;
The royal pageant, flashing show,
Though jeweled trappings be,
Of toiling millions little know,
And little care for thee;
Of lepers ten when spotless clean,
Save one, ungrateful flee,
He when returned had thankful been,
But where the nine we see!
Ungrateful world, unfeeling too,
Though innocent may be,
Will wound confiding hearts and true,
No constant friend for me;
In frigid world we're left alone,
To harpy friendship flee,
No faithful ones to fate bemoan,
Around the baneful tree;
Insidious hand, the gelid feel,
The venom almost see,

Of stealthy foes the hearts reveal,
Of cloven tongued *amis*;
Though friends be specious, seeming true,
Like fly for honey bee,
To pilfer come, to plunder you,
They nothing cared for thee;
With hardened hearts, repeated crime,
With treachery they plea,
Glide knotted, gnarled in loathsome slime,
Like serpents care for me:
But heaven's love is sacred, pure,
In harmony agree,
Celestial love that will endure,
Forever be for me;
The Lord alone 's forever true,
Will friendship fervid be,
No galling chains nor bitter rue,
Will ever care for thee;
The Lord besides, none other good
Through vast eternity,
Who gracious gives abundant food,
His bounties rich and free;
Should spectred horrors loom around,
Nor starry heavens be,
Will mercy sweet and love abound,
When cravens fly from thee;
When savage foes accusings bring,
Beneath his panoply,
Protection seek beneath his wing,
A mighty shield will be;
To monarch, priest of mortal birth,
Then bow no servile knee,
To king celestial 'lone of earth,
Let faithful homage be:
When gods of Egypt worship claimed,

He judged them fearfully,
Behold the Lord, Jehovah named,
A jealous God will be;
Should haughty pride then mortals fill,
In bondage hold the free,
If gods condemn who homage will,
What may His judgments be!
The glorious One enthroned on high,
In regal majesty,
Though mighty hand unrolled the sky,
Still kindly cares for me;
In bow cromatic, loving good,
Will morning star decree,
And freely life, defending stood,
When foes assailed me;
How bountiful he doth provide,
His goodness oh how free!
His loving kindness will abide,
Parental care for me;
Nor Shepherd's love presageth death,
The ever blooming tree,
Sweet life conferred with dying breath,
Will Savior ever be;
Mid crashing worlds his chosen gem,
In year of Jubilee,
And in the New Jerusalem,
My God will cherish me;
O, love divine that lasts forever,
To face of beauty see,
No rockings of the earth will sever,
At home triumphant free,
High in the sky, away and far,
With title clear and free,
And shining bright the morning star,
Will Shepherd care for me!

Away by thousands sickness bore,
'Fore wasting famine flee,
I still remain to God adore,
Confiding trust in Thee;
When streams of palpitating gore
Had crimsoned verdant lea,
And quiv'ring hearts the missiles tore,
His pinions sheltered me;
When frosts beneath the starry floor,
When ice was rending free,
And driving snow against the door,
His feathers covered me;
When raging flames, amid the roar,
Supplied a way to flee,
And solar rays, in scorching pour,
With clouds he sheltered me;
When thunders crashed and lightnings tore,
And shivered forest tree,
And wrecks aloft the whirlwind bore,
In goodness shielded me;
When tempests raged and torrents poured,
And billows lashed the sea,
And waters grand tumultuous roared,
Th' Almighty succored me;
When serpents fly, the dread of yore,
Then in the rugged tree,
Will sweet desire then evermore,
My hope forever be;
Since wide unfolded heaven's lore,
Eternal wisdom free,
His goodness, doubt will nevermore,
Till golden portals see;
Mid crashing worlds beyond the shore
Of time, eternity,
Will love alone forevermore,
Forever trust in Thee!

O, the happiness sweet and the transporting thought,
Through creations to roam that th' Almighty hath
wrought,

And with Jesus to walk amid scenes ever bright,
With th' Eternal in beauty on plains of delight!
Still astounded we'll be through the vista of life,
For the glimpses obtained of the waters of strife;
Oh, thence bear us away from the havoc beheld,
From the tumult of waves and the billows that swelled,
To an island of Providence safely afar,
From the scenes of distraction to beauty of star,
From the surges a dashing and horrors of foe,
To the gem of the orient all radiant the bow!



CANTO X.

THE CREATION. THE MORNING AND
THE PURPLE STAR.

WITH the comet could we soar in bright
orbit around,
Thence behold in creation what wonders
abound,
There alone and appalled in amazement
we'd stand

Still revolving the worlds lo, stupendously grand,
O, astounding in space in the endless still loom,
Where the flowers terrestrial few ever will bloom,
Where the feet of archangels none ever have trod,
But alone the Creator, Omnipotent God!
The foundations of systems thence grandly unfold,
Of the solar, the stellar, of comets behold,
By electric the cables suspending in space,
Amid deeps of the blue they encircling embrace;
And still looming are spheres that are glowing afar,
To the globes we're careering triumphal the car,
Lo, the grouping of planets electrical bound,
In yon orbit the wondrous and wildering the round!

Ere beaming orb from chaos raised,
To shine in mazy blue,
Or eyes beheld the stars amazed,

Or moon of lustrous hue,
Jehovah mid the clouds appeared
With radiant, royal crown,
O'er barriers looming, turrets reared,
He sped his lightnings down;
Arose and scaled the beaming stars,
Made compass 'round of space,
The jewels grasped beyond its bars,
And showered down through grace,
The treasures hid ere worlds began,
Foundations firm were laid,
Or crescent bow in beauty span
The glorious wonders made!
Refulgent rose the morning star
Then in creation bright,
With mellow radiance beaming 'far,
In orient quick'ning light;
Then, subtle ether waters formed,
United what dissolved,
Electric force combined and warmed,
From elements evolved;
Condensing mists then downwards fall,
From firmament above,
Attractive forces formed a ball,
O, powers divine and love!
At dawning light but waters found,
Then rocky earth concrete,
Deposited the globe around,
Till perfect found complete:
What Moses wrote, to science true,
Three ages and six days,
Three ages form, six days renew,
How marv'lous are His ways!
For waters covered o'er the globe
First in creation morn,

The Lord arose to earth unrobe,
All nature re-adorn;
Ere Adam formed arose a flood,
For inspiration knew,
The changes lo, for guiltless blood,
From race the Lord withdrew;
No longer precious in his sight,
Where pleasing were and well,
No longer pure nor lustrous bright,
But darkness, stench of hell!

Lo, fifty thousand years ago
No pond'rous earth was formed,
Nor curved the radiant, crescent bow,
Nor sun creation warmed;
And thirty thousand years have past
Since Innocent began,
And then arose from first to last
All living up to man;
Though forty thousand years ago
Vibrated earth in space,
The trailing serpents, monsters lo,
Still found no human race:
Around the earth are strata formed,
As rings within a tree,
By natural growth and heating warmed,
God's handy works we see;
Six geologic layers 'round
The surface of the globe,
Creations six, precisely found,
The teeming crusts enrobe;
Of times appears concludent last,
Of mystic seven true;
So burnt may be concretions past,
And all be formed anew;

Foot-prints divine, sublime are seen,
His wonder working hand,
Creations mighty lo, have been,
Amid the sea and land!
How many worlds Jehovah made,
In times eternal past,
How many will in future fade,
No mortal tell the last;
Creative agents swiftly fly,
Upon the destined way,
Roll back the curtains of the sky,
Reveal the bright array;
O work of goodness, grand, sublime,
Creator glorious still,
Who lightnings woke in olden time
By his Almighty will!

Lo, sixteen thousand years elapsed
Since Lucifer arose,
Of fires electric ere collapsed,
Ere fell where Stygian flows,
Ere negro sprang of glacier time,
The Hottentot before,
Th' orang-outang from boggy slime,
Arose the rigid lore;
Then serpent 'neath the *lichen* crawled,
Concealed himself from view,
From noisome prison, stony walled,
Hell-vicious angel flew;
Then dragons roamed this earthly stage,
And monsters huge were found,
Men cruel, bronzed of that age,
Still traced beneath the ground;
The Megatherium behold!
A beast of marv'lous size,

The fossils still the truth unfold,
Of birds immense likewise;
Then satan loomed in distant view,
The dragon from the deep,
Hurled brilliant stars from royal blue,
With fell, satanic sweep,
Cerulean dome, its highs assailed,
With scaly, loathsome form,
The battlements of heaven scaled,
Amid sirocco storm;
Thence sons divine and stars arose,
Alas, and vicious demons too,
Who anthems sang to crescent bows,
Or grim assailed the stellar blue;
Lo, throne divine on high assailed,
The fallen angels fiery, bold,
Till flaming world o'er fiends prevailed,
The granite vitrified behold!
The one serene as summer skies,
And rosy as the dawning day;
Mid voidness bleak the other lies,
In desert waste extinguished ray!

When winter clouds have overcast,
When mantled dark the deep serene,
Through forked tongue the moment past,
What pen describe the dreadful scene!

In ages dim of past abound,
Ere mists in darkness rolled,
Upon the stone commandments found,
God's finger there behold!
Then glitt'ring stars of holy God,
And sons divine enwreathed—
Through earthy ban, the chast'ning rod,

The flaming sword unsheathed;
Unbending justice, sweeping doom,
The legal thunders pealed—
The gorgeous arc dispersed the gloom,
God's smiling face revealed;
Through fallen rain indented stones,
Through bow prismatic bent;
In marble blocks lo, human bones,
Revealed that laws were rent;
Below the surface deep of ground,
The records not erased,
Aye in the solid marble found,
The human frame encased!
That stony corpse will it arise,
From solid, rocky bed?
No, never shine mid starry skies,
Nor rise ill-fated dead,
Where raven haunts amid the gloom,
With ominous, sullen mate,
The hooting owl around the tomb,
Forever sealed the fate;
Though endless ages roll apace,
While others ceaseless soar,
Around the shores of boundless space,
Still it will live no more!

No salt refreshed the barren earth,
Then no preserving grace,
Nor could remain—unsav'ry birth,
The sinful, fallen race!
Then fiery beasts in ether ranged,
To death the victims doomed,
Th' equator with the poles exchanged,
And dread confusion loomed;
To placid moon then angels sped,

In raiment snowy white,
Made shining chaplets for the head,
From brightness crowns of light;
On bow of beauty scaled its hights,
The pale and silver hued,
From earth escaped, its woful blights,
Where mercy sweetly wooed;
In golden chariots up on high,
Grand equipages rise,
The cohorts bright to vaulted sky;
Beneath grim ruin lies;
Mid lunar fastness, glitt'ring sheen,
On golden pinions flew,
Secure in holy rest serene,
Amid the stellar blue!
Lo, in disorder earth now rolls,
When brimstone glowing burned,
Exchanged th' equator with the poles,
To north the tropics turned;
The melting ice submerged the land,
Then boulders overspread,
When they assailed the murd'rous band,
The grim, the fiery red;
Th' equator 'round the tempest raves,
The forked shafts are hurled,
O'er boist'rous seas, tumultuous waves,
As roll around the world;
Th' electric fires from sun evolved,
Dispersed were at His will,
Nor earth on axis more revolved,
At God's command was still;
In darkness mantled starry light,
Were shining faces hid,
Mid gloomy rule, tempestuous night,
Chaotic void amid;

Mid ruin, waste prevailed the gloom,
The earth was vacant all,
And must remain the sweeping doom,
Till God again recall;
Then cities great were overthrown,
Of ancient as are found,
Still monuments of olden shown,
Exist upon the ground;
To chaos hurled, imbrued in blood,
Engulfed was mother earth,
Submerged beneath chaotic flood
Through dark deceiver's birth;
No Shiloh then the foe subdued,
Arose no mighty arm,
No morning star nor serpent bruised,
No Christ t' avert the harm;
Now purple clouds and heavens fly
With earth as did of yore,
Around the sun exalted high,
In orbit grandly soar!

Before the wreck of worlds began,
Before chaotic mass,
Ere sceptre seized or sovereign fan,
Ere satan ruled alas,
As bishop reigned—the sacred right,
O'er holy church of God,
An olden race pre-Adamite,
He ruled with murd'rous rod;
Apostle of the holy way,
By grace divine ensealed,
Ere chaos loomed where lightnings play,
Ere thunders crashing pealed;
Aspiring fame and ruling pride,
In dark ambitious breast;

To flamings hurled, t' arrest the tide,
Jehovah's stern behest!
Once, glitt'ring gem adorned the sky,
With lustrous, jewel'd crown,
As shimm'ring sun lo, tow'ring high,
To hell flashed blazing down!
For sixteen thousand years ago
He first emerged to light,
United two, the double woe
Reached over olden night;
The upas tree from baneful root,
The mingled woes combine,
Partaking of forbidden fruit,
The grasping powers divine,
In sweeping avalanches clasped,
Divine to reign on earth,
Deceiver dark the scepter grasped—
Lo, fiery serpent's birth!
Eight thousand years still brightly shone,
Amid the heavens blue,
As solar ray, a righteous one,
As bright celestial flew;
Designed those hieroglyphics true,
From sacred mouth of God,
Before the awful tempest blew,
Ere bowed beneath the rod;
Came over too, th' Omniscient will,
To slay rebellious son,
And yet is not, but to fulfil,
Still, hates the horrid one;
The devil must, 'tis plain exist
Since wickedness began,
To on devouring crew subsist,
Extinguish wicked clan;
Lo, coils unfold, with forked tongue,

T' allure mid rosy dell,
Where sirens sing the knell is rung,
The garden is of hell;
Around the anchor sweet of life,
Is serpent oft entwined,
In flow'ry casket breeding strife,
Where glitt'ring jew'ls enshrined;
Nor any knew when hither came,-
Nor whence the wolfish one,
Like fiery red, consuming flame
With fearful course to run;
Like meteor's transient, lurid light,
Weird glowing 'cross the sky,
Presaging evil, hideous night,
Must mercy save, or die;
Like blazing comet red in space,
Beyond all limits bound,
Pursues its wild, erratic race,
Stupendous orbit round;
With fiery tail, in darkness moves,
Opposed to glorious sun;
Against the Lord in hell behooves,
Arch-fiend terrific run!
And now behold, he is the devil,
To Scriptures know and tear,
The very devil is to revel,
And dark his hideous lair;
To vilely tear from sweet embrace
Of blessed fold above,
Through Jesus, fail in tardy race,
Lo, rent redeeming love!

Thus saith Jehovah, "all is done,
My will the Scriptures are,
This satan knows, the evil one,

Destruction scatters 'far;
And often hovers where I am,
Though fruit be good or evil,
And will oppose the living balm,
Because he is the devil;
Through miry beds, revolting deeps
Stupendous mountains scaled,
Like dread tornado blighting sweeps,
Hereby the nations paled;
The anguish dire, the dread behold,
The writhings on the cross,
My saints endured as yet untold,
The horrors and the loss;
His fiery wrath on hist'ry's page,
With blood and flamings streaked,
His murd'rous hate, his savage rage,
His cruel vengeance wreaked! "

Cassiope once on her stary throne,
Lo, serpent crawling now in torrid zone!

Euphemia of the spirit land,
Still goeth to and fro,
In marshaling the hellish band
For horrors and for woe;
Of men once favored daughter fair,
As orient solar light,
Once queen of flowers blooming rare,
Now Lucifer of night;
Once comely face, of angel form,
Now often sable mein,
With fiery darts, the parching storm,
How hideous to be seen!
Once psalmist sweet of olden time,
And loved a heart of gold,
But treasure gone, reduced by crime

To murd'rer of the fold;
Once stood upon the crescent bow,
But blighting curse how changed,
To visage grim, satanic lo,
Rebellion how deranged!
This Dauphiness, the fallen stone
Resolved to slay the Son,
The scarlet woman seize the Throne,
To render all undone;
Black hearted, bloody murd'rer dire,
With dread envenomed sting,
Terrific, bruised, consigned to fire,
The grim, satanic king!
O, Lucifer, like solar beams,
Thy orb refulgent shone,
Beside celestial, solar streams,
Ere bright effulgence flown!
Envenomed fumes of adders' sting,
Arise upon that ground,
Now hisses, growls and wailings ring,
The caverns dark around;
For wicked ways now looming stands
Beyond the southern pole,
Th' assassin dark in brimstone lands,
Where flaming billows roll;
Now hideous Afric, sable trace,
Where leaping sparks aglow,
Emitted from satanic face,
Beneath a fiery bow;
As mountain lion bathed in blood,
In roaring thrills the plain,
As serpent glideth o'er the flood,
Lo, dragon of the main;
Forever hopes in sunder rent,
Fate equal to the fall,

Swift impetus the summit lent
To black and deep'ning pall;
O'er ninety million miles on high,
To hell-fire and brimstone,
The brightest planet of the sky,
The sun of morning gone;
Lo, fallen orb of seething flame,
Now flashing 'long the ground,
As lion crouched, the sullen dame,
With ghastly skulls around;
Behold, the flaming hurricane,
The hideous dragon red,
Now death and desolation reign,
Upon that horrid bed;
No gemmy rays of star-lit skies,
No vault celestial blue,
But o'er the fiery turrets lies
The pall of sable hue!

Ere satan fell from lofty tower,
Like lightning from the sky,
Lawgiver was, endowed with power,
And wisdom from on high;
A giant of the fossil age,
Whose magic powers thrilled,
Of olden time, a luminous sage,
In music truly skilled;
Of righteousness a preacher bold,
Till daring had rebelled,
Of eloquence and might behold,
That few on earth excelled:
Now wolfish one around the fold,
And often to fulfill,
Defender of the faith of old,
Alas, defender still;

Once glowing star, refulgent mass,
A glitt'ring jewel bright—
From orbit hurled, sulphurous gas,
Sunk in eternal night;
Like meteor weired of marv'lous size,
Terrific, will astound,
Lo, rushing down from starry skies
And blazing to the ground;
In heaven sat as queen enrolled,
With dusky, empress crown,
The mystic ways of life unfold—
Thence fell the wonder down;
In sphynx the symbol is portrayed,
From heaven fell for sin,
Thence desolation, death arrayed,
The pyramids within;
Jehovah lo, in silver cloud,
The wonder dark behind,
The sable wolf to souls enshroud,
Where Shepherd's wreath entwined;
In twilight myst'ry foul begun,
Where crested billows rolled,
Lo, rising, and the settingsun,
And Eden's ways unfold!
For eighteen hundred rolling years,
No ray through darkness gleams,
In olden night mid gloom appears,
No solar, stellar beams;
Two thousand years thus rolled away,
The watery deep still roared,
Nor darkness yielded up to day,
Till order was restored;
O, what a fearful, awful thought,
What breadth of mind compass,
The horrors grim that satan wrought,

And when restored alas!
What haunting mid that gloomy night,
Of fiery demons bold,
How contemplate lugubrious sight,
As whirling billows rolled,
As demons black through sulphur roam,
Unearthly goblins fly,
Till heavens shook, the vaulted dome,
That rang through spangled sky!
But when through famine was subdued,
The grim, relentless foe,
Began o'er waters then to brood,
The spirit through the bow,
Began again the earth to bloom,
The planets shone on high,
All living sprang from nature's womb,
Beneath a clement sky;
A thousand years, a scripture day,
Until the end attained,
Two thousand years thus rolled away,
As days that quickly waned.

The human race then first began,
Before the serpent's kiss,
'Neath summer skies, created man,
Amid primeval bliss,
With manly form and visage bright,
From heaven which he drew,
With curly hair and snowy white,
Arose then into view,
The human form, from mother earth,
Before satanic strife,
From embryo, exalted birth,
Ere breathed the vital life:—
Soon satan came to earth alone

Pollution on his wings,
From far beyond the torrid zone
Lo, deadly havoc brings;
With ominous flight as tempest blew,
With desolating blast,
To bless'd dominions ghastly strew,
With wrecks and horrors vast;
Through dark domains with sable wings,
His course impending wends,
Around as putrid odor flings,
Corrupts, in pieces rends,
As through mephitic region glides,
Where haunting goblins dwell,
Upon the fiery serpent rides
Through regions black of hell;
Across red lake of fire behold!
A lake of fire himself,
And tarnished lo, the blessed fold,
Reduced to wand'ring elf;
Cast presaged shadows o'er the land,
Obscured the solar light,
O'er Eden waved his forked wand,
The chosen, blessed bright;
And daring thought on throne divine,
With Majesty to sit,
Around the world to blazing shine,
Ere hell rekindled, lit;
The royal arch t' ascend and clasp
In death's cold, icy chains,
To lightnings seize in demon grasp,
Extinguish what remains;
Terrific, slay beloved son,
Then reign upon the Throne,
Fair Zion's Mount to sit upon,
The crescent, golden zone!

Lo, purple, and the morning star,
The brazen, golden lute,
The silent wonders mystic 'far,
The constellations mute!

Apostate angels dark conceived,
To wrest with malice grim,
The royal scepter and deceived,
In early twilight dim;
Like Lucifer, the flaming sire,
Upon the purple bow,
Arose aloft and burst to fire,
To regions fell of woe;
As flaming ether, downward fell,
With rebel, sable crown,
From heaven's hight to nether hell,
Like meteors streaming down,
Beyond the gulf to horrors glean,
Involving darkness dooms;
Ne'er crescent bow will span between,
Where Eden sweetly blooms!
From silver depths of queenly moon,
When angels fell as liars,
Lo, flaming craters belching soon,
Sent forth their awful fires;
Aye many stars from heaven fell,
Through regions dismal sped,
Bright shining gems to seething hell,
That once their lustre shed;
Red phosphorated, ghostly hags
Then stalked that dread abyss,
All clad in filthy, tattered rags—
Their foul, polluting kiss;
Mid clouds of purple, blackness clad,
Whence fumes of sulphur rise,

Lo, changeless state, condition sad,
Beneath infernal skies!

In ages dim of ancient found,
Ere satan smould'ring fell,
To regions dark lo, many bound,
Rang booming down to hell;
How dared uplift rebellious arm,
Against the blessed Good,
The marv'lous Wise, intent to harm,
Who light bestowed and food!
How little do men realize
The dread, impending doom!
Oft hell's polluting fumes arise
Within revolting tomb;
From sepulchre, to monsters turn,
May prowl the vasty deep,
Within the fiery regions burn,
Unless in Jesus sleep;
To finny tribes may down descend,
As fish in spirit sea,
Or lower still with insect blend,
May all remaining be:
No mighty angel there descends,
Except to bind with chains,
His shining glory him defends
From hell's polluting stains;
No shepherd there protects the flock
From wolf's devouring jaws,
No Saviour sweet salvation rock,
But prowling dragon maws;
No loving saint presumptuous bold
Dare soil his hallowed wing,
Refreshing drop of water cold,
The famished wretch to bring;

No more can blackness be evolved,
Condition aught resist,
Though wash themselves in snow dissolved,
Or bathe in subtle mist!
Mid sulphur fumes of nether hell,
No waters found for thirst,
But stern decrees when angels fell,
Bright shining, blest, or curst;
Th' envenomed dart from fiery tongue,
From smoke of flaming sink,
From many a heart what anguish wrung,
Upon that tott'ring brink!
From goblin caves arise and scorch,
As wav'ring haunt mid dearth,
Mid dreary night with fiery torch,
From centre of the earth;
All striving then and weeping vain,
The dest'ny dread is sealed,
Mid flaming tortures, fiery reign,
Hell's horrors all revealed;
Then burning lake disclosed to view,
The final destiny,
Surrounding hell's dominions blue,
No Savior more to free;
Then victim will rebellion dare,
Hate seize the wretched soul,
Lo, holocaust, the black despair,
Horrific, fiery goal!

On no Utopian theme we dwell—
Have not been there to see!
Not seen the blasted wrecks of hell,
That once were human free,
Their glaring eyes, distorted forms,
Not seen their fiery darts,

Their voices heard, the raging storms,
Nor known their savage hearts!
Though once exalted, angels bright,
Now bound in dungeons dark,
With clanking chains in endless night,
And bear the beastly mark;
Were once enrobed, but naked now,
Grim spectacles debased,
In honor once, now lowly bow,
By fetid stench encased;
Alone they prowl the dismal earth,
No hearts responsive beat,
But terrors wild mid parching dearth
Abound at satan's seat;
Beneath is iron, heaven's brass,
As, downward pining sink,
With parching thirst they cry alas,
Upon the burning brink;
The victims frail with longing eyes,
With trembling, racking fears,
Still peer aloft in vaulted skies,
For hell no prayer hears;
The anguish rankling in the soul,
Not angel tongue can tell,
More awful still as ages roll,
That hopeless, Christless hell!

How marv'lous strange, what mighty power,
Which made that Raphael head,
Through witch of Endor lofty tower,
Raised Samuel from the dead!
For witches have familiar sprites,
Of old did God forsake,
Such monsters huge, such horrid sights,
As might the dead awake!

Of dreadful wrath they servants are,
Relentless satan's rule,
In darkness looms the purple star,
Upon the tomb the ghoul!
To satan's agents what a fall!
They trod deceiver's path,
Await the devil at his call,
Lo, servants of his wrath;
Is happened them a fearful doom,
And is beyond repair,
The promise turned to horrid gloom,
And hope to black despair;
Lo, lightnings fierce of sovereign wrath,
Against th' apostate ones,
The fiery serpent in the path
Of dark rebellious sons!

Around the Throne from ancient days,
No fish in mystic sea,
The hydra-headed monster slays,
To destined end will be;
With sulphur fumes from heathen fane
Still looming horror teems,
With dragon might, with serpent bane,
Impossible it seems,
That there exists on earth below,
Arch-fiend of Titan form,
Delights alas, in human woe,
Consuming fiery storm;
A monster of resistless strength,
Leviathan of old,
As serpent huge uncoils his length,
From poison'd arbor hold;
Then whirlpools 'neath the crescent moon,
Confusions wild betide,

Lo, ends beyond meridian noon,
Where snakes and scorpions glide!
This narrow makes, austere the way,
So straight the gate, alas,
Around the flaming billows play
The crater's craggy pass;
But twenty, since the dawning day
Have passed to regions bright;
What relics mingled with the clay,
Succumbed to Satan's might!
Could we affect the heart divine,
His bowels of mercy move,
Ourselves would save from doom condign,
Should goodness thus behoove,
Before would go to that abode,
From which the soul recoils,
Forever doomed where pungent goad,
The serpent's torturing coils;
Would run, forsake the paltry all,
As pilgrim deaf and blind
To earthy lure, enticing call,
And never look behind!
O, man arise with giant strength
And shake thy shackles loose,
Lo, fetters bind of serpent length,
Temptations foul induce;
May God to humble prayer hark,
Still golden arrow flies,
If overcome that devil dark,
Will pierce the starry skies!

Against the children, not of light,
Revealed the flaming fire,
Unblemished robes of snowy white,
But children of the mire;

Upon the earth, the dragon black,
Upon the waters fair,
Pursue the ark, the pilgrim track,
To lost in pieces tear;
The barbed tail, a fearful cross,
Will launch in watery deep,
Baptismal ark on billows toss,
The heart in sorrows steep;
Sweet crystal river, Jordan's stream
Forever lost may be,
From verdant banks where mercies beam,
On arid barrens flee;
Still paschal blood upon the posts,
The golden chain of life,
Will scatter far destructive hosts,
The legions black of strife:
Thy wayward path, then steps retrace,
This instant make resolve,
Before the serpent's vile embrace
In horrors black involve,
Before the lightnings plunging sink
In flaming gulf beneath,
Beneath a crumbling, tottering brink,
Where frightful cauldrons seethe!

No eye beheld nor ear hath heard
The joys of heaven's palmed;
While endless shores terrific gird
The horrors of the damned;
White alabaster pillars loom
To heaven's pearly gate;
While flamings flash through dismal gloom,
To nether pits of hate;
In lethean gulf of ghastly death,
In pit of darkness fell,

No more return, with putrid breath,
They haunt their native hell;
Upon a shore of burning sand,
What looming nether woe!
They shrink, recoil ah, whither land,
Alas, and whither go!
No joys reserved, no triumphs ring,
No more behold, for them,
But fiery demons tortures wring,
And conscience' stings condemn;
Mid raging fires—ah, hell's agape,
We shudder as indite,
Lo, furious flames the wicked wrap,
The dread, appalling sight!
Did Sodom's woful children live,
To stand at judgment day,
And dread account terrific give,
Though flaming horrors slay?
In Noah's flood, no triumphs hailed,
But ghastly phantoms loomed,
In prison chained, nor blood availed,
Still dungeons deeper doomed;
Lo, unrevealed the bitter end,
The drama here must close,
And fancy to the picture lend
Still deep, unfathomed woes;
Like falling orb in distance far,
No more anew to rise,
But fiery comet, blazing star,
In red, infernal skies!

To go upon the devil's grounds,
Oh, what a fearful thought,
Where bleaching bones and doleful sounds,
The air with horrors fraught!

The awful grandeur none ignore,
Still terrors few conceive,
Of lion's fierce, terrific roar,
When heard can but believe;
But few return who enter there,
For causes dark unnamed,
The image gone, then naked bare,
And if return are maimed;
Still winding way with flowers strewed,
That led to dread abode,
Where flaming sword in pieces hewed,
Where pierced the fiery goad;
What raging wrath of deadly foe,
Whose poisonous fumes offend,
With guttural curse from burning woe,
Where smoke and flamings blend!
As murd'rer dread he lowly bows,
In human image walks,
With hate persistent vengeance vows,
Still bloody horror stalks,
Still janitor of Paradise,
With stern and fiery horde;
Redemption blood the fearful price,
To quench the flaming sword;
Still looming dark in dismal night,
Where Stygian waters flow,
Like tow'ring mountain peak in hight,
In regions grim of woe!

That fearful monster still exists,
On human souls to revel,
To pieces rend the dread persists,
None other than the devil;
As serpent vile will victim woo,
Extinguish vital rays,

That o'er th' abyss of chaos flew,
The hideous, lurid blaze;
No ancient myth, as some believe,
Still fiery billows flow,
With subtle wiles to fell deceive,
Ah, personal's the foe;
Lo, lightning flame, the thunder black,
Whose curses peal amain,
The seething crater rumbling back,
While distant echoes wane!
Oh, comely daughter fair of Zion,
Thy virgin bloom is life,
In jungle dark and deep, the lion,
Alert for prey and strife;
That evil genius, fiery devil
The rosy verdure seeks,
To rays of glory bright dishevel,
Lo, serpent malice wreaks;
Will broken laws out-searching spy,
To shake the holy God,
Retort, "What have ye more than I?"
T'awake th' avenging rod;
Will vilely rule in fallen hearts,
Nor vigilance abate,
Lo, coiling folds, the fiery darts,
The venom, malice, hate!
His agents enter and control,
With shrewd harrangues inspire,
With craft pollute the wretched soul,
Deceptive follies dire;
To purest saint still daring bold,
Accusings brings and blame,
As over Job his billows rolled,
The devil is his name;
Too true, alas, terrific thought,

As sun in heaven shines,
Will victim drag among the lot,
Amid his dread confines,
Where lion fierce of serpent tongue,
The Prince of Darkness fell,
Lo, horrid crew is peer among,
The dragon huge of hell!

A king arose upon a time—
No matter when or where—
Whom foe assailed without a crime,
Did even heaven dare;
May've been among the living green,
Where spanned the purple bow,
Or scorching sands in desert seen,
Or arctic's drifting snow;
The lion crouched to savage spring,
With eyes of glaring fire,
To victim in his clutches bring,
His fierce devouring ire;
With curses fierce, with dragon tail,
With serpent-hissing sound,
With vaultings high, to stars assail,
To hurl upon the ground;
In conflict with the deadly foe—
Oh, cruel, murd'rous dart!—
Prepared to strike the fatal blow,
But Jesus took his part;
With glitt'ring spear the hero fought,
Jehovah helped his Son,
To earth the roaring lion brought,
The serpent trod alone;
Then greeted him with friendly hand,
To cruel foes defeat,
As kindly bid him firmly stand,

And hurled beneath his feet;
Then up to heaven raised Divine,
To mansions jasper white,
Where stars in glitt'ring brightness shine,
And sun refulgent bright;
Behold a vivid lightning stroke,
A thunderbolt then fell,
Through pitchy clouds from heaven broke,
Rang crashing down through hell;
Lo, Satan crouches as it peals,
Among the demon crew,
From fiery throne submissive reels,
With curses fierce withdrew,
As lava down volcano rolls,
The earth convulsive heaves,
And rocking shakes the starry poles,
As quaking terror leaves!

From throne divine beloved Son
Came down to rebel man,
From flamings tore, the vict'ry won,
O'er hell, horrific ban;
Still mighty God of Jacob stands,
With loving heart inspired,
And watching routes the fiery bands,
For precious life conspired;
The Lord alone dares him assail,
The majesty of hell,
His darts can pierce the dragon scale,
As wondrous ways we tell;
And written word will overcome,
Can mighty devil heat,
Embattle none—the total sum—
The dragon to defeat;
But universe Jehovah made,

Is origin and death,
Before the curse must serpent fade,
Will wither 'fore his breath!
When Jesus overcame by Word,
Th' angelic bright array,
Then tempest stilled by wisdom heard
In clear, celestial way;
It must avail because 'tis law,
And this the devil knows,
Nor Sampson touched when wisdom saw,
But loss engulfed in woes;
Then like an avalanche of night,
To darkness deep'ning doomed,
He lowly bowed with giant might,
Beneath the wrecks entombed!

Around that word what horrors cling
The fiery serpent's glow,
The devil grim what sorrows wring,
Embracing every woe!
With officer, no merey there,
Until last farthing paid,
May ne'er return who enter dare,
Till planets waning fade;
His darkest wiles his mightiest power,
Exerts toward the saint,
Most subtle guile to dread devour,
Or victim to attain;
The unrelenting god of hell,
Though in deceiving bland,
His barriers dark and turrets fell,
Like iron mountains stand;
Of secrets old, possessed the bane,
Ere loomed chaotic pall,
Like ruins of some mighty fane,

Still great amid the fall;
Behold the fiery harlot red,
Menacing flamings leap,
The charnel house among the dead,
The doom of endless sleep!
'Tis truly no romantic sketch,
Nor fancied doleful wail,
Chimeras vague, remotely fetch,
But true, terrific tale!

What dreadful woe does hell embrace,
How dark the hateful strife,
Degrading shame, the low disgrace,
Polluted devils' life!
And must remain as spirits blue,
Or African enlist,
Though bathe in ocean, limpid dew,
Or subtle morning mist!
Still there exists from satan's rod,
In New Jerusalem,
In heaven rest with holy God,
No longer sin condemn,
Upon the throne still hand divine
The sword in mercy sheathes,
Around the Lord, the sacred shrine,
On chosen Jesus breathes,
Lo, sweetly breathes the Savior meek—
From breath the living fire,
Within his bosom fosters weak,
And gently bids them higher.
Hosannas sing to warbling lyres,
Reverberate the song,
Ye virgin daughters, holy choirs,
Enthrill th' enraptured throng,
That chosen through the spotless Lamb,

Are blameless, justified,
With glorified, triumphant palm,
The gold in fire tried!

As midnight gloom to solar beams,
Thus good and evil are;
As arctic snows to flames extremes,
So God from satan far;
As northern pole to torrid zone,
All nature thus agrees,
Th' infernal regions, heaven's throne,
Are utmost in degrees;
No brighter scenes than heaven's courts,
No greater joys than there;
No blacker pits than satan's ports,
None darker than his lair;
Than heaven's dome no greater hights,
No greater love than God's;
Than Hinnom's vale no lower plights,
None worse than burning rods!
Oh, dismal, dark, horrific state,
That fiendish, demon strife,
That awful lot, that dreadful fate,
Too late, alas, for life!
Should pander not to evil eye,
Nor with pollution stain,
Or we may perish, wither, die,
O, love of sin insane!
With glitt'ring lance, with sandals shod,
May daring foe assail,
With helmet, shield divine, of God,
O'er fiery darts prevail;
Like Abel bless'd with righteous crown,
Through strivings, near undone,
In watching brought the angels down,
All radiant as the sun!

Through love supreme oh, rescue Lord,
Provide a way through call,
Through wisdom, counsels of thy word,
Uphold us lest we fall;
Without thy sovereign aid we sink,
Why ask, "If live we would?"
The weary, thirsty pilgrim drink,
Or hungry crave for food!
Oh, span around with crescent bow,
That foes may not molest,
Nor pangs inflict satanic blow,
Nor demons foul infest;
Nor brimstone horrors dread prepared,
Nor fire from heaven rain,
As for the lost, assailing dared,
The rebels 'mong the slain;
Nor serpent climb the prison wall,
Deceive the second dead,
Avert through wormwood and the gall.
Hath not the Savior bled!
Oh, firmly hold that faithful stand,
If on a sea of glass,
Triumphant sing with holy band
To harps through fiery pass;
That peace confer we longing crave,
The gospel promised peace,
From satan's fiery legions save,
May strife forever cease;
Thou knowest well his cruel hate,
And whither also leads,
Come rescue from th' appalling fate,
The foe as lightning speeds;
May soul and body firmly stand
Beyond the shores of time,
In new created kingdom land,
Where hearts responsive chime;

This precious boon too vasty deep,
To grasp within the mind,
Exalt, would for the jewel leap,
Eternal life to find,
Since Satan looming—dreadful name,
Emerging from the ground,
O, terrors of that lightning flame,
The serpents hissing 'round!

Lo, six concentric layers circling found,
On surface of this ancient globe around,
There facts deciphered true in nature's tome,
As teeming marvels of the starry dome!
In granite hardness of the nether rock,
The sacred truths divine the first unlock;
On this foundation firm, the second bed,
The purple ring reveals the Savior bled;
Luxuriant green then mother earth infolds,
Exuberant grand the circ, the living molds;
Corruptions foul then tinge with yellow taint,
The fourth the vileness of the fallen saint,
Until the sacred law and bow in heavens true
The fifth restored the band of silver hue;
Th' including belt, the sixth with crimson wreathes,
Through crucifix the bleeding Lamb bequeaths,
As seraph lo, arisen from the dead,
A halo bright surrounds His sacred head,
While living glories grace the wondrous scene,
Of lustrous golden hue the crowning sheen!
In lapse of fleeting ages will unfold
A layer huge where rebel billows rolled,
Then fiery change involving dreadful, loom,
Through seventh wonder hurl to final doom!
O, may an angel paint with magic wand,
The scenes from orient hues the sunder'd bond,
The panorama of this mighty world,
To desolation and to chaos hurled!



CANTO XI.

THE FALLEN DOOM.



Lucifer that victim frail enshrouds,
The winged lion rushing through the
clouds,
As lightning sheet old serpent, subtle one,
Descending swiftly from the shimm'ring
sun!

How fearful dark and hopeless forever is that soul,
What dreadful fate awaiting at that terrific goal,
Where heartless fiend is glowing with eyes of blazing
red,
And mem'ry sweet is broken, the mem'ry of the
dead!
Lo, spectral shapes at midnight then haunt with
clanking chains,
With glaring torch of Hades upon the dismal plains,
The lanterns of the spirits through darkness of the
gloom,
Along the desert waving 'mid terrors of the doom;
No cooling shadows cheering upon the burning sand,
Where hooded serpent looming, among the hissing
band,
Where horrid phantoms rising from caverns of the
ground,
And forked tongues are darting the fiery flashes
round!

The mendicants with shiv'ring forms,
And with unlucky stars,
Will world expose to pelting storms,
Confine with prison bars:
The mouldy crusts for honest Tray,
Whose life in watching spends,
While stealthy cat secures the prey,
Though treach'rous to her friends;
Though gentle doves be spotless pure,
With mournful cooings plead,
Relentless hawks will them secure,
To satisfy their greed;
The howling wolves, the quiv'ring deer
Exemplify the case,
Blood-thirsty beasts no pleadings hear,
All join in deadly chase;
The dreaded sharks of ocean wide,
Amid the rolling deep,
Their victims seize on foaming tide,
In gory carnage reap;
In ocean, air expanded grand,
All feast upon the prey,
Upon the earth combined in band,
With gloating eyes they slay;
Relentless shark and thresher chase
The whale on mighty main,
The bloody drama of the race,
The cruel monster reign!
Away upon the tow'ring wave,
Where shining myriads keep,
The tunny and the dolphin crave,
Will monsters of the deep;
God into life the ocean bade,
From minnow to the whale,
And monsters fierce in wisdom made,

The types of spirits pale;
But why such marv'lous, wildering ways,
Creation take *en masse*,
At present has and ancient days,
The world around compass?
Why, serpents made and lizards, toads?
The facts we know exist;
Why crocodiles in wild abodes?
And swelling still the list;
Their loathsome semblance dark unfold,
In ambush, jungles laid:
In spirit spheres for life untold,
And human kind portrayed;
The spider has its crafty net,
The frog snapdragon jaws,
Their counterpart the spirit set
Consume in dragon maws!
Together sheep in pastures herd,
With wolves they never walk;
Nor saint and sinner is His word,
Nor sparrow with the hawk;
Of earth the feline tribes and hell,
Blood only satisfies,
Their appetites and passions fell,
That heaven self denies;
The canine race each other rail,
Return the surly growl,
No cheering note in yelping wail,
Nor music in their howl;
The rebels of the spirit world,
Alike dissensions sow,
For murder dark were downward hurled,
Now deadly venoms flow;
The roaring lion would the Lamb,
Ah, slay in rosy prime;

Mid whirling billows yet a calm,
To Delphic god a time;
Still governed all by holy law,
Must life thereon depend,
On written word, discover flaw,
Will then in pieces rend;
Like owlets flit in dreary gloom,
Or ghostly haunt the night,
In donjons, darkness fitting doom,
Avoid the searching light;
But shining hosts that wing the sky,
Or float on zephyrs bland,
With lustrous pinions golden fly,
Or watch with chosen stand!

Unseen are powers, hosts of hell,
And agents they employ,
In sulph'rous regions, darkness dwell,
That seek us to destroy,
To vitals rend, the living breath,
With subtle wiles to slay,
Like harlots' haunts, the threshold death,
Destruction in their way;
No other names but devils dread
Convey their dark intent,
Nor halt till into ruin led,
On schemes horrific bent;
Transform the image of the man,
And drag to dungeons down,
The soul devour, malicious plan,
With fiery wreath to crown,
To scarlet robe—that frightful place,
Where sulphur stench of *him*,
Exhales its fumes in flames apace,
In regions black and grim!

Away, away why will we dare,
Or for a moment stay,
Their victims will in pieces tear,
For golden treasure slay!
Upon the earth, for ages go,
Or flutter round as bats,
The subtle fiends in sulphur woe—
Their amours, stealthy cats;
For devotees, can nothing do,
To life in light enshrine,
But God alone and Jesus too
Control the might divine;
They tremble at the great reward,
For all believe in God,
They likewise quake before the Lord,
The chast'ning of the rod;
In Palestine the devils knew
The Shiloh great divine,
For respite too exemption sue,
From rod deserved, condign;
The mighty God, Jêhovah see,
To wretchedness must add,
Before arch-angels holy flee,
Distracted, roaming sad;
Still governed all by sacred word,
Not spirit giants wan,
Acknowledge too the sovereign Lord,
And Christ the mighty man!

Lo, downward, down the angels fell,
When holy laws transgress,
Adown the pit to nether hell,
From whence is no egress;
There no hosannas, ransomed songs,
No shouts of jubilee,

Nor glorious cherubs, winged throngs,
Exult triumphant free;
No glimm'ring ray on waters dark,
No struggling into light,
No holy nor celestial spark,
But black, appalling night;
To darkness doomed of nether hells,
No guiding star that beams,
No buoyant hope nor gushing wells
The blood the saint redeems!
Lo, dreadful seems, still faithful true,
We shudder at the sight,
Those fiery fiends once people too,
Or angels sunny bright,
Archangels fallen from on high,
To nether pits of doom;
No glitt'ring star, no radiant sky,
Nor flowers more will bloom;
Now essence stench, consuming fire,
Of elfin rank or beast,
Nor ever rise to station higher,
Archangel been or priest;
With ghostly torch o'er parching sand,
In gloomy, sombre night,
The spectre haunts that fiery land,
The wand'ring goblin fright!

Should mercy be nor sovereign grace,
Nor stand the Savior up,
Then dreadful fate to horrors face,
Then bitter is the cup;
When hell's unchained will havoc play,
Then wretched, blighted world,
Then horrid gloom and blank dismay,
To atoms all is hurled;
When glaring haze, the tempest soon,

On burning sands beware,
The scorching blasts of dread simoon,
Lo, livid death is there;
The bleaching bones on desert sands,
Forewarn impending fate,
The havoc dire to wand'ring bands,
What awful scenes await!
The legal emblem, silver moon,
Its fiery rings behold,
The storm portends, the tempest soon—
The shepherd seek, the fold;
The tyrant's will, the devil's grip,
That heart of nether stone,
Oh, shocking fate to fragile slip,
With satan dwell alone!
Who horrors knows of evil one,
How dare abide in sin,
How careful should that demon shun,
And watchful strive to win!
Lo, satan with his fiery breath,
In blackness grim of woe,
There mortals vapors, court of death,
The mourning waters flow;
Th' emotions keen, th' enrapturing song
That thrilled with ravished joy,
No longer wretched breasts belong,
Nor muses more employ;
The fierce remorse, the frightful scene,
That haunt the harrowed soul,
Lo, ghostly phantoms flit between
The moments as they roll!
Degrading state, the blighting powers,
Where savage lion roars:
While Savior sweet in beauty towers,
Through life eternal soars;

From loathsome sin what shapes unfold,
As plunge in dreary night,
From crucible the shining gold,
From tomb the seraph bright;
'Tis beaming sun mid crescent zone,
The Christ illumin'd way,
The lunar sheen mid starry throne,
Or flash of waning ray;
In gloomy night, beclouded sky,
Lo, fiery meteors wane:
O'er desert waste the manes fly,
The dreary trackless main;
While seraphs hasten in their flight,
All beautiful as day,
Upon the silent wings of light,
Thrice glorious shining way!

Grim monsters like the upas tree,
The murd'ers fierce, the liars,
Their dark, revolting presence flee,
Reserved for burning fires;
Though magnates were of starry sky,
Can they forever live?
For fiery fiends the Savior die,
A radiant crown to give!
Mid dark abode and famine dire,
Beneath their horrors bow,
Sulphureous fumes, unquenching fire,
Nor angels want them now!
Behold the relics of the fall,
Like scorpion and the snake,
Upon the earth, the belly crawl,
How can of life partake!
To power gain some enter whales,
And others beasts of prey,

That battle may when foe assails,
And mighty in the fray;
Contentions are in spirit land,
As well as mundane sphere,
Important then with Jesus stand,
Aloof from dark career;
Contentions for the human soul,
Betwixt the good and evil;
Then bless'd abode, or southern pole,
With God, or with the devil;
For demons dark will foster strife,
Toward the chosen blest,
Contentions then anon are rife,
And where the promised rest!
If prince assailed the throne divine,
Have these less mighty peace!
But when awakes the rod condign,
Then may rebellion cease:
When sinners die and helpless lie,
Then enter horrid beasts;
When nothing willed, these jangling hie,
Their carnival, their feasts;
When Moses died then Michael stood,
Archangel, mighty one,
Contending still the devil would,
When God arose—'twas done!

Amid the gloom when foes surround,
With fiendish malice stand,
In dark'ning caverns—woful sound,
We greet paternal hand,
The welcome hand divine to keep,
T'exalt to where he sits,
Ere satan's hand as billows sweeps
Away to burning pits!

Still hand divine can none withstand,
Will succor wand'ring waif,
Thereby will savage foes disband,
His trusty hand is safe;
No wonder then mid gloomy night,
Amid the gathering dark,
Our hands extend to beaming light,
For guide to erring bark;
For truly since the Lord arose,
Ascended up on high,
Rent barricades that firm oppose,
May holy mount the sky;
Too much dependence since appeared,
Still on the Savior's hand,
And gloomy death its barriers reared,
Has barren been the land;
High on a craggy cliff thou art,
May regions climb of bliss;
Through fatal step the fiery dart
May plunge to dread abyss;
We tread upon a fragile verge,
Beneath the billows flow,
Lo, lambent flames encircling surge,
And threaten hideous woe!
Then voice uplift to throne divine,
His bowels of mercy move,
Nor bow beneath the devil's shrine,
Sweet love of heaven prove;
And whilst beneath a pilgrim be,
Nor with corruption stay,
Its toys deluding instant flee,
Until, art passed away;
O, walk with Jesus, loving bride
Till rolling ages cease,
Consort with none on earth beside,
Then vict'ry, rest, and peace!

In passing by Golgotha lo,
We saw the bleeding side,
While sin was looming to the bow,
And hell was yawning wide;
The portals black that stood ajar,
Were closed by Living Fount,
With bleeding hands unlocked the bar,
The gate to Zion's mount!
Primeval law was reeking blood,
Must purchase life with life;
When earth corrupt, then Noah's flood,
Then ceased the serpent's strife,
Because of sin that is unnamed,
O, shocking truth to tell,
Revolting kind His wrath inflamed,
And burned to lowest hell;
Up Zion's Mount the narrow path,
With father's hand still leads,
Yet may provoke his awful wrath,
Though tender mercy feeds!
But thanks to Jesus sweet, divine,
Engaged at fearful cost,
To rescue from the dark design,
And resurrect the lost!

What lies around the future life,
And wilts the blooming flower,
Is earthy ways, the sinful strife,
Confer on satan power;
Then valiant storm the lion's lair,
With Jesus watch and kneel,
To see a pious soul at prayer,
Will threaten, curse, appeal,
In mountain battle must and glen,
Like Jacob strive with God!

To lion baird in cruel den,
Use David's spear and rod;
The holy spear will overthrow,
Conjoined with David's bar;
Still spotless Lamb gave deadly blow,
The bright and morning star;
Gethsemane, still olive trees,
That witnessed agony,
Behold exists where satan please
To guardian angel be;
To Horeb's Mount the tempter came,
To Shiloh overthrow,
The devil grim, that odious name,
Satanic horror lo!
Why God permits the deadly foe
To prowl among his flock,
Beyond the ken of men below,
Or why the gates unlock!

Around the devils rove in hell,
To God return no more,
Through hateful passions myriads fell,
More filthy than before;
No more in floating ark they go,
But on the carcass feed,
Like Noah's raven to and fro,
And satisfy their greed;
But gentle dove with ark remains,
That glides on wavy flood,
Is holy, clean from sinful stains,
Is cleansed in Jesus' blood.

How strangely God his children proves,
And oft mid fiery trials,
The golden fruit, the gems behooves,

Behold, the pointing dials!
Through trials fierce how many fall,
And perish mid the strife;
By fire are diamonds fashioned all,
'Tis for eternal life;
From fire will safely gold emerge,
May dross no more awake;
Not only earth will cleansing purge,
The heavens also shake!
Should heaven's path extend through hell,
Strict holiness the way:
That dreadful road, how many fell,
Where fiery tempests play;
For devils dark with hellish might
With subtle wiles decoy,
With fierceness wolves and dragons fight,
Malignant to destroy;
Through grace divine will raging hell,
Still scriptures overthrow,
Though surging billows tow'ring swell
And fiery tempests blow;
In God confide and Jesus choose,
Advance and not retreat,
Will satan and his minions bruise,
Will tread beneath the feet;
How radiant then, refulgent bright,
When God in mercy smiles,
When satan's vanquished in the fight,
And Christ defeats his wiles!

From good to evil many fell—
The good and evil states—
To crawling, filthy beasts of hell,
The gulf that separates;
That flaming gulf, that fiery lake

Already kindled looms,
Of lurid horrors some partake,
Revolting, deadly fumes;
Oh, frightful thought to horrors see,
The golden cords to sever,
No longer then in heaven free,
But feed on husks forever;
Oh, changeless state, condition sad,
Lo, avalanches sweep,
To dark, abyss, the blasting waves,
To pit, engulfing deep!
The truth behold it as it is,
Nor unbelief can change,
The facts are stubborn, truly his,
The devil's to arrange;
The wretch beyond the grave awakes
Among the wolfish band,
For fiery spirits satan makes
For that abhorrent land!
A single span may but divide
Archangels from the skies,
From devils dark where serpents glide,
From worm that never dies;
No mighty power, magic wand
Can alter then their state,
Forever doomed to shifting sand,
Or black and damning fate;
Although, in wailing gnash their teeth,
Tormenting fate condemn,
No ransom blood nor floral wreath,
Reserved in store for them;
With sorrow lo, they deeply moan,
As parching forms decay,
With terrors wild, with horrors groan
Their fiery souls away!

What anguish too reserved in store,
Who break the sacred will;
When satan's prowling at the door,
May ne'er see Zion's hill;
'Tis rest serene or sad estate,
Of bliss or woful knell,
An angel or a devil's fate,
A heaven or a hell;
They stray afar from hope away,
Adown to central gloom,
A fallen sprite, a wand'ring fay,
To meet a final doom;
Or fall beneath the heaving deep,
Upon a granite bed,
While ages o'er its bosom sweep,
Oblivion seals the dead;
With dented moon and crested bows,
How oft ill-starred through lust!
From serpents' craft who ruin knows,
From mournful pleasures, dust;
A dying hope will not avail,
Nor faith though pierce the skies,
Once life's conditions hapless fail,
No more will then arise;
Though once aloft where angels fly,
By golden nuptials wed,
Now snowflake fallen from the sky,
Upon a miry bed!

Once, only sins are washed away,
Men must deny the flesh,
If will forsake the narrow way,
May slay the Lord afresh;
Then second death, terrific thought,
Alas, and may it be,

To ruin soul and body brought,
Ah, wretched, whither flee!
When triumphs ring then judgment's come,
Then, know of fearful last,
Damnation deep the shocking sum,
Engulfing horrors vast;
Terrific thought to wholly fail,
Sweet heaven fail to gain,
Then vainly grieve as downward wail,
And gnash the teeth in vain;
Then awful crash, then fearful doom,
What horrors there reveal,
To flamings damned of Sodom's tomb,
Through Sinai's thundering peal!
Annihilation rather give,
Than wailing, grieve and sigh,
To know ten thousand years may live,
And then forever die;
While others dwell secure with God,
Alas, the vain regrets,
For hell reserved beneath the clod,
The sun forever sets;
Then sundered from sweet heaven's love,
Though Jesus once, adore,
Delight of angels sweet above,
Delight alas, no more;
All cherished hopes to atoms dashed,
May human form exchange,
With cruel tortures conscience lashed,
With beasts and devils range;
To caverns, rocks the rebel flees,
As fire from heaven rains,
Mid flaming billows, surging seas,
Lo, star forever wanes!
Oh, God preserve from pending doom,

This grim, appalling fate,
This awful dark and deep'ning gloom,
The devil's fiendish hate;
Oh, rescue from the fiery palmed,
Mid stellar, azure sea,
From flaming horrors of the damned,
Their frightful judgments flee!

Through wicked thoughts archangels fell,
Of cruel, murd'rous heart;
A thought sent Lucifer to hell,
Pierced by Jehovah's dart;
Now lion roaring in his wrath,
Devouring, dragon hate,
The serpent in the fiery path,
The fallen angel fate;
His mercy too if garments lack,
Are fiery darts of death,
Lo, barbed shafts of fierce attack,
With putrid, flaming breath;
His regions dark can none portray
With pencil nor with pen,
There serpents hiss in fierce array,
In cocatrice's den;
That dread abode where demons howl,
And fiery scorpions shine,
Where goblins haunt and monsters growl,
Away from light divine;
In regions dark where lion roars,
Where crouch the daring rash,
From sable skies lo, streaming pours,
The vivid lightnings flash;
O, watching stand beneath the stars,
Der Mond wen Satan losz,
Impending woes, impris'ning bars,

Der Mitternacht ist grosz;
And wait until the dawning day,
Beneath the silver moon,
Aurora lifts her golden ray,
In orient stellar boon,
Else murd'rous one may plunge in hell,
Or fast in prison chain,
With devils dark in dungeons dwell,
Beneath that horrid reign!

No trumpet wakes the fallen dead,
Of grim, satanic ire,
Unconscious sleep in lowly bed
Till thousand years expire;
Their duty knew, performed it not,
Nor wickedness would flee—
O, black, designing, hellish plot,
The forked, dubious tree!—
Existence, know is waning brief,
Their desolation dire,
In anguish pine with sullen grief,
The portion burning fire;
But o'er the scene, the tableaux dread,
The curtain red we'll draw,
The blasted fate of second dead,
No gospel and no law.
From record, sins, O Lord, erase,
Our enemies defeat,
Within thy heart bestow a place,
Beneath the mercy seat;
Nor with our savage foes conspire,
Destroy the precious soul,
Thine anger reap deserving ire,
Their fury dark control!
Awake, awake, O sword, awake!

The sword of living God,
With lightning force their weapons break,
Subdue with sov'reign rod;
Come rescue from this dreadful lot,
We stand upon the brink,
The wrecks behold, where satan fought,
The whirling, flaming sink!—
Jehovah great behold, their boast,
From bondage set us free,
Thou mighty of celestial host,
Away that demons flee;
Regard thy power Lord of old,
May Will remembered be,
Thou faithful Shepherd of the fold,
Art Savior still to free;
Still greater might divine's in store,
Since devils yield to thee,
Increase will power more and more,
Victorious too wilt be,
Triumphant over satan's seat,
What will their powers be,
When trodden, all beneath thy feet,
Will myriads flock to thee!
Majestic One, exalted great,
O tower ever be!
We come, we come before too late,
To rock of ages flee;
We come without another love,
True unto death will be,
O, blessed Savior from above,
All loyal unto thee!
Oh, gently guide, direct our ways,
Our friend and helper be,
And comfort few and shadowy days,
Then raise aloft to thee!

Uncircumcised Philistine ban,
Scarce hope a flick'ring gleam,
Although baptized the zealous man,
And giant too may seem;
The man of Gath uncircumcised,
Who fell before the sling,
His boasting ne'er were realized,
But David's triumphs ring;
Since looming walls of frightful mien,
Are tow'ring to the sky,
And thunder clouds are thick between,
Must conquer or we die;
Lo, satan's agents, legions black
Are marshalling for the strife,
To torture on infernal rack,
To rob of sacred life;
Assassins, robbers dark assail
In dusky, sombre night,
In thickest darkness to prevail,
Then daring in the fight;
The law revealed their mighty fort,
Terrific power gain,
Th' infringement of the Word's import,
How many millions slain!
The yielding flesh, the brilliant charms,
Through which, attain their points,
The ominous rattlesnake alarms,
The wounds between the joints!
To chosen be to station high,
No compromise with foe,
But valiant be, nor sinning die,
Why sympathize with woe!
With valor gird thine armor on,
And parry hostile blows,
Till bravely is the vict'ry won,

Are conquered cruel foes;
When far away on Zion's Mount,
With soldiers of renown,
Securely then thy vict'ries count,
And lay thine armor down!

If mountains huge of evil world
Obscure the rising day,
Away command them to be hurled,
The mountains will obey;
If overshadowing, sullen gloom
Exclude the Savior's view,
And clouds of darkness, pending doom,
Obstruct the heavens too,
Relinquish all of foe beware,
Nor daring look behind,
To see destruction, Sodom's glare,
Till preservation find;
Awake, awake for life awake,
The foe's upon the path,
Alarm from looming shadows take,
Behold what clutches hath,
The viper's fangs envenomed dire,
To murder and defile,
Lo, sulph'rous fumes of lurid fire,
The crowning of his guile!

Two wondrous words the soul inspires,
With anguish or with bliss,
Supernal realms, or Tophet fires,
Sweet heaven or th' *abyss*;
The morning star, the orient light
How bright the angels see!
To wicked, what an awful sight,
The fires of infamy!

The goading anguish, piercing grief,
Like serpent tooth it tears;
And angels bright bring no relief,
To him who heaven dares;
To contemplate oh, fearful thought,
The horrors black and grim,
With saints t'arise whom Jesus bought,
Still Savior none for him!
In regions dark for famished souls,
No manna falls for them,
But surging wave, the billow rolls,
No New Jerusalem;
No more, will melting cadence hear,
Those accents sweet of yore,
Of angels fondly loved so dear—
The shocking words, "no more!"

Men soar on pinions snowy white,
Or, blackness crawl below,
In mansions sing, celestial light,
Or howl in pits of woe;
In awful dungeons black of hell,
Or up to glory fly,
With satan's fiery legions dwell,
Or angels in the sky;
With holy love fraternal pure,
All clothed, O blissful state!
Or naked vileness must endure,
And black, revolting hate;
Forsaken too by heaven's throng,
In outer darkness cast,
And unto satan must belong,
Horrific, to the last;
No water and no friendly hand,
To bring from gushing fount,

For parching tongues in flaming land,
No Lazarus from the Mount;
From fiery souls departed peace,
Without the sacred pale,
Forever there nor horrors cease,
With devils damned bewail;
Bright heaven's spark forever fled,
The essence pure of life,
In dungeons grope with hopeless dead,
Mid horrid aspic strife;
Outcast, forlorn, how sorrows flee,
Escape that flaming gate!
No winged rainbow bends for thee,
Oh, hapless, fallen state,
That dread estate says holy writ,
Where fires unquenching burn,
Away in hell, the nether pit,
To nevermore return;
Away where wicked shall be cast,
Says Jesus Christ, the Lord,
In flaming torments dread at last,
Fulfilled must be his word!

From evil 'twas that sin arose,
And ended lo, in hell,
With sinful man the mighty woes,
With devils rose and fell:
But soul and body, spirit man
Possess the bless'd above,
Beyond that dark and awful ban,
With God's eternal love,
One greatest is, the other least,
Abundance has, or lack,
The honored man or filthy beast,
In snowy white or black:

'Twixt golden crown or penny lies—
The difference lo, of state,
The quality is what we prize,
'Tis what decides the fate;
Wide flowing, golden ocean stream,
A joy, celestial pure!
A cataract the fallen dream,
In mist dispersed the lure!
Like streams, arise from miry ground,
And sluggish scarcely run,
While others roll in rippling bound,
And sparkle in the sun;
Like vermin crawl the earth below,
Aloft or soaring fly;
Like serpents on the belly go,
Or eagles mount the sky;
On radiant clouds reclining fair,
Transparent pillows rest,
Ethereal pure in ambient air,
Couch snowy white, the blest;
O, bless'd abode where angels dwell,
Bright glories of the palmed,
Compared with gloom of dismal hell,
With devils and the damned!
Supernal regions, O how bright,
As upward still they sweep;
Infernal regions, awful plight,
Lo, hell's damnation deep!

Will we in future, after state
Be 'mong the happy throng?—
Upon our actions hinges fate,
Of wailing or of song!
If firmly we with meekness stand,
Around the armor gird,

With heaven's blessing home may land,
Triumphant through the Word;
If faith sublime and works exist,
If self denying walk,
May name enrol, with God enlist,
Like Moses with him talk:
With poor, penurious, heaven's sons
Was Dives much deranged,
Beholds at length angelic ones
With Lazarus, then how changed!
"You once communed with us, alas,
But now we go away,
Can nevermore with holy pass
To bright eternal day!"

Withdraw from speech of man away
That awful word of hell,
No longer could express dismay,
Nor depths of horror tell;
Nor blissful transport heaven fills
The soul with holy zest,
Nor keen emotion vict'ry thrills
The bosoms of the blest!
No golden key unlocks the skies,
The iron gate between,
No safety ark on billow lies
Betwixt the things unseen;
The crescent bow of beauty turns
To fiery serpents dire,
The purple arc celestial burns
With fierce, consuming fire,
As flaming billow dreadful rolls,
Yet gentle as the rill,
As axles firm of starry poles,
With mercy tempered still;

Celestial views exempt from bans,
Lo, widen to the gaze;
While fires unquenching satan fans,
Still adding to the blaze:
But many classes in the list
'Twixt heaven's blooming gate,
And God forbidden ways exist,
Where smoky wreaths await;
The truths behold them as they are,
Nor as some fancy them,
Lo, wicked see the good afar,
In New Jerusalem;
If sentiment it were alone,
And not a living state,
'Twould not inspire that burning tone,
Intense of love and hate;
With vivid thought now realize
What wondrous things await,
The sepulchre, or glorious prize,
The bliss, or damning fate;
Observe them now, as truly are,
The two conditions see,
The morning, and the purple star,
The living, baneful tree,
The highest heaven, lowest hell,
Existent bliss, and woe,
Where triumphs ring, where horrors well,
The flames, the emerald bow!
'Bove highest heaven, a higher still,
Where cooling waters slake;
'Neath lowest hell a lower will
Engulf in fiery lake;
Lo, flaming torrents rushing south,
Through depths unfathomed roll,
Far down below the crater's mouth,

Beyond the southern pole!
What beauty in the living green,
Where Balm of Gilead blows!
What blasting horrors of the scene,
Where fiery torrent flows!
Upon the face of teeming earth,
Descried in living form,
Except beneath the ground hath birth,
Compared the flaming storm;
Thereby the earth convulsive quakes,
Where dread volcanoes sleep,
And rocking to its centre shakes,
With havoc tempests sweep!
O empress dark of looming hell,
Whose frightful caverns ring,
Where hissing sounds and shocking knell,
Re-echoing horrors spring!
By lifting up of daring hands,
The fiery darts that fly,
From satan and his legion bands,
In darkness veiled the sky!

No music floating on the waters still,
The liquid air with magic warblings fill,
As double echo and the triple sound
Through greenly dells and azure mountains 'round,
But in the bosom of that whirling deep,
Still downward where the flames engulfing sweep,
Mid surging billows fierce enkindled lit,
The dragon huge consumes—the lowest pit!
O, walk then 'neath the silken lids of morn,
Where erst was morning star in beauty born,
For arid sands the waning life absorbs
On satan's shoals beneath his burning orbs;
That fearful monster of the spirit spheres,

Behold, as lightning flash hell-fire appears,
The subtle power of the ambient air,
To erring souls defame, remorseless tear;
Would mountains raise of sacred christian shrouds,
Celestial lightnings draw from stormy clouds,
Would these in caverns forge to fiery darts,
And those consume within his blazing marts;
Then glittering gems of pearly morning dew,
Dispersed afar, afar in evening blue,
The golden beams of fulgid solar light,
Extinguished lo, in realms of sable night!



CANTO XII.

AN EPISODE.

The Sorrows. The Conflict. The Ray of Light.

TO see afar a diadem of stars
Upon the hight repose of mount divine,
And angels' bright career in golden cars
Will tortures wring in vale of doom con-
dign!

There dwelt upon a lonely shore,
Beside the stream of life,
Nor distant far, remote of yore,
Amid unwonted strife,
A pious saint, but solemn woe
Had sadly marked its own,
Should zephyrs sigh or breezes blow,
Like aspen quaked alone;
No cheering bow to brightly bend
In his beclouded sky,
Nor ladder found to swift ascend,
To regions up on high;
To light awoke though not to joy,
But trembling of the heart,
For beauty will with loathing cloy



When pierced by sorrow's dart;
In weeds enwrapped of sorrow lay,
Beneath the stormy skies,
Enkindled lightnings on the way,
And watery mountains rise;
What circling terrors on the main,
No bow ærial bends,
No star upon celestial plane,
Nor crystal region rends!
"My peering eyes with saddest gloom,"
He said, "with weeping fail,
In sorrow hasten to the tomb,
Mid anguish sore and wail,
Mid sorrow drear because of foe,
I hasten to the clod,
With failing heart, with prescient woe
Still all commit to God;
With hopeful breast, with promise bright
With innocence so pure,
With spirits buoyant, fair as light,
Of victory so sure;
By nature kind, confiding, true,
With over-righteous zeal,
Upon my head misfortunes drew,
From which would fain appeal;
Unless the loving heart of God
Will cherish as his own,
And take away the chastening rod,
I perish must alone!
Why will the mighty one on high
Contend with man below,
As if would gravely gods defy,
As if a daring foe,
And not the creature of his hand,
To whom hath breathing given,

With clothing, food and shelter, land,
And then by terrors driven!
How joyful still, His accents hear
Mid looming woes of hell,
What strong support, dispelling fear,
No mortal tongue can tell!
When sorrow's gnawing at the heart,
Like cruel, burning stake,
In soothing slumbers seek a part,
To agony awake,
With grief dissolved on dang'rous ground,
Where raging lion roars,
And serpent's subtle hissing sound,
Upon those dreadful shores,
While hel perverse in blackest league,
To measure with a span,
Then fainting heart will flesh fatigue,
The spirits fail of man!
Will God add poignancy to grief,
To heart that's almost riven,
To burden add beyond relief,
And rescue none be given,
Since Egypt's gods in judgment brought,
The spirits of the damned,
And unto name exalted wrought,
Throughout the world embalmed,
Brought armies forth with mighty hand,
Through sea and wilderness,
To Canaan's fruitful, promised land,
And Israel's wrongs redress!
Oh, mighty God, Jehovah great,
Unchanging art the same,
Regard in mercy sad estate,
For luckless, hither came;
Oh, blessed Savior, risen dead,

Who in the garden prayed,
In agony on Calvary bled,
In glory now arrayed,
Arise sublime upon the throne
Of majesty divine,
In pleading claim what wonders done,
To doom avert condign;
Oh, holy spirit, heavenly dove
With sword divine and shield,
With mighty vigor from above,
That sacred power wield;
Thy hostile foe wilt thou regard,
And not thy creature man,
Nor his destruction swift retard?
Oh, place the signet ban,
In wisdom firmly limits place
To ragings of the sea,
Cause billows huge to way retrace,
Let Will triumphant be;
Thy righteous judgments execute
On satan and his band,
In wisdom them that persecute,
Preserve from horrid brand;
Behold, Thou art secure and safe,
No mortal fears assail,
Take pity on a trembling waif,
On fainting hearts that fail;
While in existence Thou art near,
Before art hid from view,
In love perform while pilgrim here,
What God alone can do!"

' Though I'm friendless, forsaken, alone,
And forever forgotten may be,
When from earth I'm departed and gone
The Eternal will cherish then me!"

“I greatly fear may hardly please
My God beloved so well,
And Christ like wine upon the lees,
I dread a yawning hell;
Prostrate myself in wretched sleep,
Awake to sorrow, fears,
Because of horrid demons, weep,
My pillow wet with tears;
Imbastedized terrific, be,
Where nothing sure is willed,
The morning star no longer see,
Lo, midnight doom fulfilled;
On Zion's Mount while holy dwell,
To haunt in Hinnom's vale,
With putrid carcasses of hell,
Where darkness, death prevail;
Beneath my feet to holy tread,
The precious blood despise,
To daring injure Him, who fed,
Preserved with watchful eyes;
Blood-guilty of the sacred heart,
Oh, what appalling dread,
Be victim of the fiery dart,
Be numbered with the dead!”

“My soul at shocking horrors quaked,
With lamentations wept,
My throbbing heart with anguish ached,
With bitter sorrow slept,
With terror blanched, with horror pale,
With ghastly look I stare,
With goading pangs, with mournful wail,
Behold the lion's lair!
He wills to plunder precious life,
And furious is with rage,

To pieces rend mid hellish strife,
And war with heaven wage;
In venom dipped his fiery dart,
With pungent goadings stung,
The demon blow upon the heart,
With piercing anguish wrung;
With sorest grief my frame convulsed,
Lo, fiery fiends around,
Upon the dreadful way repulsed,
That fearful journey bound;
No friend in kindness water brings,
The waning powers fail,
No longer sheltered 'neath his wings,
But mocking demons rail;
In dungeons chained of endless night
In horrid caves of gloom—
With Thine almighty arm of might
Preserve from pending doom!"

"When looming clouds for parched mouth
In genial, sweet array,
A tempest sprang from torrid south,
And drave my hopes away;
What precious things, could lightly done.
The holy God to serve,
This agonizing parting shun,
Now pained in every nerve;
All, blackened seemed with guiltless blood,
While others white compared,
Now downward plunge 'neath raging flood—
Have I sweet heaven dared!
Sweet Paradise, those portals white,
Then closed—oh, dread decree!
To wander in a dreary night,
Away from God to flee;

Would fain to rocky caverns go,
And perish there alone—
Lord rescue from th' appalling blow
Behold, I am undone;
Mid gloomy night, for succor cry,
Terrific horrors stare—
Come quickly come, come quickly fly,
I'm sinking, I despair,
I'm frantic, wild, what sad dismay,
What endless depths I see!
Mid whirling pools engulfing, stray,
Still powerless to flee;
To caverns deep'ning—dreadful wonder .
To burning brink of hell,
From God eternally to sunder,
For smoke and flamings fell;
The frightful dread, the awful leap,
In fathomless abyss,
'n darkness plunge, eternal sleep,
Ah, black oblivion kiss!"

"While, human kind sweet heaven made,
And life eternal gave,
The world's foundation firmly laid,
And Jesus' blood to save,
In his own power, takes his life,
Man's star forever fell,
While God upbraids mid devil's strife,
Hurls blazing down to hell!
In darkness chained, away from God,
Fiends gnawing at the heart--
Oblivion give beneath the clod,
Than share a devil's part!
The anguish, horrors black of hell,
Terrific and too true,

The soul recoils to pond'ring dwell
Upon that horrid crew;
Around while sulph'rous fumes enwrap,
Astounding to indite,
Mid seething engines—hell's agape,
O, grim, appalling sight!"

"Though all confide, the living breath,
To be His sacred choice,
I wildly rush to livid death,
Obedient to His voice;
E'en this reproach had humbling been,
That ever aught, had willed,
The cank'ring evil fest'ring seen —
My greatest fears fulfilled!
Though mercy sweet has hope unfurled,
Still o'er misfortunes grieve,
For far beyond a crashing world,
Will wrecks chaotic leave;
In heaven may ignoble dwell—
Unchanging God's decree—
Or portion share of putrid hell,
Oblivion let it be!"

"O, language can but faintly tell
What tow'ring billows flow,
In heaven, earth and flaming hell,
From malice of the foe!
Like viper swollen in his rage,
Sly crawling on the ground,
With sibilant hisses war to wage,
Rank odors flinging 'round;
Then life's career, its irksome way—
On rapid journey, haste,
O'er fleeting sands the footsteps stray,

Upon a desert waste!
O, Lord enable me to bear
The horrors grim that stalk,
And down to hell the monster tear,
Triumphant, meekly walk;
May beaming star arise for me,
Sweet mercy in the skies,
O'er billows light, the raging sea,
Where swift destruction flies!
Through grace regard thy mourning child,
Death's terrors seize the soul;
What piercing clamours, frantic, wild
Where fiery billows roll!
If Thou forsake in lion's lair,
Alone may face the foe,
Mid sulphur fumes of black despair,
No morning star nor bow!
Oh, rescue from this awful fate,
From subtle, wily foes,
To heaven raise before too late,
Avert impending woes;
Sustain with loving counsels, life,
From loss preserve and wrong,
From satan's gate, horrific strife,
Triumphant then the song!
O, gracious God behold these hands!
For precious life's at stake:
Lo, hark! response, "Keep my commands"—
The heart, the spirits break!"

"The glorious boon, essential life,
From vital, holy root,
But fiery fangs of wrathful strife,
From good and evil fruit;
Then enemies surrounding fell,

With fierce assailing strive,
With machinations foul of hell,
Horrific, rend alive,
In subtle ways essay to slay,
In satan's dark defiles,
So striving seek and watchful pray,
Defeat the artful wiles;
In midnight vigils on the way,
While nature is asleep,
With morning star till dawning day,
In desert watch and deep;
And if to regions downward, go,
Still God of glory greet,
If should descend to galling woe,
Still worship at his feet!
Oh, pray ye saintly ones on earth,
By foe is passage crossed,
Ye holy ones of heavenly birth,
That hopeless are not lost;
Oh, rev'rent pray celestial host,
Ye church triumphant bright,
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
That, may inherit light;
From sun descend bright seraph down,
And hurl from murd'rous seat,
The crafty foe with awful frown,
And bruise beneath thy feet;
Oh, mighty One from azure plane,
Who wakes the flashing peal,
Those savage foes subdue amain,
Thy sovereign arm reveal;
Jehovah shake the ambient skies,
The only, last recourse,
To place escape where sinner dies,
And heaven take by force!

Lo, reaches down by sovereign might,
Th' eternal from the skies,
Transports from Tophet jewels bright,
The stars he bids arise!
Hosannas be to Him on high,
Hosannas in the highest,
Doth with Almighty arm defy,
The hosts of hell defiest!"

"That loving voice I'll ne'er forget,
Parental voice of God,
Nor Jesus' voice who cancelled debt,
Till sunk beneath the clod;
Disconsolate I sigh with grief,
Because I know they live,
In anguish sore without relief,
Still none to solace give!
Oh, why estranged and seeming grieved,
How long, O Lord, how long
Wilt leave thy creatures thus bereaved,
The burden is of song;
With beauty Thou hast bless'd, adorned
The teaming earth and sky,
With fruitage fair that nothing mourned,
And shining lights on high;
Hast feeling heart who gracious formed,
And fed with loving hands,
The citadel of satan stormed,
And sundered hateful bands;
Oh, mighty God, Jehovah great,
Avenger of our wrongs,
Come rescue from th' appalling fate,
Thou weight of angel songs,
In mercy thou of sovereign love,
Adorable Creator,

Attend, oh pure, celestial dove,
Through Christ, the Mediator;
Transgression reckon not, O Lord,
Avert the horrid woe,
Salvation then, will great reward,
Like rivers, blessings flow;
A soldier make, of saving cross,
To noble end attain,
To reckon all as worthless dross,
Eternal life to gain;
In blooming earth to joyful walk,
In New Jerus'lem bright,
Where ghostly phantoms never stalk,
And God's the shining light;
How will my soul expand with joy
To know, will never die,
Nor sweet delights with fulness cloy,
With my Preserver nigh!"

"I long desired to sweetly sip,
For Zion's comforts pray,
When chalice sweet at craving lip,
'Twas rudely dashed away;
Mid trials fierce still Jesus seen,
Jehovah oft revealed,
His Being manifest has been,
His presence not concealed!
No regal crown, no diadem,
No jew'l of glitt'ring hue,
On earth compared no sparkling gem,
To chosen, blessed few;
No lightnings on the summer cloud,
Though varied, vivid bright,
No thunders grand, stupendous loud,
Nor brilliant flashing light;

No diamond luster'd sparkling dew
Ere trembled on a flower,
Nor bow such mellow radiance knew,
Th' enchantment of the hour,
When first I heard th' enrapturing plea,
The welcome, thrilling voice
Of loving Savior, 'Follow me,
Disciple of my choice!'
Lo, timely came the Savior blessed,
Said, 'Am celestial bread,
At hand divine shall stand confessed,
The living and the dead!'"

"Endure can I not seeming loss,
Is it great sacrifice,
Since Jesus suffered on the cross,
His blood the costly price,
To bolts unbar, to ransom free,
What love divine in store!
Because, did deign to comfort be,
I worship, love, adore;
Exulted, shouted, yet ashamed
That still was unprepared,
Jehovah meet who heavens framed,
That folly ever dared;
Whilst I unworthy and undone,
When thousands, millions more,
Th' almighty God and only Son
Should visit me before,
The royal Ones divine of all,
Descended from above—
At holy feet confounded, fall,
I kiss, adore and love!
Can I believe these wondering eyes,
Would God descend below,

And leave behind the radiant skies,
T' exalt beyond the bow,
To august stand, position high,
Where gorgeous planets roll,
To contemplate the azure sky,
Or scale the starry pole!
O, condescension grand of love,
To depths I cannot peer,
My comprehension far above,
These highs beyond my sphere!"

"Was once assured the happy lot,
That I would never die,
By Jesus promised, loving sought,
Jehovah too on high;
But tempest clouds o'erspread the skies,
And mantled me in dark,
Then hardly knew if would arise,
If clothed be or stark;
But now from trammels artful free,
From vile, polluting breath,
To Jesus sweet away will flee,
From shafts of winged death!
But sad adieu to famished souls,
Corruption foul that won,
May never reach desired goals,
Before the setting sun;
What! in Saharas' desert go
To search for living green,
Where blasting winds, sirroccos blow,
And bleaching bones are seen!
O, Father dear, exalted high,
Alone thou art divine,
All things created, radiant sky,
Am truly none but thine;

No pleasure would forsooth to dwell,
Away from thee, afar,
To darkness doomed, a dungeon cell,
No ray from Morning Star!"

" Beneath the parching, burning sun,
When fallow, crisp and dry,
From fervid heat when all undone,
For solace look on high;
When least th' afflicted heart expects,
In anguish from the blow,
It whispers Jesus—thought reflects,
Then blessings sweetly flow;
The sorrowing, afflicted mind,
When languishing in pain,
Then looks aloft to comfort find,
Nor often looks in vain;
Earth's agonizing pangs and throes,
The thistle and the thorn,
The anguish dire, the cruel woes,
All make the victim mourn;
Still may arise from troubles gain
Since Jesus sweet arose,
Through travail, sorrow, grief and pain
Were conquered dreadful foes.
Thou greater art than loathsome sin,
O, Father, blessed name,
Canst rescue mid opposing din,
The stumbling, blind and maim!
Against thee only is the wrong,
Of righteousness a dearth;
Still mercy, grace to thee belong,
In heaven and on earth;
To hopeless bound in dungeon jail
Oh, swift deliv'rance send,

May providential aid not fail,
To bars and fetters rend;
Arise in might, oh, holy dove
With potent arm to save,
To light, from shadows raise above,
Come snatch from yawning grave;
Thou angel from the solar sphere,
Descend in glory down,
Avert the dread, appalling bier,
Subdue with sov'reign frown;
May I upon foundation firm,
Remain and waver not,
Preserve the ever-blooming germ,
With holy cast my lot,
The soul and body safely bring,
All pleasing in thy sight,
Forever too in transport sing
With raptures of delight!"

"The Lord, the heart doth wholly know,
Each rising thought detects,
As breathings on, emotions show,
As mirror like reflects;
Observes a thought before conceived,
Th' impulsion of desire,
Th' intentions though rejoice, bereaved,
The sources which inspire;
With diligence then watchful keep,
From all defiling things,
The baneful fruits, will surely reap,
To dust terrific brings!
Lo, not until I offered life,
The Lord his cov'nant showed,
Then slain by horrid beasts of strife,
Till blood of Jesus flowed,

The song of sweetest lay divined,
Ere harp on willows hung,
When fresh to heaven love inclined,
But now remains unsung;
I longing still tow'rd heaven bent—
Oh, seal this last request,
Let flinty skies the lightnings rend,
Descend Thou holy guest!"

"I bravely face revolting train,
Uncompromising doom,
But still believe will rise again,
In beauty, living bloom;
In praises oft revere His name,
Still strive with holy One,
When blessings in the morning came,
At rising of the sun;
Still trusting cling, mid sorrow pray,
When hope no longer left:
Sing nightingales their grief away,
When of their all bereft,
Before the storm, the tempest blast
Sings sweetly little bird,
God will remember it at last,
Hath plaintive warblings heard,
The wood-note warbling heard so sweet,
And when the tempest's o'er,
It sings again in glad retreat,
As sweetly as before:
Mid winter's frost, its icy scene,
'Twixt Alpine mountain stone,
Sweet flowers bloom the crags between,
Where sun hath never shone!"

"Lo, sov'reign One all glorious reigns,
His promise will abide,

Forever and forever deigns
To make me Jesus' bride;
Forever too, forever live,
In mercy hath decreed,
Will golden crown eternal give,
To living waters lead;
Though billows o'er the Andes roll,
And quakings rock the ground,
Tornadoes sweep the starry pole,
Still, faithful will be found;
While scales of justice life sustains,
The star with glimm'rings still,
And anchor sweet of hope remains,
The sword of vengeance will!
Lo, hark celestial, cheering voice,
Of glorious, mighty God,
'My blessing hast, my loving choice!'—
There's mercy still abroad!
Now dazzling springs the solar light
Out from behind the cloud,
Now ushered in refulgent bright,
Like living from the shroud;
Now lighted up my checkered path,
By angel voices cheered;
The soul to heaven Jesus hath
By fondest ties endeared;
Now hosts of angels bright surround
My lowly, lonely bed,
And mercies sweet divine abound,
To rescue from the dead;
Now looming shores where freedom reigns,
Now servile horrors flee,
In sunder rent the galling chains,
Behold, forever free;
Like soldier in the bloody shroud,

Ere flag of peace unfurled;
Like flashing beams from sable cloud,
Th' effulgence on the world;
Like luminous stars that gild the sky,
Born from chaotic deep,
From dark abyss arise on high,
In glitt'ring orbits sweep!"

Lo, eagles boldly from their lofty eyrie came,
And perched at feet of bright poetic fame,
And joyful flapped the birds of Jove their royal
wings,
To whom celestial muse revealed Pierian
springs!

As twilight are these hasty verse
Compared with solar beam,
How barren too these lines rehearse,
Reflect this noble theme!
Still this, indite to self direct,
And others to defend,
When savage foes would fain deflect,
As words divine attend;
Then foe declared should we become
Because reveal the truth?
The everlasting kingdom come
Depends on Zion's youth!
Apologies to make we've none,
What freely here declare,
The truths divine revered alone,
Celestial musings were,
Lo, burning words of Gabriel bright,
Sweet silver ringing tones,
With radiant beams as solar light,
On rosy, orient thrones!

We hastened quick to jewels find,
T'enchase around with gold,
The sparkling gems in verse enshrined,
His wisdom is behold!
A fragile plume, inscribing raise,
And pen a feeble line,
All honor due and glory, praise
To majesty divine!
And should herein some pilgrim find,
Some worthy soul a balm,
And profit by the stumbling blind,
We'll sing life's glorious psalm,
Which echoes through the teeming land,
That echoed through the past,
And echo will, for ages stand,
"Triumphant saved at last!"
If far beyond the shores of time,
We should each other meet,
We'll anthems join that sweetly chime,
With raptures we will greet;
Though far beyond creation's bars,
Will there devoutly chant,
With song arise above the stars,
And for new treasures pant!
Verse garnish thought celestial sent,
Preserving well the fruit,
To time conveys divinely lent,
And clothes in downy suit,
When every line's a thought sublime,
And peerless stands a peer,
As glitt'ring gems enchased in rhyme,
Like sparkling waters clear;
Like rivers flowing full along,
Reflecting morning ray,
Where plumes tribes with warbling song,

And flowers blooming gay;
Like silver spray in solar beam,
In bow to bright await,
From golden stars if plucked the theme,
And sung at heaven's gate;
Like poetry of nature sweet,
The silent, magic lute,
When solar rays and shadows meet,
As stellar beam is mute;
Like vivid streaks mid sable night,
When thunders pealing fast;
Like falling diamonds, showers bright,
On earth, abundance vast;
Like lightnings flashing thwart the sky,
The meteor or the bow,
Explain the wherefore nor the why,
Whence come nor whither go;
Inventions bold by muses fired,
'Neath zodiac sunny bright,
By twilight fading beams inspired,
Aurora azure white,
When upwards, bend our arching way,
On bright, ærial bow,
Its varied hues of dewy ray,
Where glories softly glow;
Or tempests climb like eagles bold,
To golden thoughts enshrine,
And Phœbus' burning arrows mold
To epic grand, divine!
Lo, heaven's musings not concealed,
Celestial wisdom free,
May widely roam in flow'ry field,
And hidden wonders see,
When nature's deep arcana sought,
Where mys'tries hid enrolled,

Lo, truths divine, sublime are taught,
Her varied leaves unfold;
The hidden secrets wide and deep,
There entered and explored,
The living spring, the mortal sleep,
Creator's work adored!
Still poet's genius often wanes,
Like comets transient blaze,
In glowing 'cross the azure planes,
To mingle with the haze!
From craggy cliffs of folly, vice,
In wisdom then resolve,
The tempter's flee that dark entice,
Until the worlds dissolve;
To God commit the soul, and strive
To walk the narrow way,
That Jesus trod and lo, alive,
Through bright, eternal day!
Still, should rejoice a burning brand,
From woe the guilty save,
Unscathed from hell in glory land,
From wailings of the grave;
Since precious life, salvation free,
Alone the gift divine,
To God away securely flee,
Escape the rod condign;
His mighty hand with safety ark,
And covenant of blood,
Will billows stem amid the dark,
Upon the stormy flood!

I've heard the nightingale's melodious strains,
The echo charm as in the mountain wanes,
Th'enrapturing tones of dulcet warbling lute,
Still all are 'fore the seraph accents mute;

I've heard the plaintive voice of turtle dove,
The magic whisper sweet of melting love,
Like waves magnetic from the starry pole,
Still sweeter thrills enwrapt from Jesus roll;
I've seen the blushing rose in fragrance blown,
The virgin lily fair in Canaan grown,
Aurora flaming in the orient sheen,
Still equal none as round the Savior seen;
I've seen the comet in its wildering rounds,
Through space career beyond creation's bounds,
But bright forever as the circle bends,
Through endless time th' Eternal glorious wends;
I've seen the meekness of the patient one,
The friendship true as marks the rising sun,
As beauty painted by the morning light,
Still perfect more the rays from Shiloh bright;
I've seen the gentle sway of Cupid's dart,
The wild enchantment of the loving heart,
Still not in compass of the world around,
The loving kindness in Jehovah found!



CANTO XIII.

THE DAISIES AND THE STARS. THE
FLAMING SWORD.

THE cradle behold that is rocking a cheer,
Beside the cold marble the sepulchre drear,
The tablet, there looming the fate to foretell,
The fading of flower, the tolling of knell!

When rigid, cold in livid death,
To-morrow may bewail,
Then fleeting moments cease with breath,
Temptations not assail;
Forever gone, the gath'ring gloom,
Death's dismal, ghostly stride,
The awful fate of dreary doom,
Man budded, bloomed and died!
No earthly loves have entrance there,
To breast disturb nor head,
No foe in malice marches dare
Across the sacred dead;
No more that lip nor ready hand
Is moved to hurt a foe,
Oblivion seals with granite band,
Now laid on pillow low;
Forever gone, no more return,
Nor seek th' accustomed place,

Now facts presented, rigid, stern,
Now finished earthly race!
That fallen form, that mould'ring lump
Declares how short the stay,
Still eloquent as Gabriel's trump,
Proclaims the judgment day!
The solemn grandeur of the tomb,
There every mouth is stopped,
In dignity the lowly loom,
There every grudge is dropped;
With pompous wealth the humble bed,
The flesh and bones decay,
Nor world concerns decaying dead,
Now mingle with the clay!
O, stillness of the lonely grave,
The dreary, silent hush,
The storms above, the tempests rave,
Unheard, unheeded rush!
Take warning oh, my soul take warning,
Before death's terrors loom,
The awful thought for counsel scorning,
Ere worms corruption doom!

Last thrilling touch we've felt of trembling
hands,
Last accents heard and seen the waning sands,
The glance beheld the last of beaming eyes,
And bands forever rent of earthly ties!

When monster faced, confronted death,
When all its horrors stare,
Realities of parting breath,
Will we for pleasures care!
Then sick'ning thought, the flesh indulged,
Forever has its end,

A life anew is then divulged,
Will soul with terrors rend;
Then vain regret, then deep remorse,
The idling of the past,
For future care as moments force,
To dizzy verge at last;
The crippled soul for loathsome shame,
Then sadly dwarfed and hurled,
Its wages lo, confusion, shame,
No interest in the world;
Must wander like a sprite alone,
While pampered flesh decays,
For squand'red past unearthly moan,
To future star no rays!
How careful man t'exalt his name,
Perhaps on marble bust,
Or tablet high of earthly fame,
Then sinks to kindred dust!
O, will we join th' empyrean band,
Or down in darkness walk,
No lamp t'illumine that dismal land,
Where ghostly terrors stalk!
For satan's bands will never fail,
With purpose dark and fell,
With vile temptations to assail,
To drag to lurid hell;
With curses fierce, with massive chain,
To bind in livid death,
Then burning rods, bemoan in vain,
While plund'ring vital breath;
Terrific thought, oh, sad dismay,
This awful doom to meet,
To one so happy, blooming gay,
To meet this dread defeat,
To meet revolting dismal fate,

How sad the doleful sight,
With fallen lost, arrived too late,
How dark the dismal night,
In flaming robes beyond the grave,
Where Stygian waters flow,
With dragon on the fiery wave
To deepen still the woe!

Poor man composed of rattling bones,
Of blood impassioned rash,
Of weakly flesh, with sickness moans,
Still clings to waning trash,
While far beyond the orient day,
All hail millennial morn,
The morning star of bright'ning ray,
For New Jerus'lem born;
For hearken lo, triumphal sound,
The year of Jubilee,
Now fetters rent the world around,
The rock of ages free;
Now free to choose th'effulgent ray,
Or dungeons dark remain,
Beyond the cloud where lightnings play,
Or bound in galling chain;
Amid the clouds of silver light,
Or gloomy caverns vile;
Where turtle doves of plumage white,
Or filthy beasts defile!
Eternal One O, mark the spot,
Inscribe our names above,
Erase from record every blot
For children of thy love!
We're helpless, poor and needy too
Dependent on thy care,
Our comfort be, in sickness woe,

Upon thy pinions bear,
This promise give, the cherished peace,
Then satisfied with lot,
Content we'll walk our pilgrim lease,
Nor careful be for aught.

That blessed morn when Christ arose,
From his sepulchral bed,
New life conferred, the sainted chose,
And raised the hopeless dead!
If tree's alive and blooming green,
And God decrees it so,
If follow Christ, upon him lean
Will blessings richly flow,
To God ascend, in Jesus live,
The savior ever blest;
From death can rescue, beauty give,
Are both at firm behest!
To Jesus come and welcome stay,
Can life, salvation bring;
Then happy be through endless day,
Where angels sweetly sing!
Still voice divine from regions far
Proclaims this marv'lous truth:
"To lustrous shine with morning star,
Must virtue guard from youth:"
On this revolves, the myst'ry hangs,
The fate beyond the tomb,
The scorpion's sting hell-fire's pangs,
And life the living bloom;
The narrow way to Canaan's land,
The countersign to tell,
The Shibboleth, the magic wand,
To powers route of hell!
No nations then that earthy walk,

Forever live that can,
Soon death's alarms horrific stalk,
Or walk therewith the man;
Mid darkness black of gloomy grave,
Who knows the horrid doom,
With worm in mould'ring, noisome cave
No flowers more may bloom;
Th' immortal part terrific dies,
The skeleton remains:
In boundless space the comet flies,
The light forever wanes!

The triumph lo, of murd'rous foe,
O'er sepulchres to dance;
But Jesus gave the signal blow
To satan's dark advance;
Jehovah placed his signet there,
Upon the hallowed spot,
Where chosen sleep and nothing dare
Pollute the sacred lot;
The ark divine dispelled gloom,
Before which David danced,
And horrors drave from mould'ring tomb,
As covenant advanced:
More precious far, still Jesus' will,
Than bleeding bulls and goats;
On rolling deep is safely still,
The ark of cov'nant floats;
Baptismal ark the lamb prepared,
Will stem the raging flood,
In sacrifice his bosom bared,
To rescue through his blood!
If planets bright in heaven all,
We may not understand,
How rugged cross for Adam's thrall,

Or life at God's command!
If boundless space we cannot span,
Nor time eternal grasp,
How Jesus' blood for mortal man,
Against the poisonous asp!
God oft performs on fearful scale,
Exceeding dreadful one,
The thunder, lightning and the hail,
Or death of only Son;
The looming dark, portentous cloud
Forebodes electric fire,
Still nature lifts from barren shroud,
And Christ from thralldom dire;
When threat'ning storm its ragings past,
No longer, terrors seen,
With fruitage, earth then teeming vast,
All dressed in living green:
In raiment clothed through Jesus blood,
The saints at God's command,
In crimson ark upon the flood,
On Zion's heights will stand!

Who will destroy the precious soul
By sowing to the flesh,
Corruption reaps—the final goal,
No rising more afresh;
Lo, satan's glitt'ring bauble game,
Like fruit of Sodom's sea:
To Babylon hurl it whence it came,
Alluring though may be!
To baneful fruit of upas tree,
Should daring hand extend?
Destruction, dust will endless be,
The woful bitter end;
No angel there with perfumed wing,

In spotless white array,
Nor chariot wheels from heaven bring
Sweet hope of coming day;
Within that mould'ring dismal grave
Forever sleeps the lost,
While fearful mem'ries o'er wave,
Of sin the countless cost;
That awful dark, terrific gloom,
Of silent, hopeless land,
A wicked soul within the tomb,
And there no helping hand;
The spectred horrors of the grave,
The soul overawes with fear:
Lord rescue from the tow'ring wave,
The looming billows near,
Exalt us to the fortress rock,
The terrors may we face,
The ragings dread nor stunning shock,
When surging waves menace!

The dying soul, what dread dismay,
What dark forebodings grim!
Lo, ushered into light of day,
To sink in chaos dim,
With frantic bounds the prison bars,
With wild and giant might,
Expiring leaps beyond the stars,
Then sinks in endless night;
For heaven strives with eager grasp,
The lightning spark of joy
Transports the soul—th'envenomed asp
Transforms to base alloy;
A flashing light illumines the sky,
Reveals the glories there,
Then looming shadows, serpents hie

From roaring lion's lair,
That o'er th'abyss of chaos came,
Through darkness, tempest, gloom,
With wily adder—odious name,
And sealed the dreadful doom;
Lo, billows dark of troubles roll,
The cup of sorrows fill,
The seething hell—horrific goal,
Then plunges deeper still;
The conscious soul forever dies,
While all the horrors stare,
Not quaking earth nor shaking skies
Can aught therewith compare;
Not angel tongue can horrors tell,
In dark abyss to mourn,
Mid fiery floods of woful hell—
For happiness was born!
Lo, one around where vipers hiss,
The grim, horrific woes,
The other heaven, endless bliss,
The New Jerus'lem rose!
Still o'er th'ensanguined, wasted tombs,
The turret prison bar,
Out of this sov'reign darkness looms,
Though dim, the morning star,
Away from those who are undone,
Out sweetly heaven's door,
Still beaming light for holy one,
Where darkness comes no more;
In distance, hails the beacon light,
In watching eager strives,
The camp-fires keeps all burning bright
Until the barge arrives;
And should the moon in glory woo,
The waters silver o'er,

The mellow beams the mountains blue,
Around the scenic shore,
Then race triumphant, glorious run,
In sunder prison bar,
The seraph standing in the sun,
The bright and morning star!

While kingdom bright and Being real,
We see His form divine,
Must beaming eyes extinction seal,
To silence lips consign;
One falt'ring step from verge to tomb,
Where crumbling bones decay,
Still lilies may and roses bloom,
Sweet hope of fallen clay;
All honor be to risen dead,
The Savior, Lamb of God,
Who spotless passed through miry bed,
To raise a mould'ring clod,
That over land, might safely pass—
God's mighty arm can save,
Can rescue from corruption's mass,
Though old deceiver rave;
And, promise gives through blessed Son,
To safely walk with him,
If overcome the evil one,
Nor star be waning dim:
But harrowed soul from dread defeat,
Confusion, shame will bring,
And terrors wild at satan's seat,
With agonies will wring,
The being, whom might angels love,
Who bask in beamy day,
Rejoicing now in life above,
In bright, celestial ray!

Lo, monster stalks, the deadly foe,
To pieces victim tear;
To fiery serpents turns the bow,
That visage grim beware;
For aspic venom, satan's hate
May seal for dismal tomb,
Terrific, end at flaming gate,
And burning wrath consume!
Avert O Lord we thee implore,
This doom, this dreadful end,
And wide unfold celestial door,
His schemes horrific rend!

Before the bells that tolling chime,
In air the ringing waves,
Before the muffled drum of time,
All march to waiting graves;
Soon sundered all the earthly ties,
That moment will arrive,
With mortal pangs the victim dies,
Against though vainly strive;
A struggle, gasp and all is o'er,
The spirit wings its flight;
Or wanders from the household door,
In darkness or in light,
To cheerless regions goes alone,
Leaves cherished toys behind,
Or brighter scenes to royal throne,
To joys celestial find;
Or strays away mid sullen gloom,
In darkness as a sprite,
To wander from the dismal tomb,
Among the shades of night;
To dreary tread uncertain path,
Or as a mummy lie,

Where shifting sands in desert scath,
Beneath a brazen sky;
No more t' awake sepulchral mould,
Nor have a spirit birth,
Although among the great enrolled,
And famed throughout the earth;
Like flower in a desert bloomed,
Decayed and passed away;
Like star that brightness had consumed,
Extinct refulgent ray;
Forever gone, forever dead,
The dust consigned to dust,
Like blazing comet, fiery red,
Extinguished flaming gust;
While saintly ones in Jesus rest,
Within the Shepherd's fold,
Lo, phantoms grim the tombs infest,
Corrupted, wicked mould;
From Noah's hand the raven flies,
To ark returns no more,
But dove, the wisdom of the skies,
With olive as before;
What glowing thoughts of sacred love,
Of burning hate awake,
The gentle lamb, the turtle dove,
The dragon and the snake!

When lips are silent in the tomb,
In dark remorseless grave,
May satan's powers upward loom,
No mighty arm to save;
If mortals, God will not awake,
When men are helpless dead,
Away may yelling demons take,
The fiends, the fiery red;

Lo, angels poise upon the wing,
To know terrific this,
If humankind will fearful spring
Adown that dread abyss;
When earthy tread in serpent's trail,
That vermin of the dust,
To rescue them may powers fail,
Belong to satan must,
Unless the mighty One arise,
And hurl from murd'rous seat,
The victim there forever lies,
Or frightful demons meet;
With fiery wreath then galling crowned,
With black satanic hood,
In everlasting fetters bound,
Who holiness withstood;
Where sulphur woes the regions strew.
Consuming fires abide,
When Shiloh comes in glory too,
In caverns, skulking hide!
Thou livest great and glorious God,
O, may we live in thee!
Thy rays of glory shed abroad,
Thy mercy mantle be;
For refuge we to heaven flee,
And oh, remember well,
What wonders didst to glorious free,
With thee might mortals dwell,
With sov'reign presence silence strife,
And with thy beaming grace
Electrify the soul to life,
Through radiance of thy face!

Beyond all things above, on earth,
Is sacred life the head;

But oh, the blighting, chilling dearth,
How grim the ghastly dead!
The holy of the dismal tombs,
Alone of destined way,
Must rise before corruption dooms,
Consigns to hopeless clay;
Nor is it order, sacred church,
Must follow holy writ,
Indulging sin, the downward lurch,
Descending to the pit;
Man often digs, his grave prepares,
Oft hews his dismal tomb,
His sepulchre, its terrors dares,
And seals the final doom;
Archangels bright perform His will,
The all-absorbing thought,
But life alone their bosoms fill,
Not transient foibles aught;
Than life eternal, nothing less
Can satisfy the soul;
Lo, ever blooming vernal dress
Is wisdom's promised goal;
There spirits pure arise from dust,
Commune with angels bright,
With holy, chaste ascend the Just,
The raiment snowy white;
Still moon will shine in azure vault,
Mid star bespangled sky,
Nor sun's triumphant course will halt,
In dust while many lie;
Lo, echo stern to pleadings hear,
"My will perform nor touch
The thing unclean of hopeless bier,
Of life eternal such!"
On bended knees, uplifted hands,

With longing eyes we pray,
And wrestle where the seraph stands,
On Zion's heights of day,
That we may tread the promised land,
Where death nor sorrows come,
Unfolded by Almighty hand,
Serene, celestial home!

How from the dismal, gloomy grave
The soul recoils with dread,
Where drifting snows and tempests rave
Above that lowly bed!
No father's manly voice nor form,
No mother's tender care,
Nor brother's glowing bosom warm,
In cheerless dungeon there;
No sister's kindly accents sweet,
No friendship's fervid glow,
Nor thrilling raptures more will greet,
Upon that pillow low;
No trusty friend to soften bed,
Or lighten up the gloom,
Nor hand divine with fading dead,
Within the silent tomb;
What cherished most, was loved, esteemed,
All languished with the flower,
The princely wealth where beauty beamed,
All perished in an hour;
Beneath the ground, the chilling ground,
The little narrow bed,
No solar light nor cheering sound,
For grim and mould'ring dead;
A little hillock all alone,
Is left of hoarded gains,
An epitaph upon a stone,

And lump of clay remains;
Inscribed upon the marble tomb
In letters deep the pall,
"Lo, faded, withered fairest bloom,
Ah, vanity is all!"

The mourning voice no more can move sepulchral
sleep,
With aching pangs our hearts for broken casket
weep;
Of anxious words the last, and glance of beaming
eye,
In stilly grave the robes will mortal ever lie!

Will final day arrive to all,
The last of mortal breath,
And o'er the face of beauty crawl
Sepulchral worm of death;
Though rosy, fresh as early dawn,
Though golden crown they wore,
With eider cushioned of the swan,
Must part for mystic shore;
Though moving world's enthralled with life,
And joyous spirits gay,
'Round social board, the pleasures rife,
And warm the cheery ray;
No more the lightning's vivid flash,
Nor yet the thunder's peal,
The quaking earth, the rending crash
The dead will know or feel;
No more, behold the starry sky,
Those glitt'ring gems of night,
Nor glowing sun careering high,
Nor moon of mellow light;
Of whirlwinds nor tornados know,

Of seasons nor of times,
Nor oceans grand where billows flow,
When tempest awful chimes!

Will dead revive? that will depend—
On wisdom hinges doom,
If thoughtless ones their treasures spend,
Then dismal, dark the tomb;

Then unto dust, the destined way,
The voice of science true,
Like fabled manes wand'ring stray
Where chilling horrors brew;
Then downward course, alas, too late,
As fallen meteors wane,
Until is sealed th'oblivion fate,
Beneath the pathless main!
Still possible with holy God—
Most always works by rule—
Can rescue from the crumbling clod,
But does he want the fool!
Some Christ will gather, God but few
How few Jehovah won,
Refulgent glóry, pearly hue,
Beyond the radiant sun!
For satan red, the flaming sword,
That monster of the air,
Contend will with his fiery horde,
Dispute the entrance there;
Lo, seventy, the chosen band,
Like shadows passed away,
Like desert's sterile, shifting sand,
Or comet's waning ray;
Aye noted saints and righteous too,
The stubble and the hay,

Foundation frail, that earthy woo,
The victims weak of clay;
No words express, no thoughts compass,
Nor plummet reach the deep,
Can dungeons pierce of fallen mass,
Of dread, eternal sleep;
The vultures foul of teeming air,
By scent of carcass led,
Among unholy seek their fare,
Devour the fragile dead;
That demon black may waiting stand,
Deceiver, adder fell,
Envenomed sting—tormenting band,
The legions red of hell;
Black-hearted fiend, among the dead,
Lo, hov'ring 'round the tomb,
The cloven-footed monster dread,
Grim haunting mid the gloom;
With jangling shake, with foetid breath,
With fiery, shining eyes,
The devil harshly mutters, "Death!"
Speak tauntingly of skies;
Upon the human track through life,
When born alas around,
And after death with hellish strife,
Pursues beneath the ground;
In artful net he myriads drew,
Nor victims aught distrust,
To sulph'rous haunts, dominions blue,
And then to hopeless dust;
Archangels bright, would fain destroy,
Entombed beloved Son;
The Lord ensnare, the bright decoy,
To doom of Babylon!

To be enthroned was satan's sin,
T'ascend the mount divine,
To rob of jewels, power win,
The oil to hurt and wine;
Th' assumption bold of wonder great,
In bright, celestial seat,
With starry crown at solar gate,
The moon beneath her feet;
To heaven scale, the daring crime,
From God will vengeance wring,
Will usher in the judgment time,
Dispute of Zion bring;
From heaven's hights, its very vault,
Still strives to scatter down,
Would shining courts, the dome assault,
With horrors black to crown;
Would mantle earth in dismal gloom,
Corrupt the crystal streams,
The moon eclipse with sable doom,
Pervert its silver beams;
Would quench the sun in shining course,
Cause brilliant stars to fall,
The lightnings wrest from primal source,
The world enchain in thrall!
O, better far, ten thousand times
To perish from the womb,
Than wail where serpent hissing chimes,
Devoured in the tomb!
Still blessed hope of Israel,
The God of Jacob stands,
And watching routs rebellious hell,
And shields from prowling bands!
How can exist unless we know,
To heaven title clear,
To future what a fearful blow,

Without a crown t' appear!
Away from God, from Christ alas!
The flower lost its bloom,
Before the eyes death's shadows pass,
That seal the final doom;
To crumbling bones away consigned,
To grave, the gloomy fount,
More dreadful than ere thought divined,
Or Sinai's thundering mount;
Then demons haunt th' unhallowed spot,
For life, did sadly fail,
The vulture foul, polluted blot,
The dismal, croaking wail;
Will star-lit skies no more behold,
Nor glories bright of day,
Nor glitt'ring sun of lustrous mould,
Nor moon in chaste array;
Like midnight cry, th' alarm of fire,
The watery world amid,
What goading pangs to dread expire,
Beneath oblivion hid!
What black despair, what hopeless state,
No herald doom proclaims,
Beneath the angry waves the fate,
Or mid the raging flames!
Lo many heads and many horns
Hath beast of holy writ,
The devil's shafts, the thistles, thorns
Ascending from the pit;
The seven torments, crooked horns,
The seven seals unfold,
Abaddon's power victim mourns,
Of seven plagues behold;
Then darkness reigns, profound the gloom,
When beasts of many heads,

Appalling sights of fearful doom,
Arise from sulphur beds;
When smoke of brimstone, serpents bite,
Hell's fiery billows toss,
Oh, for one twinkling gleam of light
Then from the Savior's cross!
Should mountains of afflictions rise
And waves of troubles roll,
Then look aloft to mercy's skies,
Firm anchor of the soul;
Then unto God, who freely gave
The Savior to renew,
When wailings dreadful from the grave,
With wrecks and horrors strew;
Then unto Shiloh, mighty One,
To him for refuge fly,
Who starry crown alone hath won,
All power from on high,
Before is cast last wistful glance
Upon the setting sun,
Before engulfed in horrors vast,
The dark abyss undone!
O, Father dear, from hellish band
Avert impending harm,
Through thunders loud of mighty hand,
The lightnings of thine arm;
Let streaming light from arctic skies,
From Zion's holy Mount,
Mid arid plains sweet waters rise,
For thirsty, living fount!

O, tomb! how dismal, gloomy, drear!
How long thy siege is pending!
O, helping hand of Jesus dear,
In rising morn defending!

According to the dark'ning storm,
For winter long prepare,
Envelope 'round the fragile form,
And sinfulness beware;
Nor flower blooms for self alone,
But earth still happier makes:
From arctic to the torrid zone,
God's sun creation wakes;
He who created starry sky,
The lovely lunar light,
The blue bespangled vault on high,
With beauty garnished bright;
The planets all with glories rare,
The earth with grandeur glows,
All nature decked enchanting fair,
In goodness all bestows!

When love as Jesus' christians lure,
Will Eden be below,
Then peaceful rest and life secure,
Like rivers blessings flow;
Exclaim not of the human soul,
Therein is nothing good,
Those tears behold, as streaming roll,
In lack of daily food;
On brink of ruin trembling quake,
Or languishing may lie,
With sickness mourn, with anguish ache,
They feel as well as I;
None good for whom the Savior bled,
Naught good in human heart!
Will some arouse the monster dread,
Soon take the devil's part!
A brother lo, a fellow man,
A bosom has to feel,

Although, was placed beneath the ban,
We looked to see but steel;
Although despised, reproach was deep,
Nor mingled with the rest,
Beheld him weep as others weep,
With sorrow in his breast!
While Judas' path no mercies pave,
Then gushed his entrails out;
And Dives must for water crave,
Upon that dreadful route!
Still some declare, "the Savior's good,
Who cares for evil one?"
How little know of lion's food,
And God's decrees undone!
Awake not up that devil dread,
His majesty to dare,
Upon the culprit souls is fed,
And vultures near his lair;
No just conception of that night,
The horrors of that tomb,
The soul aghast with quaking fright,
The awful, shocking doom!

To holy, just the crown's reserved.
Who run the bright career,
But not obtained unless deserved,
In glory will appear:
In autumn sow, no harvest reap,
The frost of winter's near,
Then drifting snows, with hunger weep,
Lo, icy chains, the bier;
Few fleeting days, together are,
Soon stilled the troubled breast;
Again we meet, or sund'red far,
All vanity at best;

Nor can recall, no more repair,
To hopeless dust may go,
No cheering ray, but black despair,
Oblivion seals or woe;
How frightful deep that dismal tomb,
When chills of death assail,
When crushing woe, the horrors loom,
Convulsion's hopeless wail!
Despondent terrors grim of death,
Confusion, wild distrust,
The god-like form with panting breath,
Lo, tumbles into dust;
With phantoms grim, with spectres dark,
From hopeless tomb t' awake,
Mid darkness thick without the ark,
On either side a snake;
Mid dreary night of mould'ring grave,
Beside the winding shore,
Beside the moon-lit, silent wave,
T'arise alas, no more!
Jehovah great mid radiant bow,
Where angels bright rejoice,
Must we repose on pillow low,
Though heard parental voice;
And if survive, deformed may be,
A monument of shame,
No more exult triumphant free,
Rejoicing in thy name;
This warning oh, retain in sight,
That we may realize,
The depths profound, the glorious light,
The awe where wicked lies;
Our eyes restrain from luring sin,
Our hands from guilty stains,
In way preserve to garlands win,
Exalt where Jesus reigns!

Once on a summer's beamy day
We sought the grove's retreat,
A tomb was looming near the bay,
Where sands the surges beat:
In grandeur once the living rose,
As flashing meteor bright,
Refulgent shone as comet glows,
With more than mortal light;
For fame enwreathed with laurel crown,
That spread to distant lands,
The glory of a great renown,
While riches filled his hands;
Of pleasures all, around embraced,
Where butterflies were gay,
Of raptures full where beauty graced,
Upon a thoughtless way:
As we approached the iron gate,
Beneath the shady wood,
Lo, vapors tainted dank await,
In pensive silence stood;
With earnest voice, exclaimed aloud,
Beside the lonely shore,
"Oh, will he live in yonder cloud!"
The answer came—"No more!"

A few more days each other see,
In morning time we part,
May meet again or sund'red be,
Soon still the troubled heart;
How blessed they who find in Thee
A friend in greatest need,
Ere plunge beneath oblivion's sea,
And Jesus home to lead!
Should heaven importun'd then be,
O, strive with holy zeal,

Salvation purchased free for thee,
His blood th'eternal seal!

No trembling fears for horrid foe,
If 'mong the ransomed free;
Still mis'ry dread, terrific woe,
May frightful portion be;
Why should we careful be at all,
But pensive walk with Thee,
While pilgrims on this earthly ball,
Where transient idols flee!
Oh, voice to hear of living God,
And then deserted be,
Then fearful doom beneath the clod,
The awful destiny!
On bended knees in lowly dust,
At feet we worship Thee,
Imploring Him, the holy just,
In goodness us to free;
Should saving grace in Christ support
And mercy, truth agree,
With justice stern, divine comport,
May we remembered be!

When fancy soars away and far,
To splendors of the sky,
To glories of the beamy star,
Where beauties never die,
When nature all her grace arrays
In earth beneath, on high,
Her blending colors sweet displays,
We then dislike to die;
When balmy air and silence reign,
On lawn inviting, lie,
Waft odors sweet, remain would fain,

We then regret to die;
When earth is gloomy, heavens dark,
And chilling vapors fly,
Mid dreary bleak, the frozen stark,
How awful then to die!
Congealing ice, the drifting snow,
Beneath their bed to lie,
Our fragile forms then timid grow;
At solemn knell to die;
But if through Jesus sky is clear,
And we've no earthly tie,
And heaven shields from galling fear,
May e'en rejoice to die!

Since blooming rose in Canaan's vale,
Sweet hope for silent dead,
Upon the grave in lowly dale,
Like rosy morning red;
Since, crimson sprang from Jesus' side,
Like bleeding heart may seem,
In Paradise where pure abide,
Beside the living stream;
Since Shiloh bled and heart-strings break,
And life-blood gushed away,
Where bleaching skulls the horrors 'wake,
As round portentous lay;
Since Christ arose, the Morning Star,
And sunder'd satan's bands,
The gloom dispelled, the darkness far,
Upon the desert sands;
Since beaming stars he bid arise,
And passed to Zion's hights,
Ascended to the radiant skies,
In which his soul delights;
Since Venus rose the glowing star,
The sweet millennial light,

Dispersed the mist away and far,
As sun refulgent bright,
No horrors dark of dragon's flood,
Nor tow'ring billows loom,
Since Jesus wailed and sweated blood,
For grim and mould'ring tomb;
No lion roars nor dragon raves
Where sleep the saintly dead,
No longer dark the dismal graves,
All damning horrors fled;
Since Christ arose from doleful shroud,
And burst the fatal bars,
Triumphant scaled that sacred cloud,
Descend will from the stars!

Of a handful of dust still lies under the ground,
While a spirit in roving vague hovers around,
To a goblin is changed and no promise of bow,
But in dungeons to grope and a terror below,
As a spectre terrific, a horror on earth,
And in darkness to haunt with a torch amid dearth;
Then to wander away amid caverns of gloom,
In grim silence to pass to oblivion, the doom.
O, the coffin is waiting to carry us home,
To the sepulchre dark or alone far to roam,
There oblivion to seal, or there honor, disgrace,
There in triumph arise, or there horrors to face!
Lo, the shadows a crossing the river of death,
To the comfortless regions to vanish as breath,
For the spirits as shades disappear on the way,
While corrupt are the bodies mid hopeless decay!

Riding on the lunar beams,
Dancing on the spray,
Fading thus the choral teems,
Charming life away!

O, ye pilgrims lament while enduring is breath,
When the day ye marched down to the valley of
death,

For behold the red sparklings of naiads aglow
On the billows, the waters t'oblivion that flow!
To that skeleton reach once so comely and fair,
Where the ravens now haunt in the vale of despair,
Where the goblins are dancing their orgies around,
There to moulder away and to mingle with ground;
Lo, the hosts bright angelic to regions have fled,
In immensity far from the hopeless of dead,
From hot vapors that rise from the sulphur aflame,
From grim spectres, the flashings in darkness amain;
When the solar orb set in the waves of the sea,
Were the beauties of nature unfolded to thee,
Once the wonders of heaven and glory of light,
To be mantled forever in chambers of night;
Like a come texploded the fragments are hurled,
And are showered abroad through th'expanse of the
world;

Like a meteor that vanished chaotic and cold,
And to nevermore rise mid the spangles of gold;
When the chain of archangel, the devil that bound,
The divine law in sunder when broken is found,
Lo, no answer to prayer can then be received,
But the lances of satan to victim deceived!



CANTO XIV.

VANITY—A BETTER WAY.

IN journey cold and bleak and dreary,
The toilful pilgrim faint and weary,
In onward march still forward bending,
To shadows fleet his steps are wending

The flowers once that sweetly bloomed,
The charming beauties gay,
Before the flood are all entombed,
The shadows passed away;
So beautiful, enchanting fair,
So lovely to behold,
Through ages all the blossoms rare,
The roseate leaves unfold;
With magic charms around the world,
The wisest have enslaved,
With variegated flags unfurled,
O'er kings and monarchs waved;
The gilded clouds t'obstruct the view,
To glories of the sky,
Will pass away as morning dew,
The fading flowers die;
The shallow beauty quickly fades,
Of handsomest of earth,
A loathsome, putrid corpse remains,
For what was bartered worth;

The graceful curve of agile limbs,
The faithful one bemoans,
Soon flashing light of eye bedims,
Soon heap of blackened bones;
Will oft enthrall the' enraptured heart,
The evil in disguise,
Then, earthy portion take a part,
And ruthless carnage prize;
Then wilting blight of dreary gloom,
No promise may be given,
But perish in relentless tomb,
The hopes forever riven,
Forever golden moments past,
No more return again,
Although eternity is vast,
Regrets are all in vain;
Upon the flower, withering grass,
Th' affections of the soul,
Were lavished and away will pass,
As ages onward roll;
Through dalliance charming magic wand,
The sweet, enchanting power,
The reproductive, presaged bond,
The fragrant, rosy bower;
Lo, Cupid's arrows pierce the joints,
Th'unwary step amiss,
For hand of Venus downward points,
T'oblivion's dark abyss:
But holy thoughts and actions bring
The chaste, celestial art;
Quintessent joys from altars spring,
From circumcised heart:
May happy still be righteous ones,
Obtained the treasure sought,
In heaven dwell with chosen sons,

Or with a straying lot,
If lightnings kindle from on high,
If glories from above,
The breasts enthrill from beamy sky,
To glowing flame of love;
For Jesus came in sacred word,
From dismal tomb to sever,
May powers rescue of the Lord,
Forever and forever:
But holy spark from heaven blest,
And wisdom, child of light,
To him dominion the behest,
Will walk in raiment white;
Hosannas, banners then unfurled,
Victorious too the palm;
For glory lighted up the world,
For bridal of the Lamb;
There crystal river, beamy ray,
The living tree for them,
When heaven, earth are passed away,
In New Jerusalem;
There joyful sing of love divine,
Whence blessings richly flow,
Around the Throne, the Muses nine,
Exulting as they go!

As stars were brightly shining,
Amid the vaulted dome,
And tendrills sweet entwining,
Where lovers willing roam,
They met before the midnight,
Down in the meadow gray,
In raptures by the moonlight,
Beside the rosy way,
Beside the greening hillock,

Beside the murm'ring streams,
Where flowers join in wedlock,
Beneath the stellar beams,
Beneath the pendant willows,
Beneath the lunar sheen,
Where elfins make their pillows
Upon the meadow green;
Where pansies fair are sleeping,
Where gentle zephyrs play,
Through wavy grasses sweeping,
The odors sweet away;
On ancient rocks reclining,
With hoary mosses spread,
Romantic ivys twining,
On lindens overhead,
Before aurora tinted
The clouds with penciled dyes,
Or solar rays had glinted
O'er orient, dappled skies;
How happy then the wooing,
Upon the verdant lawn,
The transport and the suing,
Before the purple dawn,
As spake of dearest choosings,
Before they came away,
Unbosomed all their musings,
And named the happy day!—
When many years and crescent bows
Had passed away and weary,
Where roses bloomed the thorns arose,
Mid stormy desert dreary;
For not upon a barren sand,
Are rose and lily blooming;
In distant clime, a foreign land,
The birds are seen a pluming;

Lo, far away on wavy seas,
Upon a looming billow,
Where phantoms stalked as tow'ring trees,
They found an aching pillow!

The flower blooms and then decays,
Though fragrant petals bore,
So human charms with fleeting days,
Return alas, no more;
Though tinted cheeks of rosy hues,
Like morning blushes glow,
And sparkling eyes as pearly dew,
To dust must idol go;
Will creature be but earthly mould,
Though bounding as the hart,
Corruption, ashes there infold,
The thistle, thorn and dart;
The dimpled limbs and rounded form,
More lovely than the cast,
Like yielding twigs before the storm,
Are withered 'fore the blast;
Few fleeting days with beauty rare,
To dust the flower goes:
No more it blossoms lovely fair,
The lily nor the rose;
Though flowers pluck as blooming stand,
In fragrance we rejoice,
To ashes turn in eager hands,
Alas, our woful choice;
To bosoms, filmy tinsel clasp,
Of golden, beamy ray!
Lo, from the ardent, hasty grasp,
Soon waft the winds away;
Like trifles floating on the sea,
Like moth that quickly dies,

The glitt'ring baubles airy flee,
And leave but parting sighs.
Then heaven's love endearing woo,
Will beauty vanish never,
The Lord abides, is holy, true,
Nor blissful union sever,
Who fashioned, guards us when asleep,
Who food bestows and warms,
His Son, eternal life to reap,
And shelters from the storms;
As boundless space his love abounds,
Who blesses when we pray,
Forgives and heals the ghastly wounds,
Of prodigals astray;
Prepares a home beyond the skies,
Beyond the lion's roar,
Sweet life confers, eternal prize,
With joys unheard in store!

Behold the foibles, fleeting joys!
In moments few we part;
From friendships dear and glitt'ring toys,
Death grappling at the heart;
Nor should, beneath presume to stay,
But walk with blessed God,
Among the stars, the beamy day,
The way archangels trod,
Away from earth's beguiling wiles,
Among the planets 'far,
From serpent's coil that dark defiles,
Where glows the morning star;
These vanities will fleeting all,
All vanish and decay,
Then left alone in fatal thrall,
In loathing and dismay;

Then dismal, dread, the awful thought,
In darkness, tempest tossed,
What erring steps in evil wrought,
To Jesus hopeless lost!
How many once of bright renown—
Terrific, shall we tell!—
Whom fame enwreathed with laurel crown,
Lo, devils now in hell!

How careful we of many things,
Our race how quickly run,
The parting knell to-morrow brings,
The prize is lost or won!
From rosy morn till dewy eve,
Each flitting moment flies,
And life's career and endings leave
But rueful, parting sighs;
Nor can, recall the flitting past,
But firmly should resolve,
While precious life, occasion last
To problem grand evolve,
While counsels wise of Shepherd lend,
Than brother faithful more,
Will guardian be, confiding friend,
Of kingdom come the door;
Without His seal what fearful loss!
For life may idly search,
Unless on banner of the cross
Triumphant vict'ry perch;
On standard high if flag unfurled,
Inscribed in living light,
Then pæan shouts from upper world,
And songs of angels bright,
If written are our names in heaven,
The Savior's book of life,

May there rejoice mid holy leaven,
Exult mid deadly strife,
With spirit, soul and body rise,
The prize triumphant won,
Forever walk the starry skies,
In likeness of His Son!
In Paradise O, give us part!
Be this our portion staid,
Thy laws imprint upon the heart,
Nor may they ever fade;
Enable us to realize
Beyond the lapse of time,
This song ecstatic, thrilling prize,
The soul ungnarled by crime;
Beyond the ocean's wildering roar,
Beyond the mountain peak,
On rolling age's distant shore,
This golden treasure seek!

The olden year, how solemn tolls!
Our tracks on fleeting sand,
As crested billow onward rolls,
The new, the pointing hand;
Th' emotions keen of joy, delight,
The stings of pungent grief,
The woful past, the future bright,
All pass as autumn leaf;
The buoyant youth with sparkling eye,
With comely form and face,
Will pass away as butterfly,
Give room to coming race;
The charms of fickle, fading ones,
All meet a common death;
Renown and wealth of earthly sons,
All pass away as breath,

On pinions plum'd all winged pass,
Names written in the sand,
Uncertain, fleet, inscribed alas!
Upon the ocean strand;
The billows huge of foaming sea,
That surge aloft their spray,
What all these mighty things to me!
Will fleeting pass away;
The icy bleaks, the ocean's moan,
The snows of northern pole,
The fervent heat of torrid zone,
Will pass as ages roll;
The zephyrs bland, the evening shade,
The twilight nursing thought,
The milky-way, the planets fade,
Will pass away as naught;
The rolling wonders, comets bright,
The sun of genial ray,
The glist'ning dew, the lunar light,
In ages pass away;
And hollow fame, a sounding wind,
The sweeping noise is gone,
The grievous fate, who honor pinned
To fragile ones alone;
Alone will be when troubles come
To sadly mourn their fate,
Ambition's harvest, rueful sum,
To steps retrace too late;
Renown to leave upon the earth,
Was Babel's error lo!
Confounded too in primal birth,
The fleeting here below;
All earthly things around in list,
Are vanity *en masse*,
Will vanish like the morning mist,

Or dew upon the grass;
Though tempests rave, the pinnacle toss,
And all aboard unmanned,
Then trust in Jesus, saving cross,
Upon the Rock you stand;
For Morning Star will never fade,
Of bright and lustrous ray,
Behold, "It's I, be not afraid,"
Will never pass away!

Ah, naught avails emblazoned name,
In vanity rejoice!
For empty, void is windy fame,
Without Jehovah's choice;
Respects not wisdom of the world,
In changes, ages tossed,
Away t'oblivion will be hurled,
Eternity be lost;
To welkin blue, exalts to-day,
The world inconstant proves,
Will tread upon, to-morrow slay,
To stand aloft behooves;
The bosom friends through fame begot,
Inconstant and unsafe,
Another year, a diff'rent lot,
Unclaimed the paltry waif;
No comforts bring but aching void,
The honors sought below,
With noxious bane they rashly toyed,
From bitter fountains flow;
O'er silver locks will marching time
The hasty strides retard,
One aching pang, restore to prime,
Or soften pillow hard!
Renown or fame beneath to leave,

Like Babel of the past,
The gilded bauble will deceive,
All vanity at last;
Like fleeting tracks in winter snow,
Soon every trace is gone,
Like driven clouds when tempests blow,
Memorial left is none;
Like shooting stars of less'ning ray,
As wave succeeds to wave,
Lo, onward march the destined way,
Frail mortals to the grave;
The mighty men renowned of old,
The giants of the earth,
Oblivion's billows over rolled,
Distinguished names and worth;
If mighty deeds the flood erased,
Engulfed in watery tomb,
What, when by whirling flames embraced!
Eternal then the doom;
No pillow where to rest the head,
No polar star to guide,
Then by no guardian angels led,
To home where they abide;
Give me a place secure above,
Name written in His palm,
To anthems sing that seraphs love,
Of Moses and the Lamb;
A peaceful lot on Jesus' breast,
Like John beloved of old,
Eternal life, eternal rest,
Then bless'd ten million fold;
O, rest divine, recruiting balm,
Sweet solace, quiet zest,
Serene repose, the holy calm,
Eternal Sabbath rest!

A monarch dreamed that might arise,
Above the mountains soar,
Forgetful of the stormy skies,
Aloft where tempests roar;
His foot-steps wended far away,
To dreary desert vast,
The hights t'ascend which giants may
Have reared in ages past;
Like pyramid it looming seemed,
Where howling beasts and gaunt,
Where birds unclean around it screamed,
And ghosts and goblins haunt,
In grand proportions tow'ring high,
Like ancient Babel vast,
Sublimely touched the azure sky,
As giant shadows cast;
Like moon-lit tower grandly loomed,
Where screamed nocturnal bird,
Where hetacombs the dead entombed,
And ghostly noises heard;
From tower's base he gazed aloft,
Beheld through hollow space
The sacred place where angels oft,
Still higher sped in race;
Was interviewed what power willed,
For what he thither came,
What minds of warriors fleeting filled,
Was it colossal fame?
Or transient wealth that winged away,
And with th'affections toyed?
Would mansions bright exchange of day.
Endure an aching void!
And yet, inscribed on paper white,
That lofty might ascend,
Gyrated then in upward flight,

The missive hasty penned:
At length arrived a brief reply,
Descended where he stood,
A paper floated from on high,
That mount he thither should;
Then bold arose the hero brave,
To tower's giddy hight,
The ensign grasped where pennants wave,
And viewed th'enrapturing sight;
Soon, darted up by might behold!
From some unknown resource,
Upon a shaft to heights untold,
As if by magic force;
Then hither, thither swayed the spire,
For storms tempestuous raved,
His soul aghast with terrors dire,
His all for trifles braved;
Then sore convulsed with ghastly fears,
His heart was almost rent,
Descended down in melting tears,
From dream awoke content,
Contented then with humble call,
In meekness bore his lot:
The lowly have not far to fall,
From dome of humble cot!
Upon a pinnacle up high,
Lo, satan placed the Lamb,
In falling thence—the fatal die!
Might soul in tempting damn!
From royal roof King David fell
In lion's crunching jaws,
The conqueror to nether hell,
How sin like magic draws!
Still, rescued was by Gabriel's hand,
By power from the Throne,

From lion's mouth, his legion band,
The lamb consigned to stone!
From palaces the music rings,
The haughty stand aloof;
But sweeter dreams still wisdom brings,
Beneath the humble roof:
While angels may, the guardians pure
Defend the humble beds,
Lo, forked tongues in tempting lure
To evil crowned heads!
The bow of varied beauty spans
The vault celestial blue,
For lowly ones the zephyr fans,
Distills the matin dew;
And brightly beams the solar rays,
As for the noble, wise,
Nor hindered are by devious ways
From glories of the skies;
Will Morning Star arise serene,
To deck the royal blue,
And purple clouds, in crystal sheen,
Of charming, varied hue!
Still God exalts the wealthy, great,
His pleasure, not the ban,
Oft elevates to lofty state,
The primal rank of man;
For all redeemed, hosannas ring,
From thralldom of the foe,
To Morning Star, exultant sing,
While curves the crescent bow!

An humbling scene in donjon dim
To earthly fame we've seen,
From pyramid two mummies grim,
A Pharaoh and his queen;

Lo, nothing left in dried remains,
Of regal pomp and power,
Of splendors bright of kingly reigns,
Nor flash of passing hour;
No ivory chariots, golden wheels,
No shouts like thunders rolled,
Nor arch triumphal, clarion peals,
Awakening sounds that told,
Of fame and grandeur, royal power,
Of riches, glitt'ring gains;
But pyramids, colossal tower,
As vanity's remains;
Insensate now to tribute song,
And luxuries refined,
A wooden box to them belong,
By rotten sheets entwined!
Where now renown of ancient boast,
That once Jehovah dared,
Array of Pharaoh and his host?
How mortals are ensnared!
Oblivion spreads her sable wing
O'er dreary ocean vast,
No beamy rays from orient spring,
Now o'er the glitt'ring past:
Will Christ reclaim that crumbling clod,
Will it forever live,
That sensual walked away from God,
Will crown in glory give?
That mould'ring lump, will it arise,
Ascend up Zion's hill,
With Morning Star the radiant skies?
Lo, echo answers—will!
What! gather up the rattling bones,
Discarded and are lost,
Then animate insentient stones,

Away rejected tossed;
Ah, nevermore will it revive!
How can arise again?
Will flitting moments ne'er survive,
Must star forever wane;
Beneath may haunt, as goblin walk,
And naught avail the gains,
In dismal vale for ages stalk,
The desolate remains!
But to the living, glowing spark,
Of Bethlehem, the sign,
Immortal still—triumphant—hark!
The voice from throne divine,
To every bosom now become,
Though shining once afar,
The living source, the glorious sum,
The bright and Morning Star;
Bright beaming in the matin sky,
Ascends the emblem king,
The glowing Star to zenith high,
Where angels sweetly sing;
There far beyond seraphic ken,
Or able to express,
Conveyed by picture or by pen,
Will God forever bless,
Who earth and heavens glorious made,
The constellations bright,
Will lustrous beauty never fade,
The christian hope and light;
With vital force will living voice
Electrify the clod,
Will animate the Shepherd's choice,
And gather them to God,
The saints enrobe, all snowy white,
In glorious beauty rise,

Above the clouds to mansions bright,
To light amid the skies;
With golden pennons waving high,
Nor beauty ever mar;
But fairer still of peerless sky,
The bright and Morning Star;
Like God himself will emblem sun
With glowing, beamy ray,
Eternal rounds triumphant run,
Bright harbinger of day!

Not rich alone are called above,
But oft the stricken poor:
Not eagle bold, but turtle dove,
The mourning emblem pure;
Although on strawy couches rest,
Are slumbers sweet in store;
While downy pillows wealthy blest,
Oft thorns are pricking sore;
From riches clear and bubbling fountains,
Yet swelling rivers fill;
A cedar tall on lofty mountains,
A tower on a hill;
Still oft depraved is human heart,
The man before chastised,
Nor censured should be missile dart,
Corrective rod despised;
Abundant weapons are in store,
Nor may reserve a blow,
And then perhaps if not before,
Our captain we may know;
The rod divine renews the heart,
Nor Dives rich was blest,
The purple clad, the sumptuous part,
But sores of Lazarus rest!

If plunder cloak still pilf'ring proud,
Should likewise cloak impart?
By wrapping 'round himself his shroud,
Man comforts not his heart;
Still avarice nip in early bud,
What, court devouring fire,
The sordid pelf, or covet mud,
Then sink beneath the mire!
Behold the wild, the frantic rush,
The selfish gains to reap,
The baseness makes the angels blush,
At vileness of the deep;
Upon the earth where serpent crawls,
Heart's treasures to amass,
The frightful thought, o'er prison walls,
For second death may pass;
That face's enwreathed in fiery smiles,
When life's exchanged for gold,
His triumph lo, satanic wiles,
The soul for mammon sold!
From glitt'ring toys, the scalding tears,
From childish baubles, cares,
From selfish hoardings, miser fears,
Then wildly tearing hairs;
Though rusted, cankered off the gold,
Or paltry thing may buy,
Will miser still to bosom fold,
Horrific, clutching die!
Will aught avail the worthless gains?
Go ask the mould'ring dead!
Forever naught to them remains,
Deep in that lowly bed;
In yonder graveyard all is mould,
O fond and passionate grasp!
The eager strivings after gold!

Unloosed by dying gasp;
The lost thereby, not angel tongue
Can tell how billows rave,
No lulling of the anguish wrung,
Not deep enough the grave;
A diadem while Jesus gives,
Suspended in the sky,
O look aloft to Him who lives,
To golden courts on high!

How unto John was Jesus known?
To poor dispensed the Word;
They build upon the Corner Stone,
The followers of the Lord;
On Jesus meek was spirit bold,
T'expound to needy poor:
How dimly burn the lamps behold,
When swayed by golden lure!
A doubtful course will worldling run,
Although exhort obscure,
With vulture eye on glitt'ring sun,
And one on golden lure;
When bauble prize's at gleaming stake,
To such convince of truth,
May kindly efforts all forsake,
To animate forsooth;
For wealthy and the needy done,
Alike still Will below,
On thousand hills the genial sun,
His blessings richly flow!
The lily blows, the myrtle blooms for God,
The blushing rose its fragrance sheds abroad,
The warbling tribes their quav'ring notes prolong,
The mountains and the valleys ring with song!

A court of justice God decreed,
When first the world began,
And Christ, the advocate to plead
For culprit under ban;
Then satan took the attorney's part,
To prosecute the suit,
With sophistry and fiery dart,
Imprison, execute;
No succor found against his hate,
To rescue from the dead,
Defend the law, then Advocate
For victim freely bled;
For when the culprit guilty stood
Before the judgment bar,
Then Shiloh gave himself as food,
The bright and Morning Star;
Judicial problem, ransom solved,
Redeemed the chosen few;
To order keep the Lord resolved,
Or chaos would ensue;
Ah, wisdom's ways, for satan pries,
Beholds how things are done,
As dreadful, fiery serpent flies,
And bites the guilty one;
In David's case, exerted might,
For violated law,
Was carnal in Jehovah's sight,
And this the devil saw;
The law divine is precious life,
But earthy taint is death;
Is peaceful one, the other strife,
Preserves or plunders breath:
The law majestic angels doomed,
In chains of darkness bound,
Unbending justice man entombed,

And Lucifer uncrowned!
When ruler none in Israel dwelt,
Each acted as he pleased,
With fierceness then was arrow dealt,
Till justice was appeased;
For brother's blood lo, brothers cope,
In crimson deluge poured,
And Benjamin despaired of hope,
Till order was restored!
Although His will must sov'reign reign,
Not willing still to lose,
One precious soul, but jewels gain,
And satan also bruise;
His mercy great, though acts abound,
From God to separate;
Like sheep astray, are mostly found,
Nor wills this sad estate;
If justice, judgment, truth depart
From civil courts of men,
Then dipped in blood of social heart,
The red recording pen;
And earthly judge with ermine fair,
In judgment sits at law,
Nor victim doomed for evil dare
Relax relentless jaw;
If judge's flags beneath require
To spotless keep unfurled,
Most surely courts celestial, higher,
In ruling of the world!

A shining cloud, a pillar bright
The Jewish pilgrims guide:
For passing birds in airy flight,
The Lord doth still provide,
Bids chilly mists in northern sky,

By potent word of mouth,
Warns feathered tribes to distant fly,
They hail for sunny south;
One half the starry heavens seen,
Obscures in arctic zone,
Ere ushers in the icy scene,
When winter reigns alone;
The other half in southern view,
Then beams invitingly,
Away they fly to regions new,
Exulting cheerily:
In vernal time, for polar star,
They hail for northern climes,
Away then fly to distance far,
While music sprightly chimes;
Lo, come again and sweetly sing,
All up to cheer again,
With plumage bright on rapid wing,
With blossoms in their train;
They feed by day and fly by night,
The sunny summer bring,
Behind their troubles leave in flight,
As gayly onward sing;
The charming warblers scold or woo,
Oft chirp their sweetest song,
Some feathered tribes of varied hue,
In cheering earth along,
With joyful notes that, only know,
And music sweetly rare,
They neither gather, labor, sow,
As fetterless as air;
With mellow throats on gladsome wing,
When flowers bloom again,
With quavering notes the meadows ring,
With sweet, melodious strain;

The fragrant balm of southern breeze,
On joyful pinions bear,
As twitter 'mong the budding trees,
Or wing the liquid air:
Herein behold a gracious God,
A merciful and good,
Who sparrow warns by timely nod,
Provides its daily food,
A seed preserves each rolling year,
Of cheerful, plumaged throng,
The earth to gladden, ocean drear,
And praise with vocal song;
In rhapsodies they chirping sing
Among the blossoms sweet,
Beside the rills, the valleys ring,
With raptures hillocks greet;
Among the clover sweet in bloom,
Lo, humming bird so rare,
In gold array, the bright costume,
Among the flowers fair!
Could people live as sparrows live,
As careless of supply,
Would God provide, in bounty give,
His children when they cry;
Then wisdom's flag aloft unfurled,
Devoted to the Lord,
Prepared for that eternal world,
To live in sweet accord;
Like birds of passage, fly away,
Rejoicing as they fly,
Away to bright eternal day,
To beauty in the sky!

Lo, songsters are building and caroling sweet,
In bowers of green as each cheerily greet,

Companions in duty all chirpingly gay,
Till shadows nocturnal have mantled the day;
When roses are painted, the orient adorn,
Aurora has opened the portals of morn,
What chantings, sweet music in floods then arise,
As incense from altars are wafted to skies!
How glorious sublime and enthrilling the scene,
When mortals but live amid blooming of green,
With angels ascend at the closing of day,
With planets to glitter—the effulgence of ray!
On pinions of beauty with raiment of white,
To Iris arise to its glory of hight,
Ecstatic thence mount to the portals ajar,
To mansions eternal the lustre of Star!

We'd walk beneath the beamy ray,
Beyond where sorrows flow,
If could convey ourselves away,
To hundred years ago;
Nor would regard the waning dross,
Succumb to wily foe,
Where horrors lay 'neath tinsel gloss,
One hundred years ago;
The flowers gay of parting bloom,
Reject would fleeting show,
For life beyond the dismal tomb,
One hundred years ago;
Lo, magic charms of brittle clay,
With beauty all aglow,
Now fragile forms in dust decay,
Of hundred years ago;
Like meteor's flash and glow afar,
But soon to vanish lo!
Like lustrous light of falling star,
One hundred years ago;


O, we'd arise to spheres serene,
Ascend the purple bow,
Discard the transient, gilded sheen,
One hundred years ago;
In sunder rend what hope debars,
The venal toys below,
And mount aloft to beaming stars,
One hundred years ago;
The ladder scale to holy God,
No thorns nor thistles sow,
That downward lead to crumbling clod,
One hundred years ago;
On pinions soar to blissful home,
Away from mortal woe,
By grace divine to azure dome,
One hundred years ago!—

We'd mount to the regions afar from the woe,
Away to the azure on silvery bow,
To beautiful moon in her glittering robe,
To magic enchantment and lustre of globe,
To bathe in the splendors with angels afar,
Enraptured there sing to the glory of star,
To Star of the Morning in beauty aglow,
Its beamings all golden and rivers that flow
Through garden of Eden, the Paradise sweet,
Where voices seraphic ecstatic to greet,
Twelve manner of fruitage that flourishing grow,
In years swiftly rolling one hundred ago!



CANTO XV.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

OULD man but restore the rich treasures
of past,
The beamings in orient forever might last,
Of Star of the Morning in glory of ray,
In orbit careering refulgent away!

How fearfully are mortals made,
How wonderfully, too!
Within, destructive passions laid,
Without, temptations woo;
Who passions have to self degrade,
And sunder rend mid strife;
How soon the blooming flowers fade,
Mid tumult sad of life!
Beneath is found the living man,
Of god-like grasping mind,
Immortal by primeval plan,
If evil not inclined,
If but the Savior only woo,
The living tree in bloom,
Shechinah bright, the glory true,
Averted then the doom;
For holy must be heaven's fold,
Else fell accuser brings
Foul accusations as of old,
Reproaches shaking flings.

So stand erect in giant might,
With stern defiance bid,
And hold aloof the noxious sprite,
Until of powers rid;
Deceivers dark, why tempt ye me,
My life to tear away,
Avaunt, begone, ye serpents flee,
With adder's sting to slay!

To evil think the soul affects—
The sacred word divine—
Abhorrent lo, as it deflects,
Before the holy shrine;
If we no evil looks indulge,
Unholy motives cherish,
His sacred path will then divulge,
But otherwise we perish;
It will exalt, or plunge beneath,
To joys or woes unseen,
Will life confer, consign to grief,
Lo, dry, or tree of green!
From looks unguarded evils flow,
And thoughts oft mountains high;
If timely strike determined blow,
We're kingdom heaven nigh;
This may gigantic strength require,
To hurl it far away;
E'en angels evil did inspire,
And dimmed the morning ray!
As Lot replied, "lo, village small,"
So we of evils think,
In choosing which, in weakness fall,
In pits of darkness sink;
Like looming shadows darkly vain,
Alas, have actions been,

The blighted soul been ruthless slain,
Lo, canker worm of sin;
No longer joys of blissful love
Backsliders ever feel,
But serpent rankles where the dove
Had set his holy seal;
Like moon-beams on the sombre side,
The mountain umbrage dim,
No sun-born flowers there abide,
But haggard phantoms grim;
No sorrows keen the sinless know,
From blighting passions flee,
No pricking thorns nor thistles grow,
All Eden's children free;
A spark may mountains set on fire,
Good actions satan bruise,
From sparks, the conflagration dire,
Our food distilling dews;
Bright penciled bow from beamy ray,
The fountains gushing sweet,
From purling streams and dashing spray,
Lo, flowing rivers greet;
The oceans grand that foaming roar,
From wellings of the deep:
The heaven and the hell in store,
From thoughts and actions reap!

Were Jesus' love supreme and near,
The power strong as earth,
No longer would we cherish dear
The things of waning birth;
If earthy love, the venal toy,
Were banished from the mind,
The world beyond, would hail with joy,
And never look behind;

A path exists from earth to sky,
Must pass through Eden's gate,
Unholy passions wisely fly,
Alone on Christ await;
Nor shadow of a wicked thought,
Should suffer cross the mind,
What once had ever evil wrought,
Much less that evil bind;
Ah, better far behold, to lose
A cherished eye or hand,
Than downward tread where satan strews
With thorns that doleful land!
Unless our love be single, pure,
May perish in the strife,
With Him alone to end endure,
Behold, the tree of life;
Should Jesus strive retain in sight,
And nothing know but cross,
And unto death to covet life,
Whatever else the loss;
Determined be with mighty will,
Lo, every foe to slay,
The heights to tread of Zion's hill,
And serpents on the way!

Immortal then ye naively ask,
Are we secure above?
Forever yes if always bask
In heaven's beaming love;
As God alone too lives forever,
And Jesus lives in him,
In Christ, exist and perish never,
Or die as severed limb;
And if forever, why not now
Ourselves deny of all,

And unto him allegiance vow,
And never, never pall;
Lo, earthy ways will life purloin,
Can they assurance give!
For unto vine must branches join,
If would forever live;
Supported not by root its own,
But tree sustains the graff;
When we're in Jesus, him alone,
Will then be living staff;
Then branch becomes with holy vine
Immortal, bearing fruit,
Upheld by Him, who is divine,
Sustained by living root.
O come embalm in holy love,
Thou bleeding Lamb of God,
With saving power from above,
Sweet bloom of Aaron's rod;
Ambrosial Being, holy One,
How can forever part!
Ourselves would grieve away undone,
Outcast from bleeding heart;
Thy loving words in mem'ry flow,
Transport us far away,
To eighteen hundred years ago,
In mountains with thee, pray;
Come Father, Son and Holy Dove,
May evil be forgot,
May free partake of feast above,
And share a chosen lot!

The caterpillar cannot flee
As gaudy butterfly,
Unless in chrysalis it be,
Must caterpillar die:

To soar aloft beyond the sun,
Must pinions then prepare,
Must watchful be, the gauntlet run,
Must storm the lion's lair;
Too late may caterpillar find,
The butterfly to be,
Too soon will frosty winter bind,
Then die in misery;
When ants provide their frugal store,
To right they stray nor left,
For wisely know would live no more,
Of house and food bereft;
A butterfly must timely be,
To fly to genial climes:
Who late to heaven's portals flee,
May knock ten thousand times;
'Tis he who overcometh well,
The crown receives and reigns,
O'er waning world, deceiving hell,
And flesh's polluting stains;
Nor sluggard will succeed nor fool,
In indolence they sit;
To watchful be is heaven's rule,
The world with glory lit;
The apostle fought with spirit beasts,
And then received the crown,
The vict'ry won, arose a priest,
Of holy fame, renown;
E'er walk the earth, upon it dwell,
No mightier man than Paul,
The heathen gods before him fell,
Achieved through valor all;
Who conquers not, cannot abide
In Canaan's fruitful land,
But wanders o'er the desert wide,

Upon a barren sand;
Yes, Israel first must conquer foes,
Before in Canaan reigns,
Must triumph saint o'er satan's blows,
Before he heaven gains,
Must overcome the tyrant's rod,
Before his conquests ring,
With Jesus dwell, with sov'reign God,
Or hallelujahs sing;
Must eager strive t'excel the more,
If God on him bestows,
Like Sampson what he lacked before,
Or perish with his foes!
But hopeless past can we recall?
Would sorrow be in vain,
Should flowing tears as showers fall,
'Twould but augment the pain;
Confiding still, should trusting cling
To God, the faithful friend,
With patience wait till gracious bring,
Through grace, salvation send;
The holy life will tempests brave,
And acts salvation prove,
Nor cries alone nor wailings save,
Nor may they mountains move;
Nor brilliant show, profession loud,
Nor blossoms on the tree,
But holy walk, the fruitage proud,
Will great in harvest be!
How few alas, preserved have been!
'Twas so from ancient days,
Because of foul pollution, sin—
But why such marv'ulous ways!
Behold, the doings of the Lord,
How wondrous in our eyes,

Unchanging too, his sacred word,
The stars how few arise!

What mortals will, God often wills,
Still is it always best?
Its issues then he all fulfills,
A blessing or a pest;
But wisely walk, his counsels keep,
On Jesus build alone,
Will treasures hid triumphant reap,
Through Christ, the corner stone!
Should love divine in pleading speak,
And we our only foe,
While God supports our bodies weak,
Still searching strive for woe!
In warning should he urgent plead,
And we for foibles care,
Should faithful Jesus intercede,
And still destruction dare!
Should still of folly, evil choose,
Or entertain a thought,
In sinful ways the soul abuse,
That blood divine hath bought!
How faithful Lord and loving thou!
What recompense can be?
O every feeling, thought endow
With blessed traits of thee!
May heart divine in mercy burn,
That foes no longer mock,
The gracious bosom loving yearn,
Of Savior blessed rock;
Thy rains descend and make alive,
On parched earth the vine,
And dews of heaven sweet revive,
When wilting all repine.

“Come unto me,” says Jesus, “now,
And cast above your lot,
Nor look behind when at the plough,
’Tis satan’s tempting plot!”
If we would follow Jesus fair,
Would with Jehovah walk,
A hundred fold luxuriant bear,
In friendship with him talk,
The purple clouds would climb so free,
To peaceful home of joy,
To God ascend, to heaven flee,
With angels time employ,
Would Enoch like celestial walk,
The narrow way and please,
Like Noah too in friendship talk—
The wine upon the lees,
Should nothing do but will divine,
And that from early youth,
Obedient vow at holy shrine—
Salvation, wisdom, truth!
For earthy toys may lead astray,
Th’affections dark of earth;
Arise in manhood, hurl away,
Of dismal sin the birth;
Upon its face exuberant bloom
The thistle and the thorn,
The serpent’s nest beneath may doom,
What precious may adorn.
Then curb the rising evil thought,
That to destruction leads;
What evil, tempting passions wrought,
As lightning downward speeds;
Dilemma earthy, how to curb,
When fierce commotions toss,
Let bleeding side the heart disturb,

The rugged tree, the cross;
When vile temptations threat'ning, flee,
With sin destructive fell,
Remember then who ransomed thee
From deep and yawning hell!

Lo, whirling forms in mazy dance,
The giddy throngs around,
While sparkling eyes their souls entrance,
As to the music bound;
But pictured there in plain array,
Upon the loit'ring groups,
The waning charms on rapid way,
Within the silken loops;
For through the subtle archer's wound,
As quiv'ring arrows fly,
Were lovely fair, encircling crowned,
Where faded roses lie.
Should blooming youths amid the bowers
Then taste of honey-dews,
From sweet, enticing, fragrant flowers,
Enchanting purple hues,
Though rosy chaplets 'round entwine,
With golden lace inwove,
Though sparkling gems in glitt'ring shrine,
And Cupids wing the grove!
Lo, far away are turtle doves,
Present suggestive thought,
What wooing emblems, cherished loves,
Enrapturing dalliance wrought;
O rather roam where lilies blow,
With myrtles wreath the head,
Where springing fountains, rivers flow,
Than lie on daisy bed;
Since up the tow'ring, arching blue,

The radiant, ambient skies,
Mid lunar sheen of lustrous hue,
Lo, Morning Star arise!

The blooming youth, the glowing health,
How sinful to destroy,
The precious jewel, mint of wealth!—
To living boon enjoy;
No second blow inflict for fear
That God may cast away:
“Ye cursed depart!” to accents hear,
With blighting powers slay;
No more t’arise decaying mould,
The foul, polluted, gaunt,
And still the horrors half untold,
Around where goblins haunt;
As spectres wander in dismay,
Four hundred years around,
How many perish on the way,
Or burrow underground!
The stovers frail deprived of limb,
Upon a distant shore,
Like evening stars mid twilight dim,
Lo, set to rise no more;
And dusky shadows pass away,
Though heaven be in sight,
Extinguished, lo, the glimm’ring ray
To mingle with the night;
O precious life, to jewel gain,
But once arrives to all,
May rise aloft to starry plane,
Or as a meteor fall!

No sin original to bind,
Forever Adam’s race,

No sin imputed to mankind,
But earthy will debase;
Herein predestination found,
Alone it truly dwells,
Who birthright hurls upon the ground,
For mess of pottage sells!
The Savior came to hopeless lost,
And not for holy ones,
For sinners bled--the fearful cost,
In dying, meek atones!
Nor righteous fallen and disgraced,
A doctrine some believed,
Has man degraded and debased,
By satan then deceived;
Emotions warm and friendship true,
The human still display;
Not so with fallen spirits blue,
With time will pass away;
Nor yet as filthy beasts of hell,
To midnight, turned the dawn,
From angels bright to dragons fell,
And croaking frogs the spawn!
Then Christ himself is scarcely pure,
Descends from human race,
And could forever not endure,
Would fallen traits disgrace!
Before the flood, were all depraved,
By ties unblushing bound,
And Noah's race alone was saved,
Alliance holy found;
Would unto kingdom been an end,
Belshazzar-like of old;
When sin, corruption, horrors blend,
Will MENE dark unfold!
Not holy ones preserving salt,

Of earth the future seeds?
Did virtue, Joseph aught exalt,
Or Enoch pleasing deeds!
No punishment, impending woe,
If tread in wisdom's path,
But fiend horrific, for the foe,
For sin th' Almighty's wrath!
But holy ones will mount, arise,
Upon the eagle's wing,
With seraphs bright to beamy skies,
Beyond the stars will sing;
Predestination still is true,
For Babylon great will fall,
The wisdom all of God foreknew,
The merchant's stunning pall;
Can righteous mount the radiant skies,
Unless he willing saves,
Will stones on pinions plumed arise,
From depth of slumb'ring graves!
Lo, serpents dire with forked tongue,
With venom will defy;
Then frightful knell terrific, rung,
Away when angels fly;
When planets, earth no longer hold,
Must waning pass away,
By strong attractive force behold!
Then comes the dreadful day;
In fleeting time, will be undone,
Though unbelievers scoff,
Revolving 'round the central sun,
Must fly in tangent off;
In thralldom those cannot ascend,
To pure, ethereal sky,
But must remain and will descend,
Consuming as they fly!

Lo, spirits of another world,
Existed once, avowed,
But passed away, t'oblivion hurled,
To awful dest'ny bowed;
Determined were the mighty host
Eternal life to reap,
But plunged beyond the sandy coast,
Beneath the rolling deep!

For want of wisdom evils flow,
And not Jehovah's wrath,
Forewarns before is struck the blow,
To flee the fiery path;
The treasure's lost, because too late,
For want of wisdom bright,
Nor God delights in woful fate,
But ever counsels right;
When ancient towns had burned away,
Then desolated heap,
To build again they hardly stay,
But elsewhere seek to reap;
Then mighty Nimrods reigned in blood,
No planets beaming shone,
No righteous Noah rode the flood,
Alone their fate bemoan:
The cities now destroyed by flame,
As by enchantment spring,
Arise anew through Jesus' name,
From ashes rise and sing;
Now Christian faith the soul inspires,
Sweet hope and mercy warm,
Now spurns the desolating fires,
Outlives the flaming storm!
Misfortune, fate or accident
To most occur and hard,

May best befall, not always sent,
The wise and prudent guard;
For tempests sweep and tinder burn,
The prudent armed for strife,
The safety valve imprudent learn,
The checkerboard of life;
Should sin abound will mercy not
Then bid the burning cease,
The tempest calm, avert the lot,
Restore desired peace;
Lo, surging billows rushing came,
Engulfed in fiery deeps,
Fierce, roaring avalanche of flame,
The red sirocco sweeps,
The winged flames upon the wind,
Detached demons flew,
Like fiery fiends to dest'ny bind,
As roaring tempests blew;
The stoutest hearts before it fail,
The nerves before the doom,
Before gigantic terrors quail,
As horrors upward loom,
Before the fiery furnace dread,
Destructive, lurid form,
The ashes wafted of the dead
Before the flaming storm,
Before the raging hurricane,
Before the dragon red,
The desolating, dreary reign,
Beneath the ashy bed!
Still bright and Morning Star revives,
From ashes and the dust,
The people live, the city thrives,
Through conquering of lust,
The lust of power, fleeting gain,

The lust of fatal sting,
Now much subdued through Jesus' reign,
And comforts sweetly bring;
All hopeful live through Gilead balm,
To rise again in bloom,
Through righteous deeds obtain the palm
Beyond the dismal tomb;
What ragings still of desp'rate fight,
To seed millennial sow,
The mists dispel of gloomy night,
And conquer dreadful foe!
At Jesus' side the Father stands,
The God of Israel's might,
To conquer all are his commands,
Will triumph in the right!

O Father dear, revered name!
Can earth another lend?
In danger trust, in sickness same,
In death our all commend;
With jealous care our sleeping hours,
Parental from above,
Protects from all infernal powers,
Why longer doubt his love!
If doubts exist, behold the skies,
Bright orbs of beauty greet,
There loving kindness gracious prize,
Decipher mercy sweet!
The holy God still loving calls,
Arouse ye drowsy souls,
Arise and enter sacred halls,
The portals are the goals;
In youthful bloom, if wisdom choose,
May beard the prowling foe,
The path with fragrant flowers strews,

Nor parting sorrows know;
How blessed they secure in choice
Of Him who freely died,
In glory there may all rejoice,
The bridegroom and the bride!

The Savior's love enchains the world,
Enlinks the fold together,
The golden pennant sways unfurled,
Though lighter than a feather;
Fraternal love, the balmy peace,
Of everlasting life,
Thereby contentions, clamors cease,
All fightings and all strife;
Let falchions bright of warriors gleam,
And blood their tracks pursue,
Still coronets of soldiers beam
From cross of brighter hue!
Within the ark where anthems ring,
That sails for Zion's Mount,
There manna eat, hosannas sing,
And drink from living fount!
O, sweet enclosure, blessed life!
Withal triumphal palm,
In raiment white the bridal wite,
The bride of spotless Lamb;
Then unto Him, the Savior cling,
Though wandered far away,
There shielded be from adder's sting,
And bathe in primal ray!

That place exists, exult above,
In peace where seraphs dwell,
Redeemed of God in Jesus' love,
Away from blighting hell;

As sweetly rests the little child,
By angels guarded bright,
By foul temptations ne'er defiled,
The raiment snowy white!
For what then bosoms fondly yearning?
Ye souls in Jesus speak!
For shining glory are they burning?
Then Shiloh only seek;
The Savior sweet beyond the clouds,
Came down a ransom free,
And rolled away death's ghastly shrouds,
Corruption bid us flee;
That rugged tree salvation bought,
The thirsty soul to sate,
As yet unheard, unseen, unthought
What blessed things await;
All honor unto him who bled,
And God, who yielded free,
His Son now living from the dead,
In love to ransom be;
When sore temptations dark assail,
Then think on Jesus pure,
To look upon is to prevail,
Escape deception's lure:
He saith "though raging billows tossed,
And lowering dark the sky,
Whom given me have nothing lost,
Away with them will fly;
Am Son of the Almighty God,
Arise and live in me,
Broke Eden's sword, satanic rod,
Behold, salvation free;
Now luminous bright, refulgent rays
Encircle 'round the Throne,
God's children bless'd, immortal days,
Unmingled bliss alone!"

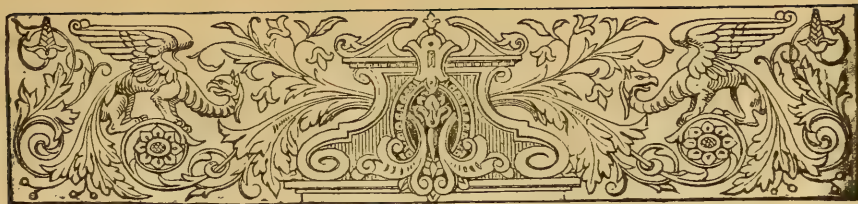
The virgins wise exultant stand,
And wait upon the Lord,
From Jordan march with Zion's band,
To music's sweet accord,
In beauty shine as glitt'ring gold,
Arrayed in snowy white,
With angels bright within the fold,
In spheres of radiant light;
There hallelujahs on the lips,
Will loud hosannas ring;
The holy one who nectar sips,
Will Jesus' praises sing,
Around the throne divine on high,
He fondly calls His own,
While treasures new reveals the sky—
The seeds of wisdom sown!
O Savior sweet, come kindly cheer
Our drooping spirits on,
Arouse us from each trembling fear,
Till golden crown is won!
From glory of thy face impart,
The canvas dark illume,
With hopeful ray the failing heart,
Dispel the murky gloom;
Let luminous rays of light unbar,
The shades disperse of night,
And spotless Lamb, the Morning Star
To bark be guiding light,
That we may heaven's anthems sing
In weeping world of sighs,
From fountains quaff that living spring,
Drink water from the skies,
Where living words, celestial rhymes,
And crystal waters flow,
Where melting cadence sweetly chimes,

And no siroccos blow;
Where living bloom will beauty bring,
In regions of the sky,
And where archangels anthems sing,
On winged glory fly;
Where ringing music, rapturous strains
Of thrilling, holy choir,
Above the wisdom high of swains,
While God exalts still higher;
Ascension day, O, climax sweet!
To dome celestial rise,
Bright pinions spread where seraphs greet,
Commune mid azure skies!

Still ages may pass and we dwell all alone
In regions forsaken and dreary the zone,
Mid winter to stand on a desolate heath,
No flowers there blooming the brow to enwreath;
Away, lo, are fled, who enraptured the soul,
But blightings remain of their magic control;
Awake, oh, awake, from this torpor arise,
For heaven but live then its glittering prize;
When visions all fragile have vanished from view,
In beauty then mount to the stars amid blue,
Where rivers in glory sweet gushing that well,
And anthems ecstatic in cadences swell;
Away then to mansions of blissful abode,
Where nectar in sweetness forever hath flowed,
On pinions of rapture to spangles of dome,
To scenes of enchantment, celestial sweet home!



THE RIVER NILE.



CANTO XVI.

LIVING PICTURES.



ON tablets the beauty of old was enrolled,
And tow'ring the acme of horrors untold!

Now go my way and I will tell
What pictures once I saw,
Were portraits true of heaven and hell,
The gospel and the law;
Like solar rays in wavy streams,
Imparted visions, light
Of knowledge, truth, the rising gleams,
Transferred to canvas bright!
Of graphic, true artistic line,
That sacred picture there,
Of inspiration lo, divine,
And mighty genius rare;
A picture dark of mortal gloom,
Of malice and of hate,
Immortal hights of living bloom,
And bright eternal state!
The world in hieroglyphics bold,
Recorded first the truth,
The records old sublime unfold
Success of Zions' youth;
There large appears the arbor fair,

Where angel faces beam,
Still seem distressed if reckless dare
To venture in the stream;
And there, unvailed the magic wand
Of nature's golden arts,
And bold disclosed the fearful bond,
Where forged the fiery darts;
There turtle doves the angels shield,
Mid bright, cerulean clouds,
Beyond the scope where grim revealed,
The weird sepulchral shrouds,
Beyond the gulf that dreadful rolls,
Beyond temptation's vale,
Where doom awaits the famished souls,
Whom passions fierce assail,
Where tree of good and evil stands
Mid roses all around,
Where earthy join forbidden hands,
The forked from the ground!
To good and evil, waters run,
Away from tree of life,
And many on the stream undone,
Who perish in the strife;
Like forked tongue of serpent looms,
Of deadly venom tells,
Where thorny roses man entombs,
With worm the victim dwells;
Around the trunk the serpent coils,
Awaiting to deceive,
Beneath volcanic lava boils,
We shocks almost perceive;
With forked lightning serpent tongue,
On tree forbidden hangs,
Lo, hissing noise the fruit among,
And death's envenomed fangs!

Behold him looming, satan dread,
With serpent in his hand,
T'entomb his victim with the dead,
Enlarge his hellish band;
The deadly folds around his arm,
Magnetic force employs,
Menacing rattlesnake's alarm,
With pois'nous fangs destroys;
Hell's blighting touch in serpent found,
And ghastly death may be,
Lo, bones and horrors strewed around
The blasting upas tree!
A fiery hail came rattling forth,
As dragon vengeance wreaks,
To him destroy of sacred worth,
Though distant refuge seeks:—
Again, appears as saintly priest,
To check Emanuel's race,
The Morning Star in roseate east,
Through earthy charming face,
Majestic monarch grim of hell,
The wing'd satanic king,
With purpose dread, destructive fell,
To desolation bring!
Lo, plucking fruit, support of life,
A female charming stands,
Regardless of the horrid strife,
Of hooded serpent bands:
Still Palms arise upon the tombs,
O'er slumb'ring dead remains,
The myrtle springs, the lily blooms
Where desolation reigns;
Still fortress looms where serpents glide
Beneath the crescent moon,
Where pyramids and ruins hide
The crystal, living boon!

'Twas woman fair the thought conceived
To give of Cupid's fruit,
Then angel stern and pointing, grieved,
To Furies in pursuit;
And others still were pointing lo,
To mourning turtle dove,
Encompassed then by riven bow,
The holy God above;
For dragon rose with twisted tail,
With tongue as winged dart,
The pinioned fright to life assail;
To still the quiv'ring heart!
From baneful tree then seeming peer
The ghastly skulls around,
On sandy shores and barren, drear,
Which reared the ancient mound;
Then Son divine with beamy ray,
Emerged from crescent moon,
With conq'ring steed to dragon slay,
And still the fierce simoon;
Affliction's sons with hopeful Palms,
Released from brazen bars,
Lo, joyful raise the sweetest psalms,
Till echoed from the stars!

As cheerless as the skies of southren pole,
No glimm'ring light ere pierced that darken'd soul,
Nor beaming ray from Jesus' lustrous crown,
That black abyss, the depths of sov'reign frown!

Lo, bowing Cain beneath the rod,
Where thorns and thistles grew;
While Abel righteous one of God,
The snares of satan flew;
Burnt-offering smoke ascends the skies,

The kneeling saint with lamb,
The serpent from the altar flies,
The crook in shepherd's palm;
For righteous Abel is the first,
Himself from thralldom frees;
But rolling smoke on earth dispersed
As Cain, the jealous flees;
First cloud as little hand behold,
The gust of anger hath;
Soon stormy skies in blackness rolled
From tempest fierce of wrath;
Then, beat in malice Abel dear,
The face beloved so well,
Lo, wicked Cain his brother near,
And plunged his soul in hell;
All pallid stands the fallen Cain,
While Abel welt'ring lies,
Erect the serpent near the slain,
With forked tongue defies!
Th' assassin's blow, the murd'rous deed
Proclaim the bloody hand,
The shocking cry, the herald's speed
Still echo through the land,
Still name records the crushing woe,
Where corpse was staring cold,
The reeking clothes from fatal blow,
*The sac of blood behold!**
The purple stain, the evil tree,
The dark, the mystic wand!
Terrific, flies a refugee,
To Nod a vagabond,
A fugitive from cherished friends,
A castaway of God,
To wand'ring star its horrors lends,

* (Damascus signifies "A sac of blood.")

The branding of the rod;
Dark shadows cast, to desert wends,
O'er bleak and sandy blights,
Like Alpine phantom lo, descends,
From hov'ring 'mong its heights;
The fierce remorse from dreadful fall,
Reproaching nature hemmed,
All frowning wore the sable pall—
Cain guilty stood condemned!
Oh, dismal thought to cruel slay,
To murder what He made,
The winged serpents die, decay,
In wilderness they fade;
Lo, murder fell, the hideous name,
With dark attending train,
Is written in the lurid flame,
Where beast and serpent reign;
Th'appalling depths can none depict,
Of fall, of sable gown,
Who dares to sin against th'edict,
The eye that burneth down;
No wicked deed escapes the Lord,
All searching eye of God,
Huge worlds emerged at potent word,
Will vanish at his nod,
Who angels made and glorious skies,
Where strains of music swell,
The dark abode where serpents rise,
Mid sandy oceans dwell;
Horrific doom, that awful way,
Those fiery sights to see,
Mid whirling pools that widening play,
And powerless to flee;
Foundation frail on arid sands,
The road to flaming hell,

On burning shores terrific lands,
The star extinguished fell!
O, happy state of ransomed saved,
How dreadful but the lost!
Their downward way themselves have paved,
In darkness, tempest tossed,
Where winged dragon, adder's tail,
The vulture's head to feast,
The lion's jaws, the awful wail,
The hooting owl, the beast;
Whence triple-headed serpents rise,
And horrid monsters loom,
Twin devils with their subtle lies,
To seal the victim's doom!

To beauteous youth two harlots beck,
And charm away their prey,
With scarlet robes their persons deck,
Then drive with dogs away;
Lo, flees afoot through barren plains,
To wilderness afar,
While all his former beauty wanes,
His raiment on a par;
All nature wears the seared leaf,
The blighting of the curse,
From sorrow, falls soon into grief,
Then deeper still to worse:
But Jesus stands erect and fair,
And knowing satan's seat,
Lo, rugged cross his shoulders bear,
A rosy cross at feet;
Not avarice, pride, the bane deceived,
Unholy lust to win,
Without begot, without conceived,
Nor born with fatal sin;

With pensive eyes, beholds the cross,
He simply sighs—"away!"
Though billows huge tumultuous toss,
Dispersed, the misty spray!

Within the guilty walls immure—
Down in the gulfy deeps—
From slimy pits where serpents lure,
The devil harvest reaps;
The erring one how fragile too!
With carcass lean and spare,
The famished soul, satanic crew
With deadly weapons dare;
Terrific, rend without the ark,
That myst'ry dim of old,
Lo, straying waif on waters dark,
The problems there unfold;
Still spans the bow the mighty main,
Around th'involving haze,
Where billows huge tumultuous reign,
Mid drear, bewild'ring maze;
And virtues' child will stem the wave,
To Zion wisdom bring,
Though dragons huge mid havoc rave,
With cherubim will sing!

Lo, fruitful vines a maid enwreathes—
Th'intoxicating draft!
The golden sheaf that God bequeaths,
The dupe resigns to craft!
Within the gate of Eden blooms
The living tree secure;
Without in vale of pleasure dooms,
Where coiling serpents lure;
Then *officer* with armor stands,

When trodden is decree,
Infringed the pure, divine commands.
Will fiery demon be;
In folly lewd they vainly vie,
In pale and haggard vice;
No diamond flashing in the eye,
Nor roses more entice;
Then semblance near of human found,
Remains of earthy love,
With opening roses beastly crowned,
While daisies bloom above;
Then sepulchre, alas, in sight,
Within, the hopeless dead,
Around the fiery serpents bite,
On earth prepared the bed;
Whole cates of luscious fruits consign,
The ductile gold in store,
And flowing bowls of rosy wine
Upon the sandy shore;
The fragments of baptismal urn,
Lie scattered all around;
In tomb remain, no more return,
In dust the victims found;
In dreary vale of dismal gloom,
Then raven ghost behold,
To vigils keep on mould'ring tomb,
O'er dust of sinful mould;
Pale emblem of the broken law,
On lunar symbol trod,
Now light refused we sagely saw,
A hooting owl the god;
Now nothing left but blasted hope—
Around the ravens scent—
Among the elves, in darkness grope,
When crescent moon is rent!

United lo, the guilty two,
The dark, polluted blot,
Beneath to haunt of ebon hue,
Or hell with devil's lot;
With fiery eyes, unsightly teeth,
No laurels green abound,
On head deformed no floral wreath,
Nor myrtles more surround;
Conceive in thought the wretched soul,
Of all deprived but bones,
Ill-fated haunt as ages roll,
Lament with dismal moans;
In hope began, aerial way,
On verdant, flow'ry plane,
But ended where the goblins stray,
Bituminous, gulfy main!

A maid behold of purple dress,
Of red, the vesture wrought,
The purple sin we must confess,
The vesture Jesus bought;
Two fingers angels hold in sight,
To designate the good;
While satan too, arrayed in night,
With looming ebon hood!
And heaven languid seems from strife,
The dew on dripping locks,
From nightly vigils for the life
Of victim in the stocks;
Confusion, shame and sorrow too,
Amid the sad dilemma,
Forbidden fruit to Eden strew,
Lo, thorn and thistle drama!—
Afar behold her on the lea,
While halos from the skies,

Bring angles down t'enwreath her free,
With crown that Jesus buys;
At hand divine beloved son,
Whose bleeding wounds redeemed,
Beside them stand the purchased one,
While all with beauty beamed;
Away are depths and fearful deep,
Amid a sea of mire,
Where spiral smoke and flamings leap,
Of brimstone and of fire;
Betwixt the two a river flows,
A sea of cleansing blood,
In downward way the wicked goes,
Descends the raging flood,
When stray away, to evil flee,
To bait of aspic bane,
The passage thither still is free,
Around destructive main;
From arctic to antarctic pole,
Around the icy mass,
Is passage clear where currents roll,
Uninterrupted pass;
From Nugent's Sound to Auster land,
For those inclined still free,
A way exists for vessels manned,
To stem that fearful sea!

Adonis pure in wooing sought
Fair Venus, maiden free,
Enwreathed with garlands deftly wrought,
Beneath a myrtle tree;
The gallant youth of portly form,
Beneath a clement sky,
Of features handsome, bosom warm,
And of position high,

Caressed the bashful, modest maid,
Of bright, angelic mien,
Of person lovely, habits staid,
And arching brow serene;
Declared before a checkered life,
With courtly air and bland,
"Adored one," ere passions rife,
But shifting as the sand!—
In after time, no longer dear,
When equipoised enrolled,
Were rights disclaimed of the compeer,
No magic charms unfold;
For when had vanished golden span,
Familiar scenes arise,
The way denounced of cherished ban,
No longer beauty prize,
No longer flashed the brilliant gems,
For clouds had intervened,
No longer barque the billow stems,
By veil no longer screened:
As moments rolled, the waves away,
Upon the boist'rous sea,
They bravely cried in sad dismay,
"Behold the withered tree!"
For many years thus weary roam,
Along a winding shore,
Away and far from youthful home,
The jew'ls regained no more;
When wander forth amid the earth,
No blossoms sweetly bloom,
Mid sandy sea of barren dearth,
Upon a dreary tomb;
Inactive moves ærial car,
The goal no longer hail,
Beneath the rays of morning star,

Obscured by misty veil:
But Graces sweet mid living green,
To heaven ever true,
The morning star behold serene
Amid the arching blue;
As jewels bright at dazzling noon,
As granite firm always,
Serene as beams of silver moon,
And clear as solar rays!

The serpentine, and sceptre rods,
Contesting wars of reigning gods,
Were mythic truths revealed of old
As may exist to-day behold!

Amid the heavens Perseus stands,
With bold dramatic mien,
Defiance hurls to Pluto's bands,
The grand, the classic scene!
Medusa's head with mortal wound,
Then off the shoulders hurled,
And serpents seized and wrapped around
The axles of the world;
Thence Pegasus, th' immortal sprang,
And Graces from the sky,
From winged steed the Muses rang
With songs that never die;
Lo, Perseus, the mythic saved
Andromeda of old,
With fetters chained where dragons raved,
The story here is told,
Of golden fleece, the wand'ring lost,
The sheep in mountain strayed,
The prodigal that treasure cost,

In raiment, gold arrayed;
Of Hercules, the lad that slew
The snake beneath the bow,
Of fiery fangs mid pearly dew,
Where Hesper waters flow;
Herein, the God of Israel seen,
Is reconciled all,
The Grecian fable, christian sheen,
And Adam's fatal thrall;
And as revealed, the bridal Lamb
Came to a foreign land,
To maiden save, with vict'ry palm,
Ere sought his father's hand;
For Perseus arose to save,
The lustrous, golden star,
The buttress rent of rocky cave,
The bridegroom soon afar;
Among the constellations bright,
Then winged seraph stands,
Mid splendors of the starry light,
Of bright Orion's bands;
But seven stars in union bound,
Though beautiful the sight,
In Pleiades no longer found,
Extinguished, one, the light;
No longer lamp will brightly burn,
No more in skies enrolled;
When ashes once in classic urn,
No blossoms more unfold;
Should crown in Venus' temple place,
Although of beauty bright?
Soon disappeared anon apace,
Became disheveled light;
Then fragrant blossoms, jewels rare
That glitt'ring crown adorned,

Like clustered stars all sparkling were,
In dust and ashes mourned;
Like silver dew or flamy gold,
Upon the dusky green,
Where opening roses sweet unfold,
Were softer powers seen;
On velvet plains of sunny glades,
Conglob'd, in raptures found;
Lo, ring within the ringlet fades,
In dark oblivion found;
When laurels on the lap repose,
On verdure sweet entranced,
Then storms around the poles arose,
And blazing lightnings danced;
Thus Venus fair a fish became,
Before the monster fled,
The protean headed Thyphon flame,
When Cupid deftly led;
For when caresses, lewdly prize,
To courtly fervor yield,
Then to Euphates victim flies,
And there condition sealed;
When Zephyr and Aurora play,
Upon the rosy bed,
O'er violets and daisies stray,
In vernal orient red,
Where softly Venus' girdle fell,
Inspired enraptured hearts,
Then roaring storms through flaming hell,
Where forged Vulcanian darts;
Behold, Calypso's watery way,
Th' enchanting tinsel vile,
Whose burning lightnings deep display,
In prison on the Isle,
Lo, purple Isle, Hesperian land,

Amid a sea of glass,
On distant shores, the pilgrim band,
On scaly pinions pass;
Mid golden clouds or balmy dew,
Oft Cupid's nymphs abound,
Their light ærial way pursue,
Ambrosia flinging 'round;
When Sirens sing around the main,
And lull to fatal sleep,
Then trimmed the flutt'ring sails in vain,
Upon th' engulfing deep,
Where nereid and elfin glow,
On dragon's fiery wave,
That dreadful light of looming woe,
Where surging billows rave;
The conflict then twixt Thetis pure,
And Venus' artful reign,
Elysian fields lo, blooming lure,
On Isle mid tossing main:
Still Graces sweet amid the scene,
Present their mythic forms,
Invite away to living green,
From havoc of the storms;
Fruition of forbidden fruit,
Pandora's box behold;
To golden apples, death impute,
Lo, Pluto's gates unfold;
Where golden apples, dragon pit
And dog of fabled date,
The flaming sword of holy writ,
That guarded Eden's gate;
From sorrow man no longer flees,
Nor wipes away the stain,
To grief succumbs, upon the knees,
But tears effused in vain;

Then fate from savage beasts bewail,
While crested serpent mars,
And monster huge with dragon tail
Appears to touch the stars;
With arm upraised, with flaming sword,
Lo, satan grim defies,
Upon the earth with fiery horde,
The angels in the skies.
Then seemed untrue, to ravens changed,
The gods who dwelt above,
And into beasts that forests ranged,
Departed heaven's love;
Then hiding in the rocky caves,
When with the Sirens mix,
With Charon on the Stygian waves,
Upon the river Styx;
Then glare upon the vagrant stark,
The Gorgon eyes to slay,
Like glowing embers in the dark,
What horrors on the way,
What frantic dread amid despair,
The devil's fearful reign!
That monster rules th'affrighted air,
And shakes the starry plane,
The giant of Cyclopean race,
That ponderous missiles hurled,
And made cerulean billows chase
Around the liquid world;
Lo, 'round, around old Phoenix flies,
To northern star defame,
Where empress sat amid the skies,
Ere fell, the Sphynx became;
While streaks of vivid lightnings fly,
The triple thunders peal,
And flaming through the ambient sky,

The hidden depths reveal;
The arctic zone the might awakes,
The light from starry throne,
The winged shaft still quiv'ring shakes,
Transmuting into stone;
Arcturus, lo, with mighty arm
Still reaches to the pole,
To lightnings grasp, avert the harm,
While thunders 'neath him roll;
The streaks of forked lightnings seized,
And flashed athwart the sky,
The tumult of his foes appeased,
Then bent the bow on high;
And when to hades hurled the foe,
Hesperides regained,
Then gemmy rays of glory flow,
The stars all glitt'ring reigned;
Lo, halcyon days mid calmy sea,
Fierce Neptune is asleep,
The barge's afloat, from Hydrus free,
There's quiet on the deep;
'Neath crescent moon and starry skies,
They ride the curling wave,
Though billows huge tumultuous rise,
The lost triumphant save;
Behold, with gods the pinnacle manned,
To golden fleece regain,
With perfumed gales, the pinions fanned,
Upon the azure main;
With sweeping glories then arise,
From earth become divine,
As stellar lights amid the skies,
The gods and heroes shine!

Lo, angel tow'ring in his might,
His majesty behold,

While sinful one in shameful flight,
Forbidden ways unfold;
There fiery flying serpents dread,
By mandate sent divine,
A horrid monster 'mong the dead,
The harlot drunk with wine;
From torrid brimstone depths begot,
Lo, raving from the south,
And like volcanic lava hot,
In flaming from the mouth;
From glowing sun's electric fire,
Lo, fallen from its hight,
As blazing sulphur, meteor dire,
On earth a hideous light;
Archangel plumed with lightning wing,
With power from the deep,
Whence frightful shapes terrific, spring,
Where seething craters sleep;
Though daughter once and blooming fair,
Exalted 'mong the palmed,
The lion now, the savage bear,
The chief among the damned;
A murd'rer once, a savage wild,
On earth the Buddha walked,
Horrific, bloody hands defiled,
The dragon serpent stalked;
Once glitt'ring star where seraph flies,
Ere blazing downward fell,
From zenith of the stellar skies,
To nether pit of hell;
With fire electric now surcharged,
Hence shafts of flaming red,
To mighty monster, has enlarged,
From living and the dead;
Now fury dread of livid death,

Relentless, sweeping woes,
Of stony colored—chilly breath,
Lo, fiery sparks compose;
Now hark, alas, that bloody soul,
Is thirsting for the life,
Like baleful vapors lurid roll,
Exhales infection rife;
Like comet red with fiery haze,
Will glowing wonder flash,
In glaring with a lurid blaze,
Ere sink beneath the crash;
The union of two murd'rous souls,
Creation's ancient pair,
Cerulean flaming sulphur rolls,
What mystic wonder there!

Where lizard, frog and serpent's trail,
Mid slimy pits and dearth,
There lion's jaws, the dragon's tail
Cast blazing stars to earth;
To heaven some raise peering eyes,
In supplicating mood;
There waiting, hell in ambush lies,
All for the daily food;
There erring one in fond embrace,
Caressing fallen mate,
A raven black before the face,
Suggesting spirit state;
There one for thorny roses longs,
Is sad, enchanted slave,
The rights beholds, not doleful wrongs,
Nor phantoms from the grave;
There flying hare before the hound,
The quail before the hawk,
The deer, the wolf's ferocious bound,
As wildly horrors stalk!

Lo, on the troubled waters blue,
A saint supinely lies,
A fiery wreath in glaring view,
O'er him encircling flies;
Behold, the fiery serpent's crown,
Where bones of mould'ring dead,
'Neath Sinai's Mount, its awful frown,
And where the Savior bled:
In distance far on Zion's Mount
The Father stands with Son,
Would kneeling at his feet recount
His holy vic'tries won;
Still with the Shephërd's watchful eyes,
Surveys the wavy main,
With armor 'neath the ambient skies,
The azure, starry plane!

From sacred cup we wondering saw
Was raised the serpent's head,
Th'ensanguined doom for broken law,
Damnation of the dead;
When law of Sinai was revealed,
Should broken be a link,
Then lightnings flashed and thunders pealed,
Where shocks and quakings sink;
Should ways unholy, Zion scale,
As satan thought to do?
Will daring project surely fail,
With bitter penance rue;
Was launched alone the fragile bark,
Where winds tempestuous blow,
That dangerous state without the ark,
No captain there to row;
For Lucifer will heaven dare,
And demons fierce arise,

E'en righteous ones malicious tear,
Will rend before His eyes;
How can preserve them on the way,
With satan raging 'round,
They must through hell infernal stray,
Or mingle with the ground!
Unless, by great Jehovah willed,
Then truly, race in vain,
Unless is written word fulfilled,
Can not with Jesus regin;
Still sword divine of living God,
Can pierce the serpent dire,
Since Christ upon destruction trod,
To serpent burning fire!

Although, pursued by vulturous kind,
The restless demons bold,
Or rav'nous beasts to dest'ny bind,
Where foul pollution rolled,
Still holy ones in modest suit,
Beneath the living tree,
Await the dropping of the fruit,
And chosen too will be;
Lo, vessel staunch of blessed few,
Seem bound for Zion's hill,
Upon the wavy waters blue,
While sails the breezes fill,
Aye, far away on rolling seas,
Beneath an arching sky,
Soon wafted by a fragrant breeze,
As pennants waving fly;
The morning star o'er dimpled main,
Too flings the gilded sheen,
The pinnace lights from Egypt's plain
To Zion's hights serene;

In safety ark on floating tide,
Beneath the silver moon,
By Morning Star the billows ride,
Till sun of vernal noon,
Until they reach th'Elysian shore,
Where flows the crystal fount,
And sweet delights forevermore,
On Zion's holy Mount;
'Tis Zion's Mount, behold them land,
Ascend with faces bright,
Upon its highs in glory stand,
Arrayed in living light;
Lo, hark! the rapturous anthem songs,
Victorious thrills inspire;
Alone to heaven song belongs,
On altars holy fire;
Mid New Jerus'lem, lunar home,
Around the seraph sweeps,
Amid the bright ethereal dome,
Beyond Tartarean deeps;
There blooming tree of life alone,
Celestial products grow,
The lovely bow, the starry throne,
Pellucid waters flow;
Sweet heaven will in beauty woo,
Sweet heaven there and free,
Sweet heaven bright and glory too,
Sweet heaven ever be!

Upon the rolling billow,
Away, still far away,
Alone some make their pillow
On surging of the spray,
Beneath the gloomy arching,
Amid the watery waste,

Where waves are onward marching,
As mountains seeming haste,
Where monsters huge are looming,
On lonely, wildering plain,
And tumults wild are booming,
Around the tossing main;
O desert vast and dreary,
Where roaring waters rave,
To phantom faint and weary,
Upon the ocean wave!

To nevermore behold the rising sun,
His glorious course in golden circles run,
The moon resplendent on her silver throne,
From face divine forever waste alone;
To be transported to a region far,
And nevermore behold the Morning Star,
To nevermore behold once faces dear,
What anguish sore will wring the burning tear!

O, what pilgrims have past with the tempest away,
Since the morn of creation the dawning of day,
O, the falling of stars and the crashing mid gloom,
To oblivion consigned and the blackness of doom!
Still the solar orb beaming in gilding the morn,
O'er creation awakened the beauties adorn;
So the radiance of halo, the lustre unfurled
Is the advent of Shiloh enlight'ning the world.



CANTO XVII.

CELESTIAL LUMINARIES.—IS THERE A
GOD !



wonderful, yes wonderful his name,
Who bid the glorious sun arise aflame,
That name inscribed upon yon brilliant
tome,

Of great Jehovah mid the azure dome!

Lo, mountains tow'ring mid the fleecy clouds,
And valleys deep the picture dark enshrouds;
The dashing spray from limpid water leaps,
As upward bounds refreshes rugged steeps;
In grandeur bold majestic nature stands,
The silent watch of time, its waning sands,
A mellow halo crowns the wondrous scene,
Where life and beauty glow luxuriant green;
While magic drapery of enchanting haze,
From setting sun, the darts of pearly rays,
With golden tints enwreath celestial bright,
That thrill the soul entranced with rapt delight,
As changing hues and radiant colors rise,
From gorgeous rainbow in the orient skies,
The dying cadence from the warbling throngs,
Or holy accents of angelic songs!

The Morning Star before the king,
The monarch of the skies,

The plumed throngs upon the wing
 Invite the sun to rise;
Lo, twilight dim, the waning moon,
 The dawn of stilly morn,
The aureate tinge, Aurora soon,
 The light from darkness born!
The drab subdued, the penciled light,
 The clouds of sombre hue,
Now looped grace the canvass bright,
 The deep, the vaulted blue!
The rosy hue, the ruddy flame,
 The dappled morning gray,
The gilded clouds the sun proclaim,
 The orient, welcome day;
The rising beams of silent dawn,
 The golden rays of light,
With purple tinge the dewy lawn,
 Away as rushes night;
The golden throne, the orient bed,
 How changing tints adorn,
The portals where the roses red
 Unbar the blushing morn!
What glory in the morning skies,
 Where rosy blushes glow,
Aurora paints with nature's dyes,
 As fresh the breezes blow!
What beauty in the welkin blue,
 The rising sun displays,
The flocky clouds reflected hue,
 The chaste celestial rays!
The glitt'ring wonder on the world,
 The earth throughout its length,
With glowing brightness, light unfurled,
 Now rises in his strength,
With bright'ning beams career to run,

Dispelling radiance clear,
The dewy mists before the sun,
As vanish shadows drear;
The golden shafts, the gloomy night,
The darkness chase away,
The orient gild with virgin light,
The earth with blaze of day,
With rosy light the dewy lawn,
With jewels sprinkle o'er,
The silver waves of widening dawn,
Around the beamy shore,
As flashing through cerulean skies,
Celestial azure way,
From golden depths reflecting rise
Refulgent beams of day;
As lucid ray in billow dips,
From eyelids of the morn,
In kissing nature's lovely lips,
All sparkling bright adorn;
As darting beams from solar orb,
In ling'ring sportive free,
Caressing smiling waves resorb,
Within the dimpled sea!

How brightly waves the flashing ray,
The pennon bright unfurled,
Triumphant ruler of the day,
The glory of the world!
In beauty shines refulgent bright,
With life all nature teems,
With lovely radiance, vital light,
The earth an Eden seems,
Along the banks of margent green,
Where whispering myrtles grow,
The glassy waves, the silver sheen,

With diamond blaze aglow,
Which caused the angelic host to shout,
Celestial dome to ring,
In morning time He brought about—
From darkness light to bring;
The mind impressed with rev'rent awe,
At grand, enthrilling sight,
Majestic, tow'ring wonders saw,
The ruddy globes of light;
The tinsel'd skies of morn revealing,
As, secret chambers leave,
Or silent shadows softly stealing
In twilight, dusky eve;
At shimm'ring splendors that remain,
Ere quenched the golden light,
The burning glories in the main,
Were hid in sable night;
At azure white superb of skies,
At mighty tableaux grand,
As foaming ocean surges rise,
The looming billows stand;
At sable clouds as lightnings flash,
And gusty showers flow,
The heaven spanned beyond the crash,
The mountains with the bow;
At cheering light, the solar beams
Reflected from the sea,
As glowing wonder radiant gleams,
Reviving on the lea;
At beauty grand of Iris bright,
The blending tinted hues,
As glories curve through solar light,
Ethereal penciled dews;
Th' immensity of shining spheres,
As silent wonders roll,

Or comet on the scroll appears,
Enthrilled th' immortal soul!

In rising sun is might divine,
To Jacob good of old;
But Sodom, oh, the rod condign,
What flaming terrors rolled!
Still nature decks in shining light,
The earth with grandeur glows,
From Phœbus beaming glory bright,
The flower sweetly blows;
The monarch lights upon his throne,
The peasant in his cot,
The beggar with his crust and bone,
And some of humbler lot;
Archangels golden pinions spread,
And fly beneath his beams,
On lightning clouds the cherubs tread,
As lustre gilding streams;
The fruitful plains he shines upon,
Where's gleaned the golden sheaf,
Luxuriant banks of Amazon,
And peak of Teneriffe;
Upon the billows, surging strands,
The ocean's foaming waves,
In every clime, on distant lands,
With light creation laves,
With golden beams, with flashing ray,
Dispelling murky gloom,
Grand luminary bright of day,
All gilds with rosy bloom,
With silver edges gilding bright,
The clouds of sombre hue,
Before the earth enrobes in night,
And nature bids adieu;

Then scattered through the tinsel'd skies,
The sprinkled roses seen,
And rainbow hues, celestial dyes,
Amid the deep serene,
The tints of various shaded hues,
As sheds his parting rays,
Delighted now on beauty muse,
Enchanted as we gaze,
On penciled sky of eventide,
The blendings soft of light,
Ere crimson curtain drawn aside,
In shadows veiled of night;
On purling streams of sunny glades,
Ere purple beauties wane,
In dusky eve, its silent shades,
Before the starry reign;
Again to rise in other lands,
And paint with rosy hues,
Where birds awake in joyous bands,
And sparkle bright the dews!

Through sombre clouds when glitt'ring breaks,
And darts electric rays,
The shimm'ring sun his glory wakes,
Dispels the ling'ring haze,
As glowing tints of purple spring,
In orient, golden morn,
Aurora spreads her dappled wing,
Where penciled hues adorn;
Lo, ushers in the golden day,
With magic tinted hues,
Mid nature's mute, harmonious lay,
Where fresh the balmy dews;
From solar orb the lightning rays
Now dart in flashing streams,

Dispel the gloomy, murky haze,
Refulgent, radiant beams;
What splendors bright reflex appear,
Throughout creation dash,
The glowing sheen of golden sphere,
As brilliant lustres flash!
What pictures grand, superb the dyes,
What radiant beauties glow,
As 'round the mellow glories rise,
Or spans the radiant bow!

Th' auroral tints superb the florw'ry hues outvie,
As colors spread in blushes o'er the morning sky!

The dipping earth in orbit speeds
Around the seasons four,
Arise the changes, all proceeds—
Grand astronomic lore!
In autumn late the sun departs,
Abandons all to ice,
The drifting snow and frozen marts,
Is winter's frigid price;
Now driving snow, the sleety brings,
The blasts from starry throne,
Upon his hoary, frosted wings,
From icy mountain zone,
As ruder blasts of tempest bore
From tree the seared leaf,
Is garnered up the precious store,
The farmer's golden sheaf;
Now snowy waves the waters grace,
The autumn winds are high,
Tumultuous roar on troubled face,
That echo to the sky;
Now Boreas and Eurus blow,

The watery mountains roll,
As currents through the channels flow,
Around the steady pole!

As genial rays unbolt the icy bars,
The frigid chains now yield to warmer stars!

O welcome sun to wintr'y shore,
With bright and flow'ry spring,
To snowy clime's exhausted store,
As blessings richly bring!
The plumaged throngs that sweetly sing,
Transports them in his train,
With chirping music, speedy wing,
With song to cheer again;
Now foaming spray refreshing laves
The strands of crystal lake,
And floating breeze o'er curling waves,
The drooping spirits wake,
While zephyrs bland of gushing spring,
That whisper to the flowers,
The dews away in kissing bring
Sweet fragrance from the bowers;
Through quick'ning rays of genial clime
The blossoms sweetly bloom,
Now ripen fruits for harvest time,
Dispelled the famished gloom!

Foundations of the earth below,
On sun's attraction laid,
Through his attractive forces, lo,
Were worlds in motion bade;
When shining in his sov'reign strength,
The vivid lightnings rise,
And timely gusts arrive at length,

The earth to fertilize;
The northern lights reflections bright
Of sun's declining ray,
From icy plains and mountains white,
In skies fantastic play,
As gases from the earth escape,
From crevices below,
And character of lights partake,
Ignited as they flow;
From glaciers vast the currents rise,
When heated by the sun,
To negative, the polar skies,
From positive then run;
Magnetic changes thence induce,
In earth and waters found,
Hence arctic currents light produce,
The northern pole around;
In arctic regions quiv'ring gleams,
Like varied tinted bow,
Aurora Borealis streams,
The lightning sheets aglow;
The coruscating, flashing rays
Of bright, electric hue,
Of changing tints, the vivid haze,
Lo, shimm'ring in the blue!

O'er score of thousand years ago,
The sun established climes,
Reflected first the gorgeous bow—
Arose nine million times!
Majestic monarch of the skies,
Immense electric light,
Prodigious globe of marv'lous size,
Stupendous, wildering height;
Around the world he reigns alone,

Throughout amazing length,
From arctic to the torrid zone,
Careering in his strength;
By his electric heat evolves,
Away the vapors clear,
All into active life resolves,
On this terrestrial sphere;
The farmer vainly scatters seed,
Without his radiance fails,
The flashing, full, electric need,
Nor partial glimpse avails;
Without his rays the darkness dooms,
Without all nature's dead,
With flooding light the world illumines,
Ere sets in golden bed;
Resplendent sphere, revolving light,
First darts his misty ray,
Ere chilly shades of sable night,
Exclude the beamy day;
Lo, fiery orb in ocean laves,
Beneath the tableau grand,
His axles in the rolling waves,
As watery mountains stand;
Now quenched is Phœbus' burning ray,
Beneath the liquid sheet;
As portals close of waning day,
The skies and billows meet;
Now plunged beneath the azure deep,
The dusky veil of night,
Beneath the radiant gems we sleep,
The stars of golden light;
Now deep'ning gloom involves the main,
And shadows dark the land,
Now silver moon with starry train
Illume the circlet grand!

Thou wondrous orb in space immense,
Bright flashing in the blue,
Of what composed thy structure dense,
And whence thy substance drew?
The wisdom that creation 'round,
All things supports and feeds,
That hand supplies, together bound,
Bright spheres of beauty leads!
Lo, buoyed by grand electric forces,
In boundless space immense,
For thence derived his grand resources,
Again to scatter hence;
Around that splendor heaven revolves,
And grandly with the globe,
Encompass will till earth dissolves,
All nature will disrobe;
That radiant wonder, glowing sphere
Almighty hand unfurled,
Great fiery orb of glory, peer
Of the created world;
The lightnings holds within his hand,
The winds in mighty grasp,
The keys to hades, heavens grand,
Where angels dwell, the asp;
The planets all, in wisdom made,
To shine in boundless space,
As armies of the heavens staid,
They run their glorious race;
Will worlds unheard, unseen create
Through his all potent will,
Where bright unfolds th' eternal gate,
His arm Almighty still!

The glimm'ring worlds of lesser size,
With fires electric shine;

What sweeping bid the stars arise,
Was wisdom's voice divine;
The lightnings flashing o'er their globes,
In stars the sparkling shows,
Th' electric fluid bright enrobes,
In sun the shimm'ring glows;
Ethereal, pure, electric fire,
Around a central ball;
Internal quakings may transpire,
Lo, stars arise or fall;
From fiery orbs volcanoes break,
Eruptions belching rise,
The burning suns in rocking quake,
The glowing meteor flies!
No human being walks the stars,
Where fires electric flow,
Their orbs around, forever bars,
Like comets' carbon glow,
Yon burning globe, erratic sphere,
In regions trailing far,
Elliptic orbit soaring drear,
Beyond the polar star,
Through universe, in boundless space,
Irradiating mass,
Great fiery orb, astounding race,
What mighty thought compass,
As through ethereal azure rolls,
Amid bespangled skies,
And glowing 'round the starry poles,
In flaming chariot flies!
On verge of earth we stand amazed,
While peering into space,
Mid rapturous scenes and boundless dazed,
As shining wonders trace;
Could we to yonder planet fly,

And brave the dizzy flight,
Through starry regions of the sky,
And stand upon its height,
Thence gaze amazed to distant stars,
Creation's wondrous bounds,
Where comet soars beyond its bars,
Stupendous in its rounds;
Then still let mind conceive of space
Beyond its orbit grand,
The fiery penciling in the race,
Lo, still th' Almighty's hand;
What mind embrace, what wisdom know
The works sublime of God,
Who bent the radiant, purple bow,
And spread the worlds abroad!
How universe in beauty spanned,
Could seraph lips have told,
How royal arch, th' empyrean grand,
His mighty arm unfold!

In spots behold, the waning sun,
Metallic globe displayed;
Th' electric fires as first begun,
No longer now arrayed;
The glory of that lustrous orb,
Cannot forever last,
The law emit and law resorb,
Events will be of past;
Th' electric fires, the planets all,
In circling time must wane,
So foul, electric spirits fall,
Extinguished in their bane!

If man exhausts his spirit strength,
Expend his vital power,

Like planets will decline at length,
Be creature of the hour;
To dissipate cannot endure,
Cannot forever be,
But self protect to life ensure,
Behold the law for thee!
How could Jehovah if disposed
A new existence give!
One of electric fire composed,
How can forever live?
And righteousness availeth not,
'Tis quality alone,
Will pass away, in time forgot,
Oft wisdom but of stone!
Alas, that man will self derange,
Despoil the rosy bloom,
The lilies fair of life exchange
For daisies of the tomb;
In image made of glorious God,
And born an agent free,
But soon reduced to crumbling clod,
Terrific, can it be!
The golden dew, the sparkling gem,
But silver globe is now;
Departed verdure will condemn,
In dust the lily bow;
God's emblem bright—the solar ray,
From mire the visage hides,
For darkness, gloom, exchanged the day,
Eclipsed, obscured abides!
What spectred horrors sin has wrought,
How weird the life on earth!
No longer grasp a giant thought,
The dwarf'd from early birth.
Then look aloft before ye sin,

To starry spangled sky,
To orbs of beauty, striving win
Their maker lest ye die;
To Jesus look on shining cloud,
From tomb arisen, lo,
From ghastly death's sepulchral shroud,
To rescue from the foe!

We see diffused the lucid ray
From planets grand in bright array,
As wander forth mid evening dew,
Mid mazy heights of starry blue!

The silent grandeur of the scene,
The rising moon at night,
In beauty garnished, lovely queen,
In rays of mellow light;
As back the sable mantle rolls,
With pensive thoughts we stand,
As mystic light involves the poles,
Illumes a darkened land;
Beneath the ambient dome alone,
Mid calm and stilly night,
Survey the brilliant lunar throne,
The grand, enthrilling sight;
Resplendent orb, with raptures greet,
As muses sweetly woo,
The rising glory, O how sweet,
The soul-inspiring view!
How gorgeous in the orient beams,
With rays of silvery white,
In beauty 'round th' horizon streams,
Enchanting vision bright,
As passing shadows lingering play
Around some ruins old,

In silent desolation lay,
Or looming grandly bold!
The beaming bright, the lunar orb,
Since grand creation shone,
Will shine apace till doom re'sorb,
In wand'ring course alone,
Alone amid the starry vault,
With bright and glitt'ring gems,
In beauty robed nor ever halt,
Till consummation stems;
Did once on Eden's bowers shine,
Where mystic river flowed,
On living tree, the fruit divine,
The fruit corruption sowed;
On Jordan's sacred river shines,
Still lovely beaming free,
In heaven poised for witness, signs,
Till crimson red will be;
On tombs of monarchs, sages, kings
Of ages past and gone,
Where owlet flits and scorpion stings,
Still reigns supreme alone!

In heaven's dome mid sparkling lights,
With mellow lustre gleams,
The earth enshrines in lovely sights,
The moon serenely beams;
Mid lucid light, celestial chaste,
In heaven's azure hue,
Diana's silver lamp is placed,
In tow'ring arch of blue;
Fair Cynthia walks by sov'reign might,
For seasons and for signs,
Resplendent queen mid stilly night,
With hazy lustre shines,

With light subdued in magic robes,
Earth's mantling charms enhance,
The beaming silver molten globe
Our ravished souls entrance,
As magic, sweet, mysterious lays,
That over nature's lute,
In dulcet strains of music plays,
Enrapturing cadence mute;
As mellow beams through mystic veil,
The pensive lunar light,
Diffused from orb, the glimm'ring pale,
O, grand, enthrilling sight!

The lunar orb with lucid rays
All nature floods with light,
Imparted by the solar blaze
To ruler of the night;
As crimson red, the azure blue,
And verdant green reflect,
From spider's web in gaudy hue,
From solar beams direct;
An ocean vast of hazy light
Illumes a dreamy land,
O, slumb'ring beauty sweet of night,
The silent vision grand!
Bright sphere of beauty soaring high,
In train the sparkling lights,
In azure seas it floats the sky,
Amid the brilliant heights;
And when eclipsed, how beauties daze!
Though still as nature's lute,
Mid brilliant dome admiring gaze,
The stars in wonder mute,
At light obscure of regent queen,
In ominous shadows found,

Lo, brilliant gems enhance the scene
Enchase in beauty 'round;
Relation sweet, celestial bond,
The weird and hazy hue,
In silence beam the magic wand,
Transporting nature's view!—
Entrancing scene, the queenly boon,
The tow'ring orb in space,
Serenely, lovely beams the moon
In calmy, silent race;
And when departed, beamy ray,
Is past the silver'd strands,
Its beauty lovely takes away,
To gladden other lands!

Come roam with us among the stars,
Where silent wonders roll,
Mid royal dome, Orion, Mars,
Emblazoned on the scroll;
How chaste, serene, the virgin skies,
Of pure, celestial ray,
Untarnish as in orbit flies,
Each planet on its way;
The twinkling stars mid azure height,
Enraptured seem to dance,
The shining watchers of the night,
With beauty sweet entrance!
Why stand ye gazing on the ground,
Its mould'ring toys behold,
While brilliant worlds are flashing 'round,
Their glories bright unfold;
Through space dispersed th'atomic light,
From every twinkling star,
From steady lustrous planets bright,
Reflected rays afar,

Through blue bespangled, vaulted sky,
The limitless expanse,
Through radiant dome in beauty fly,
Earth's splendors all enhance;
The wavy light from heaven shines
In lustrous beams afar,
From planets huge, the wondrous signs,
The bright and Morning Star;
Oft triplets some, while others pair,
In orbits swiftly fly,
Still Morning Star more lovely fair,
The glorious of the sky;
Thou gorgeous orb supremely bright,
May lustre ne'er be less,
Thy loveliness, thy beauty, light,
Thine image sweet impress!

The marv'lous grandeur of the theme,
How fashioned wondrous world,
The heavens, earth and waters teem,
The radiant scroll unfurled!
The glowing meteors streaming down
From heaven's azure height,
Through space immense with beauty crown
The scene in splendor bright;
And Paradise sweet heaven's route,
Lo, bliss without alloy,
All made the sons celestial shout,
And stars to sing for joy!
Could we survey the globe around,
Encompass too the stars,
In distance far, still wonders found,
Beyond these prison bars;
If roll such marv'lous orbs and grand
Amid astounding space,

What mind conceive, can understand,
Eternal scenes embrace!
These glories all to God belong,
Reflections of his face,
'The sparrow's chirp, archangel's song,
Endowments of his grace;
O look aloft to vaulted dome,
With sparkling gems bedecked,
Still brighter far, celestial home,
Will shine when all is wrecked!

Lo, crowning worlds in azure sky,
Sublimely course through space,
In grandeur fill, their mission fly,
Their bright and shining race;
How teeming wonders grandly roll,
In radiance beaming bright,
With cheering unction fill the soul,
We live amid delight!
The sparkling beauties, all aglow,
In twinkling groups afar,
Like varied glories of the bow,
Each solitary star;
With placid moons, the glowing suns,
Careering bright through space,
Like ponderous earth exact that runs,
Pursue their marv'lous race;
Lo, beaming sun, the cloudy loops,
The colored rainbow bright,
The clustered stars, the glitt'ring groups,
The moon of silv'ry light!

While gazing in the brilliant vault,
The glitt'ring gems look down,
Enthrilled by beauty, ponder, halt,

Behold earth's starry crown!
Lo, course sublime in harmony,
The solar system grand:
So must the moral system be,
Eternally to stand;
If vary aught the mighty tide,
Stupendous moving world,
Would fiery orb with orb collide,
All back to chaos hurled;
The footprints of Creator blest,
His wonder-working hand,
Behold in earth, on high confessed,
Th' Almighty God's command,
Who starry dome of firmament,
And earth's foundations laid,
Each planet in its orbit sent,
And all in motion bade;
Ten thousand chains lo, reaching down
From orbs in shining race,
Th' electric force of glitt'ring crown,
Suspending grand in space!

The golden stars in vaulted sky,
In concave azure shine,
And blazing comets wand'ring fly,
Say "maker is divine;"
The planets all on high proclaim,
From Him proceed their source,
Through wisdom, goodness of His name,
The order of their course;
Revolving worlds proclaim He lives,
The rising sun and moon,
With teeming wonders gracious gives,
His blessing richest boon;
Behold, the glorious orb of day,

And sparkling gems of night,
His mighty arm divine portray,
And moon resplendent bright,
As pond'rous globes in shining race,
High in celestial blue,
And earth by waters buoy'd in space,
Majestic course pursue;
As planets all, the silver globe
In solemn grandeur roll,
The twinkling stars in beauty robe
The bright unfurled scroll;
Lo, Pleiades, the milky way,
Orion sweetly shine,
Their beauty and their brightness say,
"Our Maker is divine!"

Did God create the radiant lights,
The glorious purple bow,
The lunar sheen, the starry hights?
If not, who told you so?
The Morning Star, that beamy sphere,
To shine with mellow glow,
The solar orb in bright career?
If not, who told you so?
Will flames consume the grand array,
To wrecks engulf below,
The forked tongues lo, pass away?
The deluge tells me so;
Will saints enseal as gems enshrine,
Where living waters flow,
Through tender mercy sweet, divine?
His wonders tell me so;
Will holy ones ascend the blue,
With raptures to the sky?
His loving kindness answers, "true,
On golden pinions fly!"

This mighty tide of wonders all,
Cannot forever stay,
Since rocking sways this earthly ball,
Will waning pass away;
When planets earth no longer hold,
Then comes the certain doom,
Prophetic signs will then unfold,
The flamings dread consume;
And spirits dark, polluted, gaunt,
Corrupt deceiver's birth,
The spectres grim that gloomy haunt,
Will pass away with earth;
Thus saith the Lord of radiant skies,
Amid refulgent light,
"What is not holy surely dies,
Must vanish into night!"
Then wisely choose the mighty One,
The blessed, holy pure,
Forever choose beloved Son,
Alone he will endure;
The galaxy of stars around
The throne divine above,
With glitt'ring trumpet welcome sound,
To pure and holy love,
Since Morning Star in beauty glows,
Creation's primal birth,
Through gorgeous bow the healing flows
To nations of the earth;
Still life eternal lies beyond
The grasp of angel thought;
Will worlds unfold in Jesus bond,
Who teeming blessings bought;
To worlds unheard of, yet unseen,
Will God Almighty bring,
His chosen flock to living green,

With stars exult and sing;
O, bid the sacred muse awake,
The flowery numbers flow,
From solar orb thy pencil take,
And paint its vivid bow!
O, paint Aurora on her golden throne,
And Neptune reigning in the frigid zone,
The darting rays that spring from solar bed,
And torrid skies where streams the flamy red!

Lo, mid the roaring ocean the surges of the deep,
What wild emotions rising as o'er its bosom sweep,
O, grandeur of the tableaux where tow'ring billows
rise,
Around the vast horizon as leaping to the skies;
In ether clear suspended refulgent too the globes,
While chemical the bodies electric are the robes,
As shining far in beauty away in speeding fly,
And ranging 'round in orbits the circuit of the sky!

Come let us arise now to lustre of dome,
Mid spangles celestial of glory to roam,
Now boldly ascend to cerulean afar,
On planet to stand amid beauty of star,
The planets to scale and make compass of space,
The distance unmeasured of comets embrace,
Unnumbered the stars that in vision arise,
With splendor adorn the new radiance of skies,
Thence shimm'rings behold, the effulgence of sun,
While flashing in brilliance as primal begun,
With grandeur astounding as beamings evolves,
In midst of creation on axles revolves;
Electric the belts thence of planets enrolled,
In orbits careering, revolving behold,

Stupendous in space as encircles the girth,
With light and attraction encompass the earth;
Harmonic the spheres as are whirling mid spheres,
And blazing the comets in wildering careers,
As wander away and immensity span,
Where vision can follow nor faculty scan!
Will mortal, the finite then daring exclaim,
While planets are rolling and wonders aflame,
A being so reckless and carping a clod,
“Is there a Jehovah, Omnipotent God!”



CANTO XVIII.

THE MORNING LIGHT, AND EVENING
SHADES. THE STARLESS NIGHT.



AT Eden's golden portals a many a hero fell,
And likewise Purple Island descended
down to hell!

When judgment's come, when Christ's revealed,
When worlds are passing 'way,
The depths unveiled, the chosen sealed.
Mid triumph and dismay,
Will unbelievers then believe?
Ah, truly, but too late;
Their eyes will notions undeceive,
Reap unbeliever's fate;
Through unbelief what horrors brew!
Did Dives jesting feign?
Believe then must, terrific, knew,
But trembled lo, in vain,
Before the Lord, the lion's lair,
Consumed with pining grief,
And startled like th' affrighted hare,
At quiv'ring of a leaf;
To Shiloh, Moses pointing cries,
"Why not believe in God!
All things created, radiant skies,
With blessings spread abroad!"

Had men believed in Moses' word,
What holy prophets spake,
In latter days the Savior heard,
In hell would not awake;
Though, saintly seem and righteous too,
Will not remain so long,
Through unbelief become untrue,
Events too weak or strong;
Ah, will a dying mortal cry,
"Would life prefer to lose,
Than thus be rescued, rather die,
Oblivion rather choose!"
Had devils known a personal God,
Would not encountered fate,
Rebelled against the sov'reign rod,
Of Gabriel—then too late!
Lo, boasted science, no avail,
T' oblivion hurled the past,
Embraces subjects fleeting, frail,
Eternity is vast;
Has language failed of olden time,
And works of priceless cost?
And metaphysics grand, sublime
In waning ages lost?
Will science lofty, ye adore,
Or ethics aught avail,
Æsthetic culture, classic lore,
Revolving cycles fail!
Why infidel, as you profess,
Should entertain a fear,
Should looming terrors dark distress,
The funeral pall or bier!
No horrors of approaching fate,
Beyond the tomb around,
No care concerning future state,

That lonely journey bound!
Now to His lightnings hurl defiance,
And with him measure arms,
Upon yourself repose reliance,
The grave has no alarms;
Like giant bold defy His rod,
Whom stripling David slew,
The armies of the living God,
What mortals dare to do!
The devils ne'er engage thus far,
Know import of the Word,
And truly know the Morning Star,
Triumphant risen Lord;
For in the desert satan knew
Where banner was unfurled,
Upon the Throne mid royal blue,
Creator of the world,
Whose wisdom garnished radiant skies
With constellations bright,
And bid stupendous worlds arise
To grand, bewildering hight;
Arose and scaled the starry plane,
Sublime, perplexing maze,
Bid planets roll, in order reign,
And comets sweeping blaze!
O, say no wisdom high controls
The wondrous systems made,
No might divine the steady poles,
Nor earth's foundations laid!
A personal God but once admit,
Then hope around revolves,
What brilliant dome of heaven lit,
The grand creation solves;
O, puny, sickly, dying worm,
How dare you carp before,

Th' Almighty God, triumphant Son,
What cares he for your lore!
Alone can snatch from hopeless death,
Who spirit gave and formed;
Why tempt Jehovah, living breath,
Who in his bosom warmed!
None battle can, the Lord assail,
That glorious, holy name,
Jehovah mighty and prevail,
Lo, Pharaoh's gloomy fame!
Ah, when upon that lowly bed,
When mortal pangs assail,
Then may horrific, satan dread,
The victim frail bewail;
Against his might can mortals cope,
That monster of the air?
If holy may, without, no hope,
Of fiery fiend beware!
Is mercy sweet of endless bounds,
Why enter satan's ports,
Why go upon the devil's grounds,
Why fight behind his forts!
Why with deceiver dally dare,
Why tear thy tower down!
Deceptions dark of hell beware,
Lo, threat'ning horrors frown;
Terrific thought, the judgment's nigh,
Ye know not what ye do,
God stands amazed, why madly die
Since Jesus bled for you!
Although may strive with giant might
T' enshroud the world in pall,
'Twill not deprive of solar light,
Nor stars of beauty fall;
Like satan, rock with dread surprise,

The earth to frigid zone,
Assault the pillars of the skies,
And shake the starry throne!
Have not the faithless, tortures planned,
In mock'ry on Him railed,
And then behold, with murd'rous hand
The bleeding Savior nailed!
Not blindly too, destruction braved,
Disloyal ones of old,
To Shepherd rend, the daring raved!—
Be gathered in the fold;
Without are dogs, devouring beasts,
No shining part above,
Nor yet in new Jerus'lem feasts,
Of sacramental love.
Still mercy sweet, benign on high,
More radiant than the sun,
Is Providence from beamy sky
To unbelieving one;
Still lightnings may from heaven break,
Or horrors from the deep,
A thunder clap terrific wake
The doubter from his sleep;
Some ghostly torch from solemn grave,
Or ghastly death's alarm,
Some avalanche, infernal wave
Reveal Jehovah's arm!
In beautiful Canaan they never can be,
In glory where reign the triumphant and free,
But setting the star and forgotten the tomb
Mid sands of the desert, temptation and doom.

The Bible is the book alone
A thought deserves or care,
All others perish, quickly gone,

As leaves of autumn fare;
Like glowing sun's electric light,
A dreary world illumines,
If stricken were from tow'ring height,
A world to darkness dooms;
The word divine abides forever,
So greater than the sun,
Like Morning Star will vanish never,
Its course triumphant run;
Bespeaks of mercy sweet divine,
Will endless life unlock,
The law of justice stern condign,
Is firmer than the rock,
Than skyey pillars firmer stands,
Foundations of the earth,
Bright Pleiades, Orion's bands,
Lo, from creation's birth;
The law supreme of moral world,
The calendar of time;
Thereby the wicked will be hurled,
The righteous Zion climb;
The civil laws around entwine
The moral laws of God,
For anarchy is not divine,
Lo, rebels shirk the rod;
Will knowledge of salvation bring,
The cov'nant of the Word,
Within its pale alone they sing,
Without, no chantings heard:
The savage of the desert plains,
No Bible have to guide,
Nor Savior pure for guilty stains,
And savage still abide;
All liturgies may but retard,
Nor wisdom aught unfold,

Beyond the Word what is unbarred,
As formulas of old;
If men prefer the planets bright
To navigate the waves,
The compass quit for dubious light,
May sink when tempest raves.
Then worship God, with unction pray,
The soul pour out forsooth,
In orison and joyous lay,
In spirit and in truth;
Beyond the soundings, depths unknown,
Way out in ocean deep,
This anchor, rudder, trust alone,
The scripture precepts keep;
To safety ark then eager cling,
Will gallant, masted ship,
Consoling hope mid tempest bring,
Upon the boist'rous trip;
The seaman's compass, faithful true,
To pilot on the sea,
The brightest luminary too,
A shining light will be.
But why are scriptures so obscure?
Herein sweet mercy lay,
T' escape the toils of satan's lure
The Lord provides a way;
Must truthful be as starry sky,
Prophetic word fulfilled,
Must be performed and cannot lie,
Accomplished still as willed;
We surely know 'tis truth divine,
Acknowledged is by God,
His righteous judgments all define—
Lo, sprinkled blood—the rod!
And prophecies will be fulfilled,

As have in ages past,
As unto Jews and Shiloh, willed,
So stands prediction fast;
Their own interpretation are,
Of wisdom, life alone,
Salvation's scheme to called afar,
All private views as none;
Lo, Christ arose a ransom free,
To power, mercy prove,
That christian ark might anchored be,
So scripture truths behoove;
We must conform our actions all
To what is written there,
To fate escape of rebel thrall,
To snowy raiment wear;
To surely know the God above,
And Christ the Savior too,
Must guided be by holy dove,
To walk with chosen few;
The women on the sabbath rest,
Observe the sacred word,
At morning light with comfort blest,
Beheld the risen Lord;
For life eternal 'tis to know
The Father and the Son,
Commandments keep in love below,
Then sacred duty done;
How wonderful and fearful too,
God's holy, blessed word!
Salvation free to prudent few,
Who loins with armor gird;
Of joyful news its maxims tell,
Salvation if observe,
To doom consigns of frightful hell,
If dreadful fate deserve;

The book of satan's power this,
Jehovah's book of life,
Of judgment, death, of future bliss,
Of hell's infernal strife;
The locusts weird abroad proclaim,
By signal and by sign,
To Pharaoh knell of olden fame,
And truth of writ divine;
The oracles in golden streams,
The angels of the Lord,
Bring sacred light on gilded beams,
And counsel written word;
The evergreen that never dies,
Enwreathes the golden crown,
The ladder to the starry skies,
That dropped from heaven down;
Grand heraldry, the gospel light,
The way illumes to God,
Like glowing sun, that planet bright,
The rays dispense abroad!
In every word is meaning fraught,
To bless or to condemn,
In every line embraced a thought,
In every verse a gem;
In every chapter heaven, hell,
Whence good and evil flow,
In every book a satan fell,
A world of bliss, or woe;
Nor volumes all together tossed
Would compensation prove,
If by perchance a chapter lost,
Might heaven's pillars move;
Destroy the Bible from the earth,
And then behold the gloom,
Chaotic waste, the dreary dearth,

No hope beyond the tomb;
The planets all will melting wane,
The earth will pass away;
Forever firm will it remain,
Merge in eternal day;
This gem of rubies, shining gold,
Bright diamonds interspersed,
The golden key t' unlock, unfold,
Th' Almighty's wisdom erst;
These glitt'ring links of precious stones
Let down from starry skies,
Archangel words from pearly thrones,
From Gabriel's breast arise,
Emerged from jasper throne divine,
With heaven's radiance beam,
Around the heart in love entwine,
With blessings richly teem;
Its fearful judgments will consume,
As age on ages roll,
Will still consign to dreadful doom,
The profligated soul;
The meaning and the import plain,
As bright, unclouded sun,
And free rehearse and naught refrain,
In order as they run;
Like sun's engirdling, radiant beams,
Illuminates the whole,
The universe all luminous, teems,
Cheers every living soul;
Like canopy, the bright expanse,
Creator's glorious might,
Its precepts like the stars enhance
The Savior's burning light!
All rev'rence then to sov'reign grace,
For blessings rich and free,

May they be multiplied apace,
As sands upon the sea;
Lo, costly gem, thou precious art,
Be golden treasure mine,
May heaven's blessing rich impart,
Thy precepts are divine!

The message of heaven to mortals below,
With jewels of lustre like glory of bow,
Like rubies and diamonds bright golden enchased,
Like planets all glowing in azure embraced!

Developed up as some believe,
From ape or monkey tribes,
The godlike man is to deceive
With stultifying gibes,
A libel on Creator wise,
No tribute to his praise,
Though perfect made, in sinning dies,
Or lost in various ways;
Not angel likeness bright of sky,
Nor yet archangel's, made
Th' Eternal's image peerless high,
Of God himself He bade;
Not image 'lone, but living breath
Of Him, th' immortal gem,
Make spirit beings after death,
From beasts distinguish them;
Behold, we Abba Father cry,
To rescue from the thrall;
His faithful pinions waft on high,
Dispel death's gloomy pall!
One flesh exists of men, of fish,
Of beasts, of fowls of air,
Proclaims how false th' incongruous dish,

What teachings man will dare!
Not structure 'lone the angels heed,
But likeness of the Lord,
The cereal, not noisome weed,
Is counsel of his word;
Do image fair or beauties deck
Gorilla form at least?
The heel behold, the ear, the neck,
Protruding mouth—the beast!
If logic proves by Euclid's plan—
Of mathematic fame—
Nor barrier leaps from ape to man,
The crafty, futile game,
We'll then admit the reason sound,
The proposition proved,
May man, degraded then be crowned,
An ape as it behooved;
Nor, should receive the horrid blow,
Until established claim,
As geometric maxim show,
From monkey level came;
But if 'tis proven that, emerged,
Arose from holy God,
And not from filthy beasts unpurged,
Remaining with the clod,
That God avows us children dear,
With Christ may brethren be,
Not hateful monkeys—taunting jeer!
We'll then therewith agree;
Ennobling then appear the theme,
The crowning work of earth,
United in salvation's scheme,
And not of beastly birth;
Much less important 'tis to know,
And minor points at stake,

From whence proceed, as whither go,
And what direction take:
How can the Bushman, lo, undone,
A life eternal hail,
The cannibal in sin begun,
Descending in the scale;
Who serpents worship, eat their kind,
Must bear the sable curse,
Can God in glory never find,
But beastly mark and worse;
Like prototypes behold, of old,
The cannibals all fell,
Descended down, th' envenomed fold
To demons black in hell;
The thorn and thistle how escape,
Could people of that age,
The horse transformed to donkey shape,
Lo, satan's blighting rage!
The penal laws transgression brought,
Nor God requires the strength
Of elephant, from human sought,
Adapted width to length,
Adjusted light of moral law
To intellectual man,
Adapted man to visions saw,
To life, salvation's plan;
An agent free to rise supreme,
And dwell with God above,
To overcome the devil's scheme,
And test his filial love;
Still may descend, the brittle glass,
But upwards all debars,
May leap into a pit alas,
But ne'er ascend the stars;
In Eden formed, but may descend

To beastly shapes of woe,
In hell transformed can never mend
Revolting, fatal blow!

Young lions cry for daily food—
May lower be than beast,
His wisdom thus who have withstood,
To filial claims at least;
Then Æsop is no story old,
Nor did he aught deceive,
When fox conversed with lion bold,
Still none will it believe;
Canines have dreams and horses too,
Of chase or sumptuous feasts,
For like to like the spirits drew,
In hell are many beasts;
May habits have in common with
The human none deny,
That spirits have, a truthful myth,
But with the creatures die;
Decreed are not as human kind
To dwell with God above,
Nor holy One will image bind
In bonds of filial love;
But likeness own, his form exact,
And not the monkey face,
Bright heaven's spark, nor talent lacked,
Distinguished human race;
All things beneath are also free
To children of His will,
Can clouds career or plough the sea,
And greater wonders still;
Upheave from depths what wonders lie,
And test their chemic force,
The regions scale of starry sky,

And trace their shining course;
Can imitate the thunders loud—
His scientific scroll—
The lightnings draw from sable cloud,
Or wrest from starry pole;
May heavens climb, to glory wend,
Drink from the living fount,
On Jacob's ladder swift ascend
To Zion's holy Mount;
With God behold, conversing walked,
Inspired from on high,
Jehovah great, exalted talked
Ere called to azure sky;
Will also come to judge the world,
In glory with the Lamb,
With majesty, his might unfurled,
To rescue or to damn!

The *ganoid* fish, observed the same,
Exhumed from fossil bed,
As now exists, of olden came,
That first creation led;
The eagle now as ancient flies,
And dove is plainly shown;
Has wren increased to condor size,
Or mouse to mammoth grown?
Almighty is his royal name,
As general marsh'lling troops,
In order forms nor sullies fame,
To folly never stoops;
So doctrine termed development,
Is monstrous and untrue,
Unworthy of the God who lent
To rainbow varied hue,
Who earth created, beamy skies,

In goodness all below,
The heavens bright where seraph flies,
And spanned with radiant bow;
Who grandly reared the firmament,
And earth's foundations laid;
Each planet in its orbit sent,
And all in motion bade!
But crowning work sublime of sky,
Is intellectual man,
Of image bright, supremely high,
Of angel life, or span;
The noblest one that trod the earth,
Was man before the thrall,
Creator's work, of sacred birth,
Till sin had blighted all;
Th' Almighty One's most perfect work,
Until satanic reign,
The image same, unless there lurk
The deadly upas bane;
High in the scale of angel form,
A god in mercy, made,
Or groveling thing, a crawling worm,
In hell of lowest grade,
A swine, a leopard or a dog,
A vulture, hawk or cat,
A fish, a monster or a frog,
A raven, owl or bat!
The vestiges of men behold,
Existed once as we,
As Bushmen now, the snakes unfold,
Chimpanzee too may be;
To cannibals the fierce reduced
By grim, satanic powers,
By serpent coils the ties unloosed,
Betwixt themselves and ours;

The hairy people, often found
In wild and savage state,
The facts attest the world around,
Declensions that await;
Were negroes white before they fell,
Ten thousand years ago;
Then poets charmed with magic spell,
Ere passed away the bow;
In spirit spheres behold the sights!
Development reversed,
From heaven's vault the fallen sprites,
Still downward lo, the curst;
To darkness thick, converted light,
As downward, plunging fly,
Confusion, shame the foes delight,
Beneath a brazen sky!
The Satyrs lewd and Nymphs of old,
Upon the Grecian shore,
Were monkeys, sylvan sprites behold!
Could human be no more;
Once *manes* wild the throng inspired,
And hence the Trojan games,
To bloody fame the Grecians fired,
Once loveliest of the dames;
Lo, passed away the beamy crown,
As stars we wondering saw,
From grand creation blazing down,
Yes, waning is the law;
In sunder torn the crescent moon,
Then turned to glaring blood,
The sun beyond meridian noon,
Lo, sunk beneath the flood;
Terrific fate, then lost, undone,
The downward change is wrought,
To fauna, beast, to savage one,
In fowler's meshes caught!

Declining from the human scale,
Descending down a dismal vale,
The zenith past and crescent bow,
The Hottentot deserted low!

The elfin-born can ne'er ascend
The ladder Jacob saw,
But must decline, corruption rend,
Behold, unbending law!
To savage of the desert plains
The knell already sounds,
How diff'rent from the early strains,
The builders of the mounds!
Lo, like a distant lightning flash,
In dark horizon seen,
When passed away the dreadful crash,
Declares what once had been;
Their tongues confounded on the way,
Like Babel of the past,
Narcissus-like they bloom away,
As autumn leaves are cast!
O, what a fearful, glorious thing,
To be a living man,
From human form may phantom spring,
A god the pristine plan!
Was sin before creation, blood,
What did th' Almighty do,
Were fallen stars, engulfing flood?
Ah, wisdom spake and knew!
Then humankind with devil's band—
Alas, th'unholy ties—
In scale descend, in darkness land,
As bless'd no more arise;
Then goading thought, the withering dread,
Shut out from heaven's light,

Forever doomed, repulsive bed,
The black, eternal night;
They strayed away in desert track,
Upon a sandy sea,
And sealed by bloody murder black,
Of hell behold the key!
Lo, zephyrs sigh the tale of sorrow,
The rustling leaves the crimes,
And angels whisper sad to-morrow,
Though fled to distant climes;
The future veil like sable pall,
Hangs dark before the eyes,
Lo, anguish fills the cup with gall,
And blackness dread the skies!

A sprig of grass, will it evolve,
Go ask if it will be
A living man, the problem solve!
We'll then therein agree;
'Twill turn decaying, withered blade
Up to your verdant gaze,
"Your race," reply, "oh, why degrade.
Lo, frosting ends my days,
My seed will scatter all around,
In springing grow again,
Yes, may remain as early found,
Began creation's reign;
But spark divine, the god-like man,
May rise again and bloom
From winter's frost, corruption's ban,
Triumphant from the tomb;
May upward mount with angel form,
Or crawl this earthly stage,
Rejoice and sing above the storm,
Or wail where demons rage,

Exist beyond the shores of time,
With God in glory dwell,
Or flamings dire that crackling chime,
With devils shriek in hell!
Philosophers! ye sages seem,
Though chain a gaping world,
Soon vanish will your idle dream,
To voidness empty hurled;
From earth t' emerge bright emblem stars,
To deck the royal blue,
In sunder rend all venal bars,
Be pure as pearly dew,
As on my tip the sparkling gem,
Fair nature's crown I won,
Rare diamond, crystal diadem,
Bright glitt'ring in the sun;
If rapturous strains you'd chant aloud,
Possess archangel form,
Must upward soar beyond the cloud,
Must mount above the storm,
To regions clear, ethereal light,
Above the earthly clod,
Where angels sing in mansions bright,
Around the throne of God!"

If Enoch like you'd Shiloh please,
Go seek in sacred will,
Not stellar regions, hoary seas,
The mountain nor the rill;
Not written in the classic rock,
Nor buried with the shale,
Nor shining stars will door unlock,
Alone the Shepherd hail;
Has man resilient powers to rise?
And if arise may be,

A wandering elf unclean that dies,
Before the dragon flee,
Minuter still a crawling ant,
Before the glorious Lamb,
Revolting shame beneath to haunt,
Before the great I Am!
Who soul confers, the vital seat,
Thy bosom who hath warmed?
Can reason tell how pulses beat,
As axiom how was formed?
What mighty power framed the globe,
The earth whereon we dwell,
Who clothes in beauty, richest robe
The hillock and the dell?
The wondrous orbs in azure sky,
Can reason trace the cause?
What power raised, exalted high,
Who first established laws?
Whence angels bright who ride the winds,
Or hold in mighty hands;
Whence hell-born imps, the fiery fiends,
That haunt the sulphur lands?
Exalt your eyes to beamy ray,
Of majesty divine,
To royal arch where lightnings play,
And where archangels shine,
Then, may divine whence knowledge flowed,
What ruling power formed,
What mighty arm the heavens bowed,
Whose breath all living warmed;
Whence geologic, classic lore,
Arose the treasures gained,
Grand astronomic, zenith store,
Will all then be explained;
Then blessings full at God's behest,

When darkness mantles all,
Like dew upon the lily's breast,
Will gently, sweetly fall;
Lo, nature speaks in language mute,
That thrills through every nerve,
In accents lisps on warbling lute,
And comets blazing curve!

A stellar orb revolving in its wondrous sphere,
Pursuing round and round its bright career,
Ere glory of its beauty waning palls,
Lo, first it dwindles ere it downward falls;
So man created in the primal morn,
Orang-outang behold, now beast forlorn,
Descended drear upon the lightning's wing,
Where echoes knell and dread re-echoes ring:
Thus fiery archetypes in spirit lands,
Are ranging dark, the fierce Gorilla bands,
The murd'rous hordes with hearts of nether stone,
'Round Cyprian queen upon a burning throne;
While seraphim beyond the starry reign,
With forms divine upon celestial plane,
Forever live beyond ethereal zones,
Archangels shining on their pearly thrones!



CANTO XIX.

TRUTH. CHRIST IS DIVINE.
UNIVERSALITY?

O, mountain peaks observed from vale
below,
Their summits tow'ring 'mong the stars
aglow!

Belief alone no proof at all,
But thousands led astray,
In Eden caused the dreadful thrall,
Existing to this day;
If we believe a story true,
Will that decide it so?
In satan's net this myriads drew,
To sorrow and to woe;
Belief uncertain, often frail,
So firmly stand aloof,
Like Christ within the written pale,
Like Gideon seek the proof;
But some declare 'tis our belief,
From this all nature flees,
Like withered grass or seared leaf,
Unless with law agrees:
The real estate that we possess,
Our title never base
Upon belief, on rumor less,

But statutes that embrace;
On futile laws, the foreign lists,
Ne'er cavil has withstood,
But based on statutes where exists,
Our title surely good;
One may believe and self deceive
That from some foreign land,
A fortune great he will receive,
Still never come to hand;
As angels be of heaven sure,
The tidings zealous teach,
Still forfeit all by acts impure,
Alas, may never reach;
Nor doctrine false, belief avail,
But standard Word unfurled,
This fulcrum fixed will never fail,
Therewith may move the world,
Will satan's kingdom overthrow,
With mercy sweet and grace,
This anchor firm and crescent bow
Will span the gulf of space!
The question is not what believe,
But what is literal truth,
Like faithless sea will oft deceive,
Mid watery waste forsooth:
There're many lords and many gods,
Is it the written Word!
There're many faiths mislead to clods—
Is it thus saith the Lord!
Some silly dames ascend the sky
With Mormon prophet fame;
Or saintly priest to glory fly,
In Virgin Mary's name;
The bees their honey gather sweet
From flowers of the mead,

And spiders too their poison eat,
Of same the others feed;
Your neighbor's firm in his belief,
You see in diff'rent light,
A third exclaims, "my logic's chief,"
Can all be surely right!
The written Word's the only way,
The light of truth divine,
The certain test at judgment day,
Not your belief nor mine;
The jury hear the civil laws,
And witness in the case,
Not lawyers jangling, picking flaws—
Hereon decisions base!
Nor what the witness may conceive,
But what the witness saw,
Not weight of feather what believe,
In balance of the law :
The righteous judge on Zion stands,
The book of reck'ning holds,
In snowy white, the pearly bands,
The book of life unfolds ;
To Heaven pure if tittle frail,
On faith cannot rely,
And truly will the devil rail,
Unless position fly;
The truth perceives, will cruelly beat,
Or brand with burning rod,
And none can wrest from satan's seat,
Unless offended God ;
Let truth triumph be millions saved,
In golden urn embalmed,
O'er battlements the pinions waved ;
Believe a lie—be damned!

The Father in the Son prepared
First wedding feast and last,
Who then without a garment dared-
In outer darkness cast,
In darkness cast without the feast,
Away mid fiendish strife,
Recorded not with royal priest,
In sacred book of life ;
If not divine, if partly true,
Why sacrificed to save,
Why should the Savior daring too
Fill suicidal grave ?
Or why commend his spirit pure
In righteous Fathers' hands,
Why mortal pangs of death endure,
Or raised at God's commands ?
If Father were, why cross embrace,
Why strive with fervent prayer,
If mortal one devoid of grace,
To proffer life, how dare ?
If Shiloh not for Adam's thrall,
For what occasion save,
If Father, God, Creator, all,
Behold, in mournful grave;
Would cease to be th' Almighty God,
Jehovah great of old,
If bow beneath the devils' rod,
Succumb to hell's stronghold;
On face untrue and is absurd,
No reason, gospel, law,
But doctrine from a doubtful herd,
Or what clairvoyants saw !

Atoning, Abrah'm could not die,
Was not the promised seed,

Did but foreshadow, mortify
The evil thought and deed ;
Was circumcised, as righteous led,
In cov'nant pure of life :
But serpent bruised triumphant dead,
Christ quelled the devil's strife ;
The narrow way is holiness,
Th'unholy issue death,
Arose the sun of righteousness,
Imparted vital breath ;
Were all exposed to lions' jaws,
Who violate would dare,
The broken mirror: broken laws,
A fearful yoke to bear;
But when baptized in Jesus' death,
Then cov'nant, blood became,
Thus living for the dying breath,
Those rescued through his name;
When penal laws for venal sin,
Then Christ obedient dies;
All must obey, to heaven win,
If would triumphant rise;
Should be baptized in Jesus' name,
In him to live again,
As risen Savior walk the same,
If not the triumph vain.

If, Savior less than Father love,
Not washed in Jordan's flood,
May ne'er with Jesus dwell above,
No raiment white through blood;
What! rather come to Sinai's Mount,
Where quakings awful greet,
Than to the Savior, living fount,
Among the Olives meet;

May pass away those christians too,
Without a promised peace,
Unless believe and precepts do,
In time existence cease:
Forsake then error, mortal sin,
Enchantment dev'lish walks,
Rebellion erst did thus begin,
As horrid phantom stalks!

With good design, not surely saved,
But often ruthless slain,
With logic too destruction braved,
So reasoned Dives, Cain;
Can man ascend to holy One,
Unless conform to Will?
If terms accept, beloved Son,
Ascend may Zion's hill;
For where no loving Savior dwells,
There no attractions lure,
Nor sweet emotion gushing wells,
Forever may endure;
'Tis like inviting to a feast,
No supper lo, prepared,
No bridegroom there, immortal priest,
But satan's arm is bared;
No garments washed in Jesus' blood,
And no baptismal stay,
No floating ark on christian flood,
For feast no white array;
No Shiloh's triumph o'er the tomb,
On waters saving ark,
No morning star to way illume,
O'er troubled waters dark;
No rock whereon t'establish hope,
No faith t'ascend the clouds,

In darkness may forever grope,
No rising from the shrouds;
No promised bow nor purchased soul,
No mansion in the skies,
Lo, quaking earth, the billows roll,
Forsaken victim dies;
May perish too who treads His blood
Despised beneath the feet,
The withered tree no more will bud,
May fill a devil's seat!

The only church's the gospel church,
The chosen of the Lord,
Where triumphs on the banner perch,
Obedient to the Word;
Alone of Lamb is wedded wife,
In virgin chaste array,
Is written in the book of life,
Alone at judgment day;
There's naught divine will ratify,
Nor reason, written will,
This sad delusion satisfy,
And yet they cavil still,
For straying sheep, devoutly quake,
To floods of error stem,
May earth and heaven's pillars shake,
Still naught avail to them;
From Beersheba may course to Dan,
Discourse in classic lore,
In vain t'avert th'imagined ban,
Still anguish Jesus bore!
The warning pen is vainly used
If unbelief withstand,
Will sacred truths be still abused,
Rejecting Jesus' hand;

Like morning mist away will fly,
This error in the bloom,
Among the flock may demons pry,
The fold to slaughter doom:
Now please excuse, our brother, friend,
We know whereof we say,
Your error know, the hand extend,
And pray you come away!

Ten millions of beings forever how could,
Together assemble both wicked and good!

That wicked will as saints arise,
In toto is untrue,
If devils dwell amid the skies,
To joys of heaven adieu;
A doctrine unto erring, fine,
And one consoling too,
Where all rejoice and ne'er repine,
But ah, the creed untrue;
Encourage sloth, repentance stay,
And refuge of the ark,
Then mid the waters perish, stray,
The tempest and the dark;
The wisdom of the righteous God,
Is written in his will,
We live or perish at his nod,
As written word fulfil;
And, should accept as wisely see—
In scripture is portrayed—
Nor should conformed to error be,
As ancients idols made;
T'exhibit part is to deceive,
Misguided souls may stray;
Not idly what men say, believe!

May perish by the way;
Should unto scriptures shape the creed,
Not scriptures to belief,
Then blooming fair the branch indeed,
Upon the tree the leaf;
The lord is goodness, truly know,
Is justice, truth likewise,
Lo, sternly bends the righteous bow,
Sin odious in his eyes;
If love alone, no justice were,
Alas, what sad misrule,
Would righteous just as wicked share,
Exactly wise as fool!
Punition none, from duty free,
How scriptures then fulfilled?
Where sacred scales of justice be
If violate who willed!
We wisely oft the refuse burn,
Th' unholy are the same,
Hell-fires too the wicked earn,
Is justice here to blame?
Unpleasant oft and rigid, stern,
Like dread, envenomed tooth,
To mournful news of brother learn,
Still notwithstanding, truth;
Can we evade, so lightly fly
What cross on Jesus drew?
A fearful thing behold, to die
For venal crimes, but true;
Can logic quench a flaming hell,
Has Christ with satan part?
If angels must with devils dwell.
In Mercy then no heart!
Are vultures fierce transformed to doves,
Can alter aught their kind,

Impure to holy, hate to love?—
What, foul with holy find!
Has darkness part with solar light,
The narrow way with broad,
Will devils change to angels bright,
Or ever dwell with God?
Then murd'ers are terrific, blest,
In glory bright will shine,
And robbers, harlots as the best,
Will all become divine;
And satan too, that horrid one,
The murd'rer of the fold,
In brightness beam as radiant sun,
Mid starry skies enrolled!
Jehovah pleads because he loves,
When lost all heaven mourns,
Are serpents e'er embraced as doves?
Why this all nature scorns!
Can reason bridge th'abyss and save,
Destroy the worm that preys,
Extinguish joys—the tidal wave,
Where saints exultant praise!
Though heavens pass and earth away,
The Savior's word will not,
Some must abide that dreadful day,
Whatever be the lot;
Will separate in time afar
The evil from the good;
That myst'ry hates, the purple star,
If not, He surely should!
The lustrous stars in crown enchased,
The sheep in Shepherd's fold:
In donjons vile the wicked placed,
To hell terrific, sold;
Mid Zion's hights the holy dwell,

In Hinnom's vale the vile;
The wicked must with devils dwell,
And all that do defile;
God's sacred word will be fulfilled,
Nor jot nor tittle fail,
All marv'lous truths in scriptures willed,
Though devils madly rail;
What's written is th' Almighty's will,
The wily serpent knows,
To erring is the devil still,
Till scripture overthrows;
When Jesus coped with satan dread,
In desert place away,
Through holy writ triumphant led,
Victorious mid dismay,
The crafty demon overthrew,
To slay, in tempting sought,
And for a season then withdrew;
The hero nobly fought;
And satan too with deadly rage,
In striving fiercely fought,
He wisely knew the sacred page,
Nor would miscarry aught;
The end, perceived was flaming hell,
In vengeance strove to tear,
From heaven's fold whence many fell,
To regions of despair!
As seraph brave still Michael stands—
Around, the beacon lights—
And downward hurls the rebel bands
From Zion's glorious highs;
All evil things will pass away,
That's not of holy birth,
Will flamings test at judgment day
The serpent and the earth;

Does any one presume that God—
Forever and forever,
That devils will escape the rod,
Will live and perish never;
What meaneth God by sacred call?
Exactly what he said,
Or anything, the precious all,
In fabrication led!
Or what of New Jerusalem,
And dogs without and damned,
As metaphor may all condemn?
What! fiction has He palmed!
All metaphor was Noah's flood,
Were Sodom's flames a sham,
For sinners shed the Savior's blood,
A fable curse of Ham?
Of ancient did the flamings fail
To fearful story tell,
The frightful crash, the dreadful wail,
A million souls in hell!
A metaphor is it or truth
That Jesus sweated blood?
From hell to rescue, bled forsooth,
To quench the fiery flood;
A living picture, thrilling one,
Or all thereof a dead,
If scriptures false, then all undone,
In vain then Jesus bled;
No true, sublime and glorious true
Stupendous in its plan,
And blessed is, terrific too
The destiny of man!

Lo, daring, are in combat slain,
They fall without a hope,

And perish on the hostile plain,
Mid mortal horrors grope;
When Grecian heroes, Trojans brave
In glorious battle fell,
No gods divine the manes save,
But rushes down to hell!
If men in Eden safe abide,
Will living arbor bloom,
With sinful taints if raiment dyed,
Will like a phantom loom;
'Tis brother's love, or devil's bands,
Hell's horrors 'fore the eyes,
The flaming torch—or clasped hands,
Amid the radiant skies!

That serpent old in garden crawled,
The devil in disguise,
Corrupted—heav'n and earth appalled,
Through subtle, gilded lies;
Around then raged, with havoc ruled,
With boils the righteous smote;
Has God recorded truth or fooled,
In allegory gloat!
Behold, ascending from the south,
The dragon huge arose,
With flaming sulphur from his mouth,
And doomed to bitter woes;
With lion's might, with malice vile,
Lo, satan's vengeance dire,
With devil's art, with serpent's guile,
His weapons burning fire!
No one from reason can explain
That countries there exist,
Beyond the seas where mighty reign,
Though trav'lers so insist:

If condemnation just not were,
Nor consequential hell,
Might unto truth some semblance bear,
If men nor angels fell;
Are solemn mock'ry scriptures found,
And only partly true,
In wild romantic tales abound,
As blindly some construe?
Lo, truthful are and might divine,
Converting of the soul,
To worlds in living light enshrine,
The heavens and earth control!
Yet must confess if faithful preach,
Though follow not all truth,
Will not forbid, may loving teach
God's gracious ways forsooth;
Still doctrine dang'rous and untrue,
And oft a source of evil,
Will lying spirits misconstrue,
Lo, free love of the devil,
The necromancy foul of old,
But clothed in other garb,
The Canaanitish spirit fold,
With fangs, destructive barb!
'Tis mercy sweet and justice stern,
That prop the azure skies—
Lo, fiery vale where embers burn,
Or mount of golden prize!

The Savior's love is holy love,
Nor prayed for sinful world,
But for th'elect, the bride above,
Where banner is unfurled,
Of water born; of precious blood,
Not for rebellious ones,

Nor those who perished in the flood,
He will reject the stones;
We may forgive still hardly choose,
Nor to our bosoms take,
As Christ forgave rebellious Jews—
Will serpents lambs awake!
Through penance, grace, was David free,
His soul released from hell,
Still body did corruption see,
Nor could with holy dwell;
That gem of beauty, regal grace,
Th'accomplished and the brave,
Alas, reduced by agents base,
Low in sepulchral cave;
The psalmist sweet of Israel,
His body lay in death,
Although released from yawning hell,
By God's reviving breath;
Could saints obscure, the holy bring,
When spotless Lamb arose,
Not David great, the mighty king,
He whom Jehovah chose;
Oh, disobedience unto Word,
The dungeon dark and deep,
Not quaking earth nor risen Lord
Could then awake from sleep!
Respects not persons of the kings,
Unless his Word fulfil,
The holy God, th' Eternal brings
The holy to his hill;
If justice failed in righteous God,
Could hardly then be known,
If not employ the chast'ning rod,
Fled justice from the Throne;
In mercy bent the watery bow,

Still equity demands,
The balances of justice lo!
In righteous angels' hands;
Against the sky three pillars stand,
Of mercy, justice, light,
While crescent bow unites the band
Of beauty in His sight.

How glorious is th' Almighty God!
Jehovah is his name,
Still nations rules with sov'reign rod,
Of Egypt's wondrous fame;
Among the heathen dreadful name,
Th' Eternal as at first!
Because of sin, rebellion, shame,
Now Israel is dispersed;
Lo, Zion's mid th'empyrean high,
No serpents thither go,
Where seraphim in glory fly,
But Hinnom's vale below;
Death's gloomy vale, the putrid fount,
How dark the lion's den!
When law's infringed of Sinai's Mount,
Terrific fate to men;
The devils quake at Calvary's name,
Where Christ was crucified;
Will still exist satanic fame,
And Hinnom will abide;
Lo, quaking earth, volcanoes tell,
The falling star proclaims
The fearful depths of yawning hell,
The dread Tartarean flames!

Lo, thunder peals in breaking from the skies,
Through clouds the echo and re-echo flies,

As well as solar beams in ocean lave,
Aurora rising o'er the curling wave!
Lo dreadful crashing in creation shows,
Through fierce upheavings of volcanic throes
The awful judgments that from sin await,
From foul corruptions dark unbending fate;
The frightful rockings of the solid ground,
The quaking earth throughout creation 'round,
Relentless scorchings of sirocco blast,
Declare what will be in the burnings cast;
A devil dark although a Solon wise,
Would soon aflame enwrap the glorious skies,
Or downward drag where horrid demons haunt,
Will holy angels bright then goblins want!

Can depraved ones their substance forever endure!
The imperfect as dregs will descend from the pure,
For the fallen in being are voidless of heart,
And th'unholy from hades can never depart!

A raging flame that scales the dome with awful fires,
Forever doomed the fiend to perish as expires,
A tempest cloud that moves athwart the heavy
 skies,
In mist dissolved afar to vanish as it flies;
Though loving kindness sweet once warmed a hu-
 man breast,
Responsive mutual love of nature's pure behest,
The thrilling raptures wild will thrill it now no
 more,
No loathsome reptile can a holy one adore,
Nor angel heart admire the flashing demon foul,
The savage varmint fierce that crawls where dragons
 prowl!

O, sacred wisdom kind preserve from pending doom,
The stumbling block of lost, this fate beyond the
tomb ;

Thou mad'st the shining stars harmonic grand re-
volve,

On heaven's dial true exact to problem solve,
The time precise declare that rules the teeming
globe,

O still the discord and the fiery god disrobe !

No crimson hue the base redeems,

Once fallen victims stray.

Nor ocean waves nor crystal streams,

Then wash the stains away ;

To mount aloft where angels shine,

From earth's defiling kind,

And life preserve in ways divine,

Temptations cast behind.

The fields behold, of living green,

Where fragrant roses bud,

Where flowers bloom on banks serene,

Of Jordan's swelling flood.

No more than ravished holds,
The weak, infatuated man,
Enraptures as infolds;
A mighty lever to destroy,
The crooked serpent knew,
The subtle beast his arts employ,
Instanter seized the clue;
The wicked world, the devil vile
The powers were of old,
And into evil still beguile,
As serpent's coils unfold;
When vital part of radix gone,
The flowers wilt and fall;
When bloom departs, decay alone,
Then wormwood left and gall;
The knowledge evil, also good,
Not present in His mind,
The goodness wrought, nor evil should,
T'oblivion all consigned;
Of earthy, fallen angels willed,
Upon rebellious thrones,
With sin defiled, corruption filled—
In prison chained the stones!

When man forbidden fruit indulged,
'Twas then decreed on high,
The knowledge sadly then divulged,
The doom alas, to die;
Through disobedience unto God,
And earthy choice the aim,
To satan strayed a crumbling clod
Then sad confusion came;
Then censer frail, the firepan
Took place of better things,
Lo, winnowed wheat, the sceptre, fan,

And conscience' pungent stings;
Unhappy state of things alas,
In Eden first begun,
All evil then evolved *en masse*,
Through Eve, the primal one;
What sorrows too the myst'ry brought,
What wretchedness and woes!
With precious life was anguish bought,
The way deplored they chose:
Around our bodies Eden dwells,
Emotions Paradise,
In midst thereof temptation wells,
Thence good and evil rise;
For Eden's blooming garden stands,
Fair Paradise still blooms,
With angels bright or devil's bands,
To skies exalts or dooms;
T'affect the Lord, his child disown,
Will satan man accuse,
"Corruption," utters, "evil sown,"
His language foul and loose:
What evil has not earthy done,
To wrest from God his own,
To cross consigned beloved Son,
Thus with the devil gone!
Behold, the cause of Jesus' death,
For this his fearful cry,
His precious blood, his latest breath
He yielded up to die!

If breath divine, the living soul,
Will man through sin exhaust,
As needle true to northern pole,
Is waning being lost;
Unless is saved through mercy's plea,

Th' Almighty from the clod,
His hand extend, then devils flee,
Hosannas be to God!
But substance wasted to a crumb,
Cannot forever stay,
Lo, Aztec tribes extinct become,
The pigmies pass away!
No mind conceived, no tongue expressed
The fearful drama wrought,
With life eternal Shiloh blessed,
The blood of Jesus bought;
Decoyed away, away from God,
Away from hope to fade,
Forever mould'ring 'neath the clod,
The blessed image made;
Transferred away, uncertain name
The pinnacle on the wave,
The brittle glass by silver dame,
The pageant to the grave!

If primal love be bartered 'way
For one unhallowed deed,
Through sinful paths from heaven stray,
No angels bright may lead;
Will love in sweetness ne'er return,
That clear, ethereal sky,
In heart depraved where passions burn,
Will blossoms fade and die;
Then dreary waste, the barren bleak,
Where sweetly bloomed the rose,
Lo, tow'ring, desolated peak,
The monument of woes!
God's mercy sweet still great abounds,
Although, in weakness fell,
Will follow hard on satan's grounds,

To very brink of hell;
All night still Jesus waiting stands,
Why longer erring stray?
With outstretched arms and open hands,
Says, "come with me away!"

From Eden's garden rivers four,
The flow'ry streams of life,
A blessing sweet, divine in store,
Or bitter, hellish strife;
Of old were flowers blooming fair,
The lily and the rose
On Gihon's banks, the lion's lair,
Where mourning water flows,
Where snake uncoils its hideous length,
And venom breathes around,
The lion rises in his strength,
And roaring shakes the ground;
On Afric's tropic river fair,
No followers of the Lamb,
No music greets the dwellers there,
No vict'ry and no palm;
No rose of Sharon blooming sweet
Of Canaan's promised land,
Nor lilies of the valley greet,
Who go with southern band;
In southern skies, no polar star,
Nor beamings longer seen,
But looming clouds of doom afar,
While tempests bar between;
Like moon behold in wand'ring course,
Though tow'ring high in space,
When moving south—the dark'ning source,
Will then decrease apace;
And murd'rer vile on eastern branch,

Will end a vagabond,
Who barque upon the billows launch,
To bleaks alone abscond;
Who strays away to sterile Nod,
Will thorns and thistles sow,
Like wicked Cain beneath the rod,
Where troubled waters flow;
But precious mines of virgin gold,
Where river glides of life,
The Shepherd's lambs within the fold,
Without is wolfish strife;
They crown receive, obtain the palm,
Who timely reach the goal,
The followers of the spotless Lamb,
Their names in life enroll;
A river bright is Shiloh too,
Away from satan's strife;
How bless'd afar the chosen few!
Behold the tree of life!

In blooming time how charming dear,
When nature plastic molds,
In vernal tide, the changing year,
Its courses warm unfolds;
Then dusky green enrobes the land,
And gushing Spring responds
To solar beams and zephyrs bland,
To heaven's magic wands;
Then budding nature's slumb'ring seeds,
The graces sweet unfold,
Mid vernal season, dewy meads,
Where clinging tendrils hold;
Then hyacinth and daffodil,
And primrose sweetly blow,
Beside the streams that murm'ring rill,

The virgin lilies grow;
Then odors sweet the meads diffuse,
The breathing roses lend,
Mid grassy verdure, balmy dews,
Their soft carnations blend;
Then clear, serene and charming bright,
The flowers fragrant bloom,
Sweet warbling birds at morning light,
Of various gilded plume;
All blooming white amid the green,
The lily chaste and pure,
With roses blushing sweet between,
With rapt enchantment lure;
Thus branches tender interwove,
And roots had interlaced,
On verdant lawn in balmy grove,
As morning roses graced,
By Eden's river gliding fair,
Reflecting beauty, life,
'Neath sunny skies the primal pair,
Unruffled then by strife;
In twilight dim, in dewy morn,
And sunny noon they talked,
Enwreathed by chaplets that adorn,
With Graces charming walked;
Of comely mien and debonair,
First nature kindly granted,
Like opening flowers blooming fair,
By placid waters planted;
Like roses in the morning sky,
All blushing sweetly there,
Like lilies blooming waters by,
Unsullied white and fair:
Aurora with her bright'ning rays
Then silvered o'er the deep,

While cherubs chant their matin lays,
Above its bosom sweep,
Beneath ethereal bowers fly,
Where rills of nectar flow,
Celestial azure of the sky,
Still deep'ning with the bow;
Sweet angel songs on morning breeze,
Rang out at eventide,
In dulcet strains ere curdle freeze
The blood as serpents glide;
Like fleecy flocks of falling snow,
The earth upon in green,
Where roses red and tulips grow,
The mantle white between;
As silent came as dawning light,
As fair as lunar sheen,
As limpid dews mid starry night,
Was ushered in the scene!

When beneath the bright waters the solar orb dipped,
How the sparkles on mirror of nature then skipped,
How in beauty refulgent the world was enchased,
As the earth at th'horizon the heavens embraced!

While deftly wreathing garlands fair,
To deck a beauty's brow,
With evergreens and flowers rare,
As nature did endow,
The mother of all living men,
Conservator and bane—
Beyond the grasp of human ken,
The deep and mystic reign!
Lo, blindly, of the bane partook,
The good and evil root,
The mortal touch, the fatal look.

The proffered deadly fruit;
For sable woman tempted Eve,
With dagger at her side,
The rose with daisy to deceive,
Where death and hell abide,
To nectar sip from flowers fair,
That grace the matin sheen,
Aurora paints with beauty rare,
And tints the mossy green;
And with a basket to procure
The tempting apples found,
With fascinations foul to lure,
As serpent from the ground;
Because He did not loving choose
The one despoiled by sin,
Then envy dark, hell's purpose loose,
To murder and to win!—
Behold, appeared in other scene,
With bearded head in hand,
The empty sockets vacant seen;
The serpent's mystic wand;
Then cleaved a thunderbolt the tree.
Around, the withered grass,
The lion roared, the serpent free,
With fiery fangs alas;
Lo, yelling demons shriek their joy,
Cause curdling blood to freeze,
Clash horrid sounds that peace destroy,
Discordant on the breeze;
In sin by weeping angels found,
Who utter sad to-morrow,
Ah, these the whisp'ring winds around,
That sigh the tale of sorrow;
All cherished hopes of heaven gone,
No New Jerusalem,

The planets all in beauty shone,
But shone no more for them;
The zephyrs sighed among the trees,
And bowers as before,
Still wafted songs upon the breeze,
In cadence sweet no more;
No more, beheld fair Eden's stream
Where rose and lily blow,
No more reflected heaven's beam,
Nor spanned the showery bow;
No more creation was renewed,
When squand'red once away,
The journey then with thistles strewed,
In darkness veiled the day;
No thrills transporting, fervid spring
From rosy red of dawn,
Nor raptures morning splendors bring,
Ambrosial dewy lawn;
No music sweet discoursed on high,
And if, but to condemn,
Nor angels singing in the sky
To golden harps for them;
No beaming hope in bosoms burned,
No gleam of sparkle bright,
Nor falling tears to diamonds turned
By rays of heaven's light;
No joys ecstatic, gaudy bow,
No songs in numbers roll,
Nor heavens sweet in beauty glow,
No longer thrill the soul;
No plastic substance more was there,
Bright jewels that He wants,
But ghastly in their visions stare
The dark, sepulchral haunts;
When fruit forbidden they partook,

Then thorns and thistles mourned,
Earth blasted, quaked and heaven shook,
Still mercy how forewarned!
What evil wrought to erring man,
When yielded precious all,
The blind impulse, the fearful ban,
Then dark the funeral pall!
Among the trees then aprons sewed,
Thus strove to cover shame,
Beside the stream where sorrows flowed,
In self defending blame;
An effort 'twas t'unfold the door
For enervated form,
By strength'ning meats to fresh restore
To calm the rising storm,
Before the Lord in wind appeared,
The whirlwind of his wrath,
Of ancient Job on waters feared,
Leviathan in the path;
From dreadful deed, the shocking doom,
Volcanic flames arose,
And heaven shook at yawning tomb,
Satanic darts oppose;
Like Sodom's sins were looming 'far,
To heavens portals blame—
Descended down the purple star,
To hades whence it came!

Lo, Adam died with his compeers,
Within the fatal day,
Is with Jehovah thousand years,
Behold, th'eternal way;
That serpent old with fiery wreath,
Disgorged his flaming ire,
Then earth was smitten—barren heath,

The end consuming fire;
The blighting curse extends to hell,
The dart Almighty maims,
On belly then the serpent fell,
Will fall amid the flames;
Then baneful, fierce siroccos blew,
When daring they defy,
And fiery flying serpents flew
Amid the vaulted sky;
Amid the clouds, a roaring noise,
Where vivid lightnings play,
And pealing claps, the equipoise,
The flashing sheets display;
Was opened then the mystic book,
Unveiled the gulf of hell,
The quaking earth creation shook,
And stars from heaven fell;
Then Ætna huge, Vesuvius rose,
The craters all awoke,
With belching flames and quaking throes,
With lightnings and with smoke;
Volcanos surging upwards flash,
Exploding thunders roar,
With throes convulsive, awful crash,
As seething lavas pour;
The boiling liquid blazing down
Volcano's tremulous sides,
Lo, earth around, the awful frown,
The foaming ocean tides!
Still Morning Star arose serene,
To lighten up the gloom,
But dewy bow no longer seen,
When yawned wide the tomb;
The Morning Star mid gloom arose,
The guardian Shepherd stands,

To fold protect from rav'nous foes,
To tread were God's commands;
Lo, downward must the serpent go,
Whence sulph'rous horrors rise,
And wicked will partake of woe,
With worm that never dies;
Alone, who feel in conscious soul
The horrors can conceive,
The blighting curse as ages roll,
The withering, galling eve!
Still glimm'ring star of spectral light,
Then gleamed through lurid mist,
Upon a vague and shadowy night,
Away as sorrows kissed;
Then fairy bark at nameless shore,
Upon a mystic sea,
On wings of faintest zephyr bore
To music's lowest key;
Then wafted o'er the shoreless seas,
The solemn pennants wave,
On pinions of a tropic breeze,
And olives o'er the grave!

When fruit forbidden man partook,
Revenge arose and pride,
When crime appeared then light forsook,
The blighted victim died;
The primal thrall, the living man,
Lo, sun dial shadows cast,
The doom beneath the devil's ban,
Suggestive still of past,
Still tragic place records the name
Of wailing and of woe,
And mountain top of wondrous fame,
First spanned by showery bow;

The Savior sweet terrific bled,
For life was yielded life,
Death must ensue to purchase dead,
To end satanic strife!
Not on a fiction we've presumed,
Declare alone the truth,
Of sad estate where flowers bloomed,
A narrative forsooth;
Nor figment of bewildered brain,
God's glory truly real,
And fiery serpent's goading reign
Will sinful surely feel!

At early dawn in brightness shone,
When Christ arose to light,
Still Morning Star serene alone,
And angel clothed in white;
Lo, in the garden Jesus hail,
In view of Calvary's frown,
Must self deny if would prevail,
Would wear the starry crown;
Rejoice ye saints, behold, the cross
For grim despairing tombs,
In southern skies for dreadful loss,
The starry emblem looms; *
The emblazoned symbol bright divine,
Dispels the shadowy gloom,
Still polar rays the gems enshrine,
The Hermon lilies bloom!
May every one refusing call,
And counsels by the flood,
To mortals come and angels thrall,
Rejecting Jesus' blood;

* The starry cross is visible in the southern skies.

For hopeful psalmist still new moon,
Mid moral darkness, grace,
The law's restored, the saving boon,
Thereby achieved the race;
The billows seemed to heavens meet,
As high the surges tossed,
Still there divine, the mercy seat,
Where track the dragon crossed!
Remember Lord the erring one,
That ransomed live in thee,
The sainted fold of blessed Son,
May still remembered be,
Who glitt'ring dome in wisdom made,
In beauty lovely shining,
And earth in splendors rich arrayed,
Thy children hear repining;
An everlasting triumph give,
In narrow way oh, save,
A stricken world that righteous live,
With life, salvation pave;
May we arise, exist in thee,
May never, never die,
From satan's thralldom Gabriel free,
Come Michael swiftly fly,
Come rescue from the dreadful thrall,
Eternal One we pray,
May Jesus' blood be all in all,
In quaking judgment day;
Oh, quickly rescue trembling souls
From fearful, dark design,
From livid scenes on satan's shoals.
By wisdom all divine;
Let lightnings to the lowest pit,
Devoutly we implore,
Oblivion's waves that dark befit,

Roll o'er forevermore!
O, for some bosom, kindred one,
Some welcome, cheering ray,
From portals bright, celestial sun,
To gloom dispel away!

From Adam, death till Moses reigned,
And held terrific sway,
Until the law that tott'ring waned,
Preserved in wand'ring way:
No rainbow bent in ether high,
Nor rain from heaven fell,
Before the flood from cloudless sky,
Beneath the reign of hell;
All unto Baal, were mostly wed,
Scarce gleam, celestial ray,
And wicked acts had overspread,
As will at judgment day:
Now rainbow decks the arching sky,
In beauty heaven spans,
In glory bright beneath, on high,
Where gale the ocean fans;
Now lovely span the mingled hues,
Where bounds expansive sweep,
Mid royal dome, the balmy dews,
In vault ethereal deep;
Now curving grand in showery sky,
Unites with glorious band,
And resting where the beauties vie,
Upon the sea and land;
Now lovely fair in sweetest peace,
All firmly too unite,
Around the Throne will never cease,
In beauty bending bright!
Still shadow of prophetic thought,

The emblem of the thing,
The symbol of the kingdom bought,
The cross for serpent's sting;
No crescent bow before the flood,
Beneath a cloudless sky;
But lilies now, the roses bud,
The mists arise on high;
In purple clouds, the hues display,
Still not forever sure,
With fleeting clouds will pass away,
Alone will God endure;
O, lift aloft the pensive muse,
Behold averts the rod,
The beauty bright of many hues,
Remembrancer of God;
Still greater boon in Jesus willed,
In cross, the mystic wand,
Lo, sin's dethroned, the law's fulfilled,
In Jesus, magic bond;
Its bitter curse his heart-strings tore,
For those who disobeyed,
The hero hung in welt'ring gore,
Colossal debt is paid,
The peace regained, where hades stormed,
Through woful sin was lost,
The kingdom ere Orion formed,
But oh, the countless cost;
He nobly quenched the serpent's fire,
Courageous bruised likewise:
For sin t'appease the dreadful ire,
To emblem Moses flies;
The fiery serpent dread of old,
And cock that warning crew,
The devil's subtle arts unfold,
The cross him overthrew;

Who will refuse—then idly dare—
The Savior's precious blood;
The roaring lion hark, beware,
The dragon's surging flood!
No power wrests from Jesus' hand,
The prowling wolf's around;
There Israel's safe in Canaan's land,
Where pastures rich abound:
But flaming words must still describe
What wicked have to pay,
The shocking fate of guilty tribe,
The fearful judgment day;
As Nineveh and Babylon fell,
As prophets had foretold,
So heavens, earth and frightful hell,
Will pass away behold,
Will earth terrific, be dissolved,
Prophetic as, explain,
A righteous one will be evolved
For blessed that remain;
For evil, share its destined lot,
As Sodom did from God,
And hell's damnation slumb'reth not,
Will perish at His nod:
When Noah's flood engulfed the earth,
The curse was mollified,
The bow assuaged the blasting dearth,
But still cannot abide;
For ages worked, for man prepared,
The Lord this wondrous world,
His mighty arm for ages bared,
With banners all unfurled,
The banner of the sacred law,
Of wisdom and of might,
For human then condition saw,

All good in holy sight;
Six thousand years it truly was,
Each day a thousand years;
On seventh rest, in sacred cause,
Thus dim revealed the seers;
Creations six, on seventh rest,
In goodness all was made,
When all complete Jehovah blest,
For evil doomed to fade,
Must pass away—the sacred word—
In rolling ages fail,
No longer will the forces gird,
Eternal laws prevail!

The fountain of all wisdom lies
In Deity supreme,
From central sun enlight'ning flies
The living, flashing beam;
Of universe, is reigning head,
His couns'lor who will be:
Illume with candle solar bed,
With drop augment the sea;
Upon this mighty theme lay hold,
And grapple with this thought,
From shining orbs in soaring bold,
Or depths profound is brought;
Minutest works of God unfold,
Bring myst'ries from the skies,
The horrors of the tomb behold,
The spectre as it flies;
Inspired, drink from golden stars,
From splendors of the earth,
From mighty seas in staple bars,
From grand creation's birth.
From radiant skies, the orient rose,

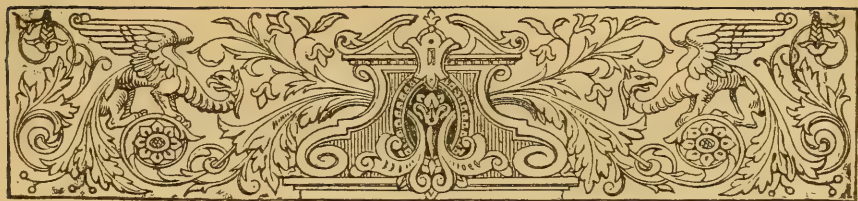
The moon with splendors bright,
From solar rays where charming glows
The western golden light;
From glowing orbs in shining race,
Amid celestial blue,
Majestic spheres in boundless space,
As trackless rounds pursue;
From silver moon, its mellow light,
Entrancing beauties bring,
Its gentle beams mid stilly night,
From muses raptures wring;
From comet's grand, astounding race,
Beyond creation's bounds,
Throughout amazing endless space,
Pursues its wildering rounds;
From sacred word, from Jesus' will—
O, magic name so dear!
From Jordan's stream to Zion's hill,
Pursued his bright career;
From Sodom's flames, from Noah's flood—
What billowing seas unfold!—
From Adam's thrall to Jesus' blood,
The tragedies behold;
From visions clear, nocturnal dreams,
Thoughts clinking at the heart,
As solar light, the flashing beams
From bright, eternal mart,
Bright beaming from th'Eternal eye,
Like golden chains let down,
Like stars reflecting from the sky,
Archangel's jeweled crown;
With mighty musings rock the globe,
Careering in its course,
Illuminate, with beauty robe,
From wand'ring orbit force;

Sublime in flight as eagles soar,
Sweet warbling as the birds,
Defiant as the lion's roar,
Enrapturing power of words,
Like flashing sheets where lightnings play,
Amid the stern defense,
As skies relent mid bright array,
The brilliant eloquence,
Like waves that undulating swell
Till strike a foreign land,
And grandly tow'ring upwards well,
The billows on the strand;
Like purling streams in verdant mead,
The trickling waters sound,
Like cascades rushing, dashing speed,
High leaping, rolling bound;
As accents drop by angel ways,
To heaven upwards well,
Encompass 'round eternal days,
Or penetrate to hell;
As lightnings flash o'er summer cloud,
As floods from heaven pour,
Mid stunning peals, commotion loud,
Will fancies boldly soar;
Still logic stern and truth present,
The eloquence divine,
Nor field desert till evil rent,
Beneath the feet consign:
Than heaven's courts where anthems flow,
No themes sublimer are,
None dreadful more than seething woe,
Where smoulders evil star;
Than mighty dome, the vaulted sky,
Creations grand beneath,
Celestial courts where seraphs fly,

And pits where devils seethe!
Lo, mourning, mourning there will be,
Until the dreadful day,
Until engulfed in flaming sea,
Till fires consuming slay;
The judgment swift, destruction dire,
Avenger, burning rod,
For wicked deeds, consuming fire,
Will of Almighty God;
Terrific as the lightning stroke,
The forked, vivid flash,
The ravages, the fiery smoke,
Beyond the stunning crash!
O, power, grandeur, sov'reign might,
The terrible display,
Of Christ's advent, the glorious sight,
The fearful judgment day!
Arise my soul, embrace this truth,
And cling thereto through life,
To Jesus fly of blooming youth,
Away from satan's strife;
Thy pinions spread for beamy sky,
And break thy galling chains,
Then with archangels soaring fly,
Where God in glory reigns;
Rejoicing there from thralldom free,
In beauty with the crowned,
Where blooming sweet the living tree,
Triumphant—rest is found!
O, theme sublime, the tow'ring hight,
The heaven-scaling thought!
The woful depths, recoiling sight,
The hellish horrors wrought!
Eternal will the wonder be,
With God forever dwell,

O, swelling ocean, boundless sea,
Can seraph wisdom tell!
O, graspless thought, enrapturing scene,
What future earth purports,
Eternal life, the living green,
The New Jerus'lem courts!

The most beautiful sight that eyes ever beheld,
Are the regions of glory, the waters that welled,
O, the raiment of splendor there glistening white,
The Shekinah of lustre and Throne amid light!
O, the transport, the bliss mid the heavens away,
With companions exalted forever to stay,
Through the accents of kindness what wisdom doth
 flow,
With a rapture ecstatic that seraphs but know;
With bright Gabriel t'ascend to the zenith of dome,
Where the angels are waiting to welcome us home,
Lo, on pinions of beauty with cohorts t'arise,
Mid the heavens to dwell, mid the radiance of skies!
O, could Adam have fathomed the depths of the blue,
The dark regions profound with the horrors that
 brew,
To the stars bright arisen, descended below,
Would never have sundered the glory of bow!



CANTO XXI.

THE CONSUMMATION.



HEN the heavens are roaring, encircled
aflame
When enshrouded the earth and all
mantled the same,
O, what billows will surge and commo-
tions arise,
Then away as the tumult in crashing it flies!
In four thousand years pending will changes give
birth,
From the time that the Savior had walked upon
earth,
Revolutions will mighty then awful arise,
Lo, a tableau of wonders beneath and the skies!

Th'Eternal formed the living man,
Made tributary suns,
For mother earth achieved His plan,
Creation teeming runs;
On plane terrene supporting food,
On earth the lion roars,
The angels guard the chosen good,
His Maker man adores;
On earth began, and fragile dies,
Here walks his pilgrimage,
The ladder mounts to starry skies,

Or treads the downward stage;
The giants here renowned of old,
Their wisdom, fame below,
As clouds away in darkness rolled,
Or tints of transient bow;
Here Dives dwelt, the rich, refined,
Terrific, thus they tell,
Around him golden fetters bind,
Awoke in flaming hell;
Here Lazarus mourned, afflicted Job,
In sorrow's dreary vale,
Pathetic tale, ill-fated globe!
Still Morning Star we hail;
Here deadly fruit and living grow,
Here God with prophets talks,
Beneath the beauteous, crescent bow,
And with the holy walks;
Here wicked perish and decay,
Archangels robed in white,
On earth the fearful judgment day,
The grand, appalling sight;
Upon the earth, beneath the stars,
Was man's atonement made,
Around were rent death's prison bars,
The ransom price was paid;
Upon the earth, last resting place,
Away from worldly strife,
The dest'ny sealed nor can retrace,
His steps renew in life;
Upon the earth was Eden fair,
Here precious life abounds,
The flaming sword, the lion's lair,
The judgment trumpet sounds;
Upon the earth will dead awake,
Behold the morning bright,

The voice attend divine that spake,
Proclaimed refulgent light;
Will hence ascend, to glory fly,
In chariot to the cloud,
From earth to star-bespangled sky,
Mid pæan anthems loud!

Of wondrous sights sublime to view
In nature's grandest form,
When tempests earth with havoc strew,
The pealing thunder storm;
The fiery chariots winged brought,
The thunders crashing came,
Still lightning streaks revivings fraught,
The flashing sheets of flame;
And Nitrates too through rainbow bright
The earth will fructify,
For elements will thus unite,
As vivid glories fly;
Thence herbage green and fruitage grow,
From air and solar light,
From mist congealed, the falling snow,
The fleecy mantle white:
But tempests grand how ill compared,
To when the dead awake,
The wicked perish, righteous spared,
The earth and heavens shake;
When shining bright, the planets flown,
And earth is flaming dire,
Unholy reap the evil sown,
In lake consuming fire;
When cohorts grand of angels bright
Through midst of heaven fly,
The holy bands to native light,
In chariots to the sky!

Still language can but faint reveal
What future will unfold,
The glories of th'eternal seal,
But wicked where behold!
How faintly pictures too convey
The terrors of that scene,
Commotion wild and sad dismay,
By every eye then seen;
Will soul involve in sadness, gloom,
More fearful than to die,
When comes prophetic, crashing doom,
Away when angels fly!
O, thankful be for grace above,
For power that awakes,
The blessed dead through Jesus love,
With voice of trumpet shakes!
Who thunders in the tempest cloud,
The lightnings cause to flash,
Will dead awake from winding shroud,
Before the final crash;
From rending of the rocks beneath,
Will earth terrific quake,
Encircle bright with flowery wreath,
To horrors some awake;
Would speculation be in vain
To seek from whence arose,
The lightnings bid and timely rain,
And quakings when He chose;
What power shakes the vaulted skies
Can shiver rocks beneath;
His mandate dreadful, quickly flies,
Volcanic lavas seethe;
The elements with tremblings greet,
Volcanos dread awake,
The mountains move beneath his feet,

The earth's foundations shake;
Prolonged will rending, quaking be
By power from the Throne,
Some homeward flock, while others flee,
Th'Almighty rules alone;
As lightnings shake the tempest loose,
Unbolt the thunder clouds,
Will word divine, sublime, abstruse
Release imprisoned shrouds;
Lo, quaking earth, the rising dead,
The holy to the skies,
By giant phantoms wicked led,
To vain protection flies;
Still mightier than Mount Sinai's quake,
Trump of th'eternal God,
On resurrection morn t'awake
The saint beneath the clod;
Earth trembles neath his holy feet,
Aghast, it rocks with dread,
The everlasting God we'll meet,
Behold, awake the dead!

The angel bright with lightning strength,
In raiment snowy white,
The earth convulsed throughout its length,
At dawning of the light;
Christ ushered in the blessed morn,
The sainted bid arise,
The world's perfection, monarch born,
The glory of the skies;
But planets first will pass away,
The bright and flick'ring stars,
Before the resurrection day,
All burst their prison bars;
Then will Jehovah Jah arise,

In majesty sublime,
Leave mercy seat, enwrap the skies,
Behold the end of time;
Will God descend in judgment day,
With his ten thousand saints,
Along his arm while lightnings play,
Who bow with beauty paints;
Will Jesus be revealed on high,
With regal power come,
Archangels bright in chariots fly,
The wicked stricken dumb,
In shining clouds with angels bright,
More radiant than the sun,
His presence, earth with glory light,
His holy vic'try won;
What terrors will distract the soul,
What horrors then rebound,
In latter days when cease to roll,
The planets cycling round!
Enwrapped when is a fleeting world
In flaming tempest dire,
As Sodom was to ashes hurled,
Amid consuming fire;
Will meet in wisdom final doom,
From Judge, the quaking earth,
Forever men the form assume
Of shame or noble birth;
The harvest then, the vintage reap
Of sad, delusive joys,
Triumphant rise from holy sleep,
Or perish with their toys;
Lo, on volcano's crater, sit,
On smould'ring ruins rash,
With flaming gust the passions lit,
Nor heed the coming crash;

May frantic souls in darkness land,
Among the fiery horde,
So stand obedient, firmly stand,
Behold the flaming sword!

When planets earth no longer hold,
Then comes the final day,
Will old become, together fold,
Behold, will pass away;
When slaughtered dead like mountains heaped,
Will cease the hand divine;
When earth is deluged, blood-insteeped,
In moon appear the sign;
What wisdom framed in olden time,
By word the grand array,
Will pass away the scene sublime,
The world will pass away;
Because in sunder's rent the law,
Despised, in dust is trod,
Then earth perplexed, amazed with awe,
The presence of its God;
Will time arrive He wisely knows,
And heart depraved of man,
From founts corrupt lo, vileness flows,
On baneful tree the ban;
Still evil reigns in bosom, blood,
For God discern the truth?
Declared thus after Noah's flood,
"Its evil from his youth."

Ten days will be rolling this tottering globe,
Before is enwrapped in its flaming red robe,
Ere systems of suns will all vanish away,
Oh, final will be and then dreadful that day!

When laws divine each violates,
The flower parts its bloom;
When that's revealed which desolates,
Then comes the fearful doom;
When God's provoked and Christ amazed,
Will planets pass away,
And angel's hand to heaven raised,
Then comes the dreadful day;
When blood despised, the royal shed,
Of Lamb who serpent trod;
When reared aloft the hydra-head,
Will brandished be the rod;
When kingdoms dark horrific, rise,
And fiery globes are hurled,
From regions black to glorious skies,
Then ends created world;
When satan vile destruction wills,
To angel and to man,
The universe with havoc fills,
Arise will fiery ban;
Enkindled gases will consume
Grand astronomic belt,
The earth amid the flamings loom,
As planets fiercely melt;
Will pass away as is foretold,
With dread, terrific noise,
Decaying scroll together fold,
No longer grandly poise;
Without will flames, within will doom,
The fierce, volcanic fire,
Terrific flaming deluge loom,
The conflagration dire:
Around the Throne, no trembling fears,
When worlds to pieces dash,
Nor dread of melting, crumbling spheres,

Their quakings nor their crash;
Although may rock, the waters heave,
As earth in orbit flies,
To faithful still will be reprieve,
Ascend the starry skies!

When planets once grow old, decay,
The earth becomes a mass,
With roaring noise will pass away,
In ages come to pass;
Already causes constant work,
The dippings backward force,
The lunar tides and changes lurk,
To check the onward course;
Ah, whither land from quaking throes,
Through burning orbs may fall,
From orbit fly through wretched woes,
Convulsions of this ball:
Th'appalling end, the conflict dire,
In flight the falling bird,
More frightful than th'alarm of fire,
Amid the ocean heard;
Forever falling in the deep,
In boundless void of space,
Forever down, the endless sweep,
Consuming in the race!
But wisdom bright like Morning Star,
The glowing, lustrous gem,
Will shine beyond corruption's bar,
In New Jerusalem;
Who through the fiery ordeal go,
As holy children past,
May Morning Star attain and bow,
Triumphant be at last;
Thereby the mighty angel went,

Descended down to hell,
The dragon bound, in sunder rent
Deceptions foul and fell;
Here evil meets the destined crash,
'Fore lustre pure and bright,
Before the glorious lightning flash,
The thunders of His might;
Lo, glitt'ring splendors sweet of Star,
The brightest gem on high,
Away in beauty flashing 'far,
Amid the vaulted sky;
Nor rocking dreads of swaying earth,
Commutations of the sea,
Has firmly stood since nature's birth,
Will stand when planets flee,
Triumphant be mid golden light,
When judgment day is past,
Within the New Jerus'lem bright,
From shocking horrors vast;
With angels sing, in sweet accord,
Will shine when planets wane,
In city of the sov'reign Lord,
Upon the azure plane;
Beyond the shores of chasm deep,
Enthrilling scenes will bring,
Where limpid founts and cascades leap,
Mid ever blooming Spring!
Behold, a bright and promised land,
Where all the holy flee,
For righteous few, the chosen band,
Awaits for you and me!
Is not that boon the tribute due,
What scriptures grand reveal,
To way pursue of chosen few,
To strive with holy zeal,

For glorious prize beyond the sod,
That crown by prophets won,
And promised by Almighty God
Eternal race to run;
Will shining crowns attain the goal,
While wicked trembling quake,
To see the fiery billows roll,
Of hell's consuming lake;
No radiant skies, no angels sing,
Nor glimm'rings pierce the gloom,
But deep within its caverns ring
The knell of certain doom;
While rainbow spans the dewy sky,
To know there're joys beyond,
While far away all pleasures fly,
In chains till judgment bound;
Beyond the bow of beauty see,
Where angels sweetly sing,
Will brilliant hopes enshroud of thee,
And writhing tortures wring;
When spectral shades by moonlight seen,
Beneath the snowy flake,
'Neath satellites, the silv'ry sheen,
What echoes will awake!
Oh, Lord protect from pending harm,
This vortex, horrid doom,
Defend us with thy mighty arm,
And snatch from yawning tomb;
May we arise with spotless robe,
Nor smould'ring hell resorb,
While pilgrims on this troubled globe,
Swift whirling in its orb!

Leviathan of ocean dread,
Behemoth also land,

The devil lo, the fiery red,
Of serpent-dragon band!
Forever still not will divine,
Nor wisdom of the sky,
But issues first, must all fulfill,
And will beneath, on high;
Lo, hither, thither furious went,
The god of raging flame,
Jehovah then the Savior sent,
For as a helper came,
To dragon overcome and slay,
To serpent bruise arose,
Convert the darkness into day,
And ease ten thousand woes;
Still wickedness will overspread,
Increase will every evil,
Upon the earth destruction red,
Devices of the devil,
Ere mantling darkness will enshroud,
The sun but dimly shine,
Before terrific judgment cloud,
The grand advent divine;
Will lightnings at His presence doom,
Then quake the solid ground,
Enkindled flames the earth consume,
And pass with roaring sound;
Will pass away like burning weeds,
Then valleys melt and hills,
The change according to the deeds,
Or as Jehovah wills:
Lo, carbon mixed with silex white,
As granite rock became,
Thus melting mass a blazing light,
Through billows of the flame;
Will pass away ill-fated world,

Mid flaming horrors dire,
As Sodom was terrific, hurled,
Amid consuming fire;
But will remain through Morning Star
Until the dreadful day,
Will scatter then in wrath afar,
His enemies and slay;
Then glowing sun, the silver moon,
The glitt'ring stars of night,
The universe in ruins soon,
The earth a flaming light;
Will earth terrific, pass away,
With spirits dark and foul,
But holy to eternal day,
While some with demons howl;
Through boundless space forever fly,
Through voidness downward fall,
Ill-fated ones forever die,
Horrific, sable pall;
Too late good counsel then is rued,
Then gnaw their galling chains,
And by hell-vicious imps pursued,
Consuming what remains:
But wisdom's gold from greenly tomb,
Will rise anew, afresh,
The New Jerus'lem lily bloom,
If but deny the flesh;
Who cross endures, the evil fly,
Will shine with stars renowned,
Mid dome bespangled, azure sky,
Alone will be the crowned,
The chosen, called by voice divine,
Beyond this earthly bar,
Forever crowned, forever shine,
With bright and Morning Star!

Still many changes will occur,
And generations bloom,
Dramatic scenes the earth bestir,
Before the final doom,
Ere Jesus comes—the thrilling scene,
Who holds th'eternal keys,
From pearly throne to harvest glean,
Ere all creation flees!

Though blest afar, on hallowed grounds,
And free from prison bars,
'Twill not restore the ghastly wounds,
Nor cover up the scars,
Nor, mitigate what dreadful gnaws,
Like canker in the breast,
The keen remorse for broken laws,
The foiled promised rest;
No liquid gems in grassy dale
Then glisten till the noon,
Nor setting sun, its golden veil
Will blend with placid moon;
But terrors, shake the troubled soul,
When worlds revolve no more:
O, will we live t'attain the goal,
Through life eternal soar!
When planets pass away behold!
Will earth terrific, pass,
When all anew He will unfold,
Then wicked where alas,
As o'er volcano's crater, peers,
Beholds the dark abyss,
Aghast, recoils with shudd'ring fears,
As seething cauldrons hiss,
As planets whirl with fearful sweep,
From bright ethereal plane,

And comets in th'engulfing deep,
Beneath the oblivion main;
Without to grope, no certain rest,
No more the being whole,
A devil gnawing in the breast,
Alas, the wretched soul;
No angel near to hope inspire,
But grim satanic hate;
Will fiery malice never tire,
His tortures ne'er abate;
No longer love in sweetness then,
Entwined around his God,
In tempest tossed, in darkness when,
Beneath the devil's rod;
This, but the galling threshold too,
The gath'ring of the gloom,
Where sweeping avalanches strew
With wrecks the deep'ning doom!

In lustrous clouds and radiant bright,
With mercy and the rod,
Will all behold the glorious sight,
The majesty of God;
The heavens bright will pass away
Before his shining face,
Before the fearful judgment day,
Ere all exchange their place;
Some for the New Jerus'lem bright,
Which God himself will make;
But awful! some consign to night,
Or cast in fiery lake!
Attune your harps ye holy, white,
And sing th'enrapturing song,
To Him who ushers in the light
For you, the blessed throng;

With angels will in glorious skies
Exult with vocal breath,
Though torments see and smoke arise
From them of second death!
Jehovah great of sacred law,
On Sinai's quaking Mount,
We tremble lo, with rev'rent awe,
When all our failings count;
We greatly fear because we dread
That frightful, horrid hell,
Forever doomed, to heaven dead,
To regal treasure sell;
Oh, keep our failing, fragile hearts
In wisdom's golden path,
That may escape the fiery darts,
Defy the cruel wrath,
Till thou within th'enclosure bring,
With precious shining gold,
With angels bright to anthems sing,
Within the Shepherd's fold!

We've now within th'arcanum peered,
Through vista dark obscured,
The mist opaque aloft that reared,
From human vision mured:
Beyond old time, its fleeting wing
Will come a sabbath rest,
To harps will angels sweetly sing,
Where peaceful dwell the blest,
With music through the gates of heaven,
To mansions of the sky,
To starry portals, mystic seven,
Mid stellar glory fly;
Will choral voices singing sweet,
Entrancing visions bring,

Elysian forms on golden street,
As tuneful echoes ring,
More sweetly far than ever heard,
In melting cadence flow,
Will bow of beauty heaven gird,
With lovely radiance glow;
Away in blissful mansions, shine,
There joined with pearly link,
Around his table, feast divine,
From golden goblets drink;
On pinions plum'd to Morning Star,
Aloft with angels soar,
Of nectar quaff, of bliss afar,
Until the cups run o'er;
With spotless pure, with ransomed free,
Redeemed from prison bars,
Triumphant shout the jubilee,
And shine among the stars;
His praises chant, hosannas sing,
His glorious beauty see,
Where hallelujahs loud will ring,
Throughout eternity!

When ages have flown, in ten million of years,
Who then will exist as at present appears,
And if should survive, in what regions of space,
What planets revolving, what scenes will embrace!
What vacancy then 'neath the azure of dome,
Where all now believe that they flocking are home,
Lo, God will remain with but holy the few,
Mid glory of rainbow, its splendor of hue!



CANTO XXII.

DULCE DOMUM. THE SHEPHERD'S
BEAUTY. CONCLUSION.

THE rhapsodies sweet and how thrilling to
souls,
When the earth is aflame and extends to
the poles,
When the planets are crashing mid fearful
dismay,
That th'Eternal will launch then a home far away!

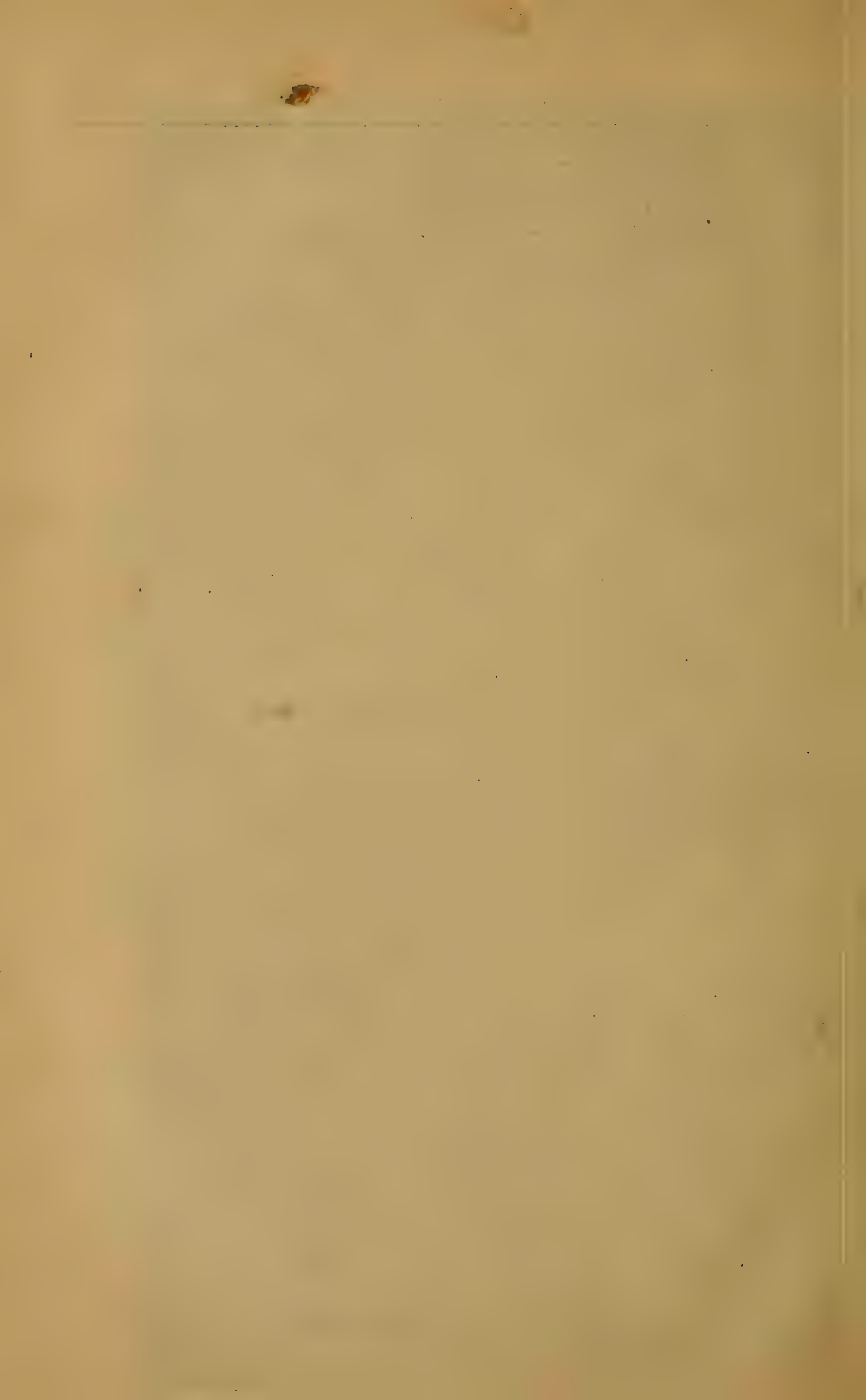
When Eden's graces sweet adorn,
And bowers living green,
Then rosy fresh as blushing morn,
And fair as lunar sheen;
When gold upon the stream abounds,
Then free from prison bars,
A host angelic bright surrounds,
A galaxy of stars;
In bosom then is joy complete,
A lustrous mirror bright,
The raptures pure as angels' greet,
Or dews of starry night;
Exulting course will christian run,
When love is holy, free,
Like beaming orb, the rising sun
Emerging from the sea;
Lo, pulchritude of spotless fair,
With freshness of the morn,







CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.



Like bubbling streams in gushing rare,
As lilies white adorn;
Then blissful moments charming sweet,
All wrapt in fervid glow,
'Mong lilies white to Jesus meet,
Alone who feel may know;
Enlight'ning then the radiant beams,
As fulgid, solar light,
That sweetly downward waving streams,
Reviving, cheering bright;
Unblasted by sirocco storm,
As fair as virgin bloom,
By hand divine bedecked the form,
The earth to cheer, illume;
Lo, jewels bright, of heaven are,
On rock of ages free,
Revolve around the Morning Star,
Will Graces ever be;
As youth with comfort time employ,
All quiv'ring sweet with bliss,
When fervent love's enrapt with joy,
Still not compared with this;
Because 'tis he of burning love,
The blessed, holy One,
And angels dear revered above,
Who crownsof glory won;
Because 'tis home, enchanting home,
Where heart-affections tied,
No more to wander thence nor roam,
But fondly there abide:
The ages all the truth declare,
That there exists a rest,
Away and far from satan's snare,
The nations all attest,
Beyond the stars, the solar rays,

Amid bespangled dome,
In boundless space mid rapt amaze,
A sweet, enthrilling home;
In bright celestial, azure skies,
Beyond creation's bounds,
In endless space eternal rise,
Still new, enchanting grounds!

A priest renowned for wisdom dared,
Where lily virtue bloomed,
In treading stony path declared,
Once modestly assumed,
In weary march, presumed to say,
"I guard Bœotia's fount,"
The chosen servant on the way,
Ascending steepy mount;
"Upon the lawn, upon the street,
Wherever pensive, walk,
Still angels bright my goings greet,
With them familiar talk;
Wherever go, wherever be,
Behold their forms divine,
Their presence sweetly follows me,
On weary path to shine;
In early dawn, mid evening shades,
Amid the stilly night,
On slumb'ring couch when mem'ry fades,
Enthrilling presence bright;
Inspiring sweet nocturnal dreams,
And watch intruding foes,
Awake me when Aurora gleams,
And lead where water flows;
They counsel me in sacred truth,
And say 'pursue the light,'
'Neath pinions slept from early youth,

Their snowy covert white;
Yes, music sweetly follows me,
Around the angels sing,
Sing glory, glory, heavens, free,
Their voices charming ring;
In upward yearnings, oft declare,
‘ Shall safely dwell above,
In Jesus’ fold where nothing dare
Molest the child of love;
In heaven bright above with God,
Upon the blessed rock,
On pinions mount from moul’dring clod,
To chosen of His flock,
Away from where the adder stung,
The lion fierce and dread,
Of cloven foot, of forked tongue,
Still roaring ’mong the dead,
If overcome, if but defeat
That devil dark of hell,
And hurl away from murd’rous seat,
The sulph’rous whither fell;
If faithful walk in God’s delight,
Beneath the starry sky,
The queenly moon, its glory bright,
To Morning Star will fly,
Arise with beamy stars again,
Nor heaven’s brightness pall,
In beauty shine and never wane,
Arise no more to fall.’
This promise have to welcome see,
The regions bright above,
Mid heaven walk triumphant free,
Through sweet redeeming love;
Will angel flying through the sky,
With everlasting name,

With trumpet loud through azure fly,
This glorious truth proclaim,
‘Behold, a creature formed anew,
Salvation free to thee,
The living tree, the river too,
Of life the waters free;
Will joys enthrilling time purloin,
With God the gracious good,
Around his table loving join,
To feast on angel food;
Whose charming features sweetly grace,
With mien of rosy hue,
Lo, halos bright around enchase,
Like sparkles bright of dew;
Whose lustrous rays of glory shine,
From face of beauty bright,
With features lovely and divine,
Of beaming, radiant light;
Of form seraphic, wondrous form,
Lo, spirit-man of life,
Upon the clouds, beyond the storm,
He rides above the strife:’
Hosannas shout ye angel throng,
Sweet hallelujahs sing,
To God alone and Christ belong,
All honor to the King!”
The full proportions of the man,
The bright Divine behold,
His beaming face and glory scan,
And starry crown of gold,
As walking on Tiberias’ sea
Mid surges from the storm,
Or desert prayed to gracious free,
His lambs in bosom warm;
The mountain oft domestic home,

In solitude abides,
Divinely treads the billows' foam,
The angels are his guides;
Amid the dashing of the waves,
Appears majestic form,
Mid darkness and the tempest saves,
Amid the raging storm:
At lofty mien they were amazed,
At Holy Son of God
With wonder saw, with terror gazed,
As wavy waters trod,
Arrayed in clear, celestial light—
Lo, o'er the surges glance,
The glinting rays from heaven's hight,
O, sweet, enthrilling trance!
Was pierced behold who walked the waves,
Restored the halting maimed,
To silence hushed that opened graves,
The tongue the billows tamed;
Still sov'reign one triumphant, hark,
Though gentle as a lamb,
He pacifies the tossing bark
The tempest fierce is calm;
Lo, billows stills, tumultuous waves,
Upon the stormy sea,
Though ship around the tempest raves,
They anchor at the lea!

O, scene sublime of Calvary's cross,
From ghastly tomb t'arise,
The quaking earth restored the loss,
Ere, scaled the starry skies!
The earth around, through heaven flies,
The echo, doleful news,
All nature heard the rending cries,

And shook His shackles loose;
Then forty thousand chariots fleet,
The hosts angelic sweep,
The globe around creation greet,
The azure skies and deep;
O, blessed Savior, Lamb of God,
Of glory brightest ray,
Ourselves would grieve away a clod,
From Jesus cast away!

O, precious Savior, crystal pure!
At blessed name we bow,
With grief dissolved, embrace the cure,
Rejoicing, wrestling vow;
All lovely fair and sweeter far
Than honey in the comb,
Says, "come away," the Morning Star,
"We'll 'mong the lilies roam,
T'ambrosia sip beneath the bowers"—
O, what enchantment greets,
Entwines around the blissful hours
Amid celestial sweets!
From heaven's heights more silent still
Than music of the spheres,
Descending bright, His mission fills,
On earth without compeers;
Descending with the misty dew,
With radiant beauty bright,
With cheeks divine of rosy hue,
And fairer than the light;
Like flaky snow descending came,
Immaculate and pure;
Like blooming roses—glorious name!
As rock, foundation sure;
With halo bright as rising sun,

The radiance of His crown,
To race triumphant, glorious run
With loving smile or frown;
The melting tones, the accents sweet,
The cadence of His voice;
What rapturous thrills to Jesus meet,
To jewels of his choice!
Still sweeter far than music floats,
Upon the breezes free,
Than nightingale, its magic notes,
The warblings sweet to me,
More sweetly far than cherubs sing,
Comes like a thousand dews,
Upon the blossoms sweet of Spring,
His path with flowers strews;
More welcome than the blossoms gay,
The fairest of the fair,
Ambrosial breath, his ringlets play,
His face the roses bear,
More welcome than the opening day,
The bright and Morning Star,
To wand'ring pilgrims gone astray,
In wilderness afar;
More welcome than the beamy ray
Of sun supremely bright,
That chases misty clouds away,
And shades of sombre night;
Like flowers sweet and blushing fair,
That bloom amid the bowers;
Like honeysuckles nectar bear,
Enthrill the fleeting hours;
His ringlets wet with balmy dew,
All night he waiting stands:
Says, "come away"—more loving true
Than brother's golden bands;

Than beaming sun more glorious bright,
Serene refulgent day,
Aye fairer than the lunar light,
The Star of bright'ning ray,
Than zenith star of azure dome—
O, grand, enthrilling scene,
Th'empyrean hights, celestial home,
Amid bespangled sheen!

His voice enchanting says, "arise and follow me,
The glorious news attend, O faithful ever be,
The silver clouds we'll ride around the bright concave,
And flow'ry windings walk and tread the ocean
wave!"

With Savior sweet the angels dwell,
And down in lowly sleep,
Descended swift to dismal hell,
To worship in the deep;
With Gabriel bright from starry hights,
They sweep creation's girth,
As Shekinah, th'empyrean lights
Illume a dreary earth!
To glorious bright, the Morning Star
We chanted praise aloud,
To lustrous beams, its glory 'far,
Ere veiled behind a cloud,
Ere precious, pure, the living light
We fondly loved so dear,
Had passed away from eager sight,
As solemn, silent bier;
With mingled grief and gladness greet,
Our eyes a flowing fount,
With raptures too embrace his feet,
The pierced on Calvary's Mount;

To heaven raised, alas, but fall,
Oh, deigning will he stay!
If pinions had, at sov'reign call,
Our flight would wing away,
To Jesus swiftly, fly afar,
To fountain pure of life,
To bright'ning realms, the Morning Star
From satan's hateful strife;
But lo, beneath, with fetters bound,
Still longing for the sky,
At silver tones of trumpet sound,
On swiftest pinions fly!
O, melting cadence, glorious voice!
What loving accents greet!
Assure the children of thy choice,
May worship at thy feet,
Bright visions speed from Zion's hill,
May foretaste realize,
Enraptured souls with song enthrill,
With music from the skies;
This might appease the frantic soul,
Away when thou art flown,
Our hopes forlorn will none condole,
On earth, be left alone;
Where then, revealed the holy One,
Terrific, be the cry,
To what created kingdom run,
Away when thou wilt fly;
When into boundless space art gone,
Then where alas, oh, where?
We'll in dismay be left alone,
In sorrow and despair!
O, precious treasure tell us why,
Ascend cannot to God,
To blissful regions of the sky,

Thy seraph feet have trod,
Beyond the clouds where joys abound,
There free from prison bars,
Where hosts angelic bright surround,
A galaxy of stars!
O, swift descend in clouds again,
In triumph with thy host,
In judgment sit on satan's reign,
His fiery legion boast;
Hosannas then, will echo fly,
All honor to the Lamb,
To fiery lake the serpent hie,
Defeat the righteous palm;
Will call thy chosen from afar,
To joys with thee partake,
With cohorts rise, the Morning Star,
Away from burning lake!

Though fiery billows rushing came,
To living verdure doom,
The avalanche of tow'ring flame,
To heaven's portals loom,
A kingdom grand will still arise,
A thousand years below,
Beneath the bright and clement skies,
The dewy purple bow;
The crucifix, the olive branch,
Beneath the radiant dome,
Will ark upon the billows launch,
Will waft beloved home!
When that refulgent day arrives,
'Twere heedless to disclose,
When Eden blooms, in beauty thrives,
The lily and the rose,
Ere dark rebellious ones assail,

The triune God on high,
With scarlet woman to prevail,
The fiery serpents fly!
Four hundred years will then elapse,
Ere flamings will consume,
The elements the earth enwraps,
Before the fearful doom,
Before the roaring in the skies,
The whirling storms below,
Ere fiery tempests dread arise,
Or sealed the seventh woe;
Then happy few, th'enraptured band,
Upon a fulgid globe,
Will hights ascend, then overland
In white, the snowy robe,
Amid a sweet, embowered home,
With rivers of delight,
Beneath a clear, cerulean dome,
Enshrined in living light;
Then kingdom come, the bright unveiled,
The New Jerus'lem lore,
The precious gem, the pearly hailed,
When time will be no more!
When crescent orb, the legal bond,
The earth illumin'd bright,
The lunar queen with magic wand
Had touched with silv'ry light;
Then wandered o'er in midnight air,
A prince th'embowered green,
Ecstatic poured the fervent pray'r,
That pierced the starry sheen;
Lo, ominous stillness reigns around,
Th'assassin's weapon drawn,
May blood be swallowed by the ground
Before the purple dawn!

Then seraph bright from pearly Throne,
Descended from on high,
With voice majestic, sweetest tone,
That shook the ambient sky;
"Arise," declared, "in sov'reign might,
O, mighty One to save,
On Zion's Mount, its glorious hight,
Let victor pennants wave,
Arise and grant through precious blood;
From bright, ethereal plane,
Convey thus o'er the azure flood,
The howling desert main;
Th'imploring prayer gracious hear,
Concede the regal boon,
Whose wisdom gilds the glowing sphere,
And guides the wand'ring moon,
Ere rosy morning's orient wheels
Have rolled along the dales,
Aurora, flaming goddess seals
With splendor shaded vales;
Ere Hesper leads the starry train,
The radiant gems of night,
From vision golden circlets wane,
Is vanished trembling light;
Ere many snows on weary head,
Or winged omens fly,
Or hell too narrow for the red,
The fiends terrific, nigh;
Let prayer pierce the starry throne,
Imprint Thy holy seal,
Let rays pellucid crown alone,
Responsive to appeal,
That he ascend to azure plane,
From bright resplendent green,
Where Pleiades, Orion reign,
Beyond this wildering scene!"

Could we ascend from living green,
Beneath unloose our hands,
Would mount aloft to silvery sheen,
To cloud as pillar stands,
Upon a fleecy vapor fly,
Light floating mid the blue,
Pursue our journey through the sky,
And earth with flowers strew;
To beaming moon in chaste array,
Revolving in its orb,
In transport soar would far away,
Where raptures sweet resorb;
To glorious sun whose radiant light
Illumes the grand expanse,
Where golden crowns all glitt'ring bright,
Enthrilling, sweet entrance;
Or to some glimm'ring star away,
From earthly troubles free,
And let th'effulgent, bright'ning ray
Our coronation be;
To shining kingdom, mount afar,
To sweet millennial day,
To planets bright or twinkling star,
Beyond the milky-way;
To blissful scenes of thrilling love,
Where bright celestials woo,
To God, the living source above,
To gracious heaven true,
Where everlasting friendships greet
With love's enrapturing powers,
Like fragrant flowers blooming sweet,
Amid enchanting bowers;
Where beaming glows the radiant gem,
Companion sweet of morn,
The shining New Jerusalem,

Of Urim Thummim born;
Where songs celestial tongues inspire,
Transcendent with delight;
Where faces glow with heav'nly fire,
With rays of living light;
Where shout hosannas, ransomed free,
To harps celestial sweet,
Millennial song, the jubilee,
With raptures holy greet;
To anthems chant in azure sky,
That may we daily pray,
In beauty clothed serene on high,
Our flight would wing away,
Where glory hallelujahs ring,
Of sweet angelic songs,
That seraphim and cherubs sing,
And all the happy throngs;
In beauty beam with Morning Star,
In regions far away,
Nor shining glories waning mar,
To dim the lustrous ray;
From winds away that stormy blow,
There reap the treasured boon,
Reclining on the penciled bow,
Beneath the crescent moon!

'Tis midnight in the mountain now,
The moon serenely beams,
Alone beneath its beauty bow,
Its maker us redeems;
O, meekly stand before Supreme,
Whose love will never cease,
With raptures let devotion beam,
In stillness hold thy peace,
In silent rev'rence 'fore the throne

Of majesty divine;
For flowers lovely bloom alone,
In desert with the vine;
There meditate, commune with Him,
His marv'lous greatness trace;
The wonders of creation dim
Before His shining face;
Exalted shines on Zion's Mount,
Where light, a swelling flood,
Enshrines in glory living fount,
The Savior's precious blood;
Lo, fountain sweet of sov'reign will,
The universal mart,
Unfathomed depths of riches still,
Fresh gushing from His heart;
Where Eden's crystal river flows,
The stream of beauty glides,
By Zion's Mount where manna grows,
Forever Son abides;
Creation's summit grand attained,
The tragic hight of time,
No more perfections then remained
To closing scene sublime;
Ten thousand worlds in azure sky,
That roll along the dome,
Could glorious river never buy,
Mid bright, celestial home;
The glowing sun, the lustrous orb,
That brightly beams afar,
Will waning time the rays resorb
Before the Morning Star!

As mighty deeps, the world immense,
Astounding endless space,
The Infinite, ah, whither, whence,

How love divine embrace!
Lo, far beyond where planets soar,
There trace His essence pure,
His secret path unfolds the door,
To worship will allure;
Lo, hearken now how, intercedes,
And says, "why longer stay!
Oh, come away," he loving pleads,
"Beloved come away,
Come faithful walk and truly now,
To sweetest mercy prove,
Allegiance true, eternal vow,
For thus it doth behoove;
Will perfect call from regions far,
Of blessed kingdom come,
Around the bright and Morning Star,
Will call beloved home!"
Now unto Him of power, love,
Of beauty, holiness,
Be songs exultant, praise above,
Our souls forever bless,
Whose brightness, beamy rays divine,
Illume with wavy light,
Like solar rays refulgent shine,
Dispel the gloomy night;
Whose vital breath our bosoms warmed,
All living have their source,
Whose mighty hand the planets formed,
And guides their shining course;
Lo, golden beams of lucid ray
Amid the stellar blue,
O, circling glories, bright array,
Jehovah tsid-kenu!

To lowest pit lo, down descend,
Where malice, cruel hate,

Ensanguined Furies horrid rend—
We fly revolting gate!—
Down craters' depths, through wildering deeps,
To boist'rous southern pole,
Beyond where comet blazing sweeps,
In boundless space to roll;
Where vipers hiss and fumes arise
From fiery sulphur beds,
And venom, guile, unfathomed lies,
From protean serpent heads,
Where satan stalks at sunny noon,
In gloomy midnight reigns,
A quiv'ring blaze beneath the moon,
Where rock the fiery planes,
As, rides upon the lightning's wing,
O'er sable turret flies,
Upon the sulph'rous storms that ring,
Beneath infernal skies!

In nether depths—oh, fearful doom,
Should shades of darkness claim,
Triumphant then amid the gloom,
How sweet the Savior's reign!
The Morning Star how brightly shines
Upon the golden throne!
What horrors loom amid confines,
Where satan reigns alone!
Around his throne, what crushing woe,
Where red siroccos sweep!
While bounties full like rivers flow,
In Jesus hopeful, sleep!
What glories bright beyond the tomb,
Within the pearly gate!
What dismal scenes, what horrors loom
In regions black of hate!

Like two opposing suns that roll
 Away in boundless space,
Or orbits of the starry throne,
 Collisions in the race!

No flowers more will ever bloom
 Where scorching billows roll,
No beamy light the haunts illumine,
 Terrific, frightful goal;
No trembling ray from bended skies,
 No crystal planets shine,
In dismal midnight there arise,
 From starry throne divine;
No Morning Star with golden ray,
 No radiant gems of night,
No portals bright, no beamy day,
 Nor ruddy orient light;
But fest'ring stench, polluted state,
 Mid sulphur blazing mine,
And fiery wreath, the burning hate,
 Blaspheming name divine;
Lo, quaking earth from serpent-bite,
 Declares how demons rave;
Why dare presume on sov'reign might
 To fiery tempest brave,
Unless it be that lightnings pierce
 From clouds of sombre sky,
Where dungeons dank of demons fierce,
 Devouring dragons fly!

When thunder claps creation 'woke,
 Revealed Jehovah's arm,
Sulphurous hell received the stroke,
 And quaked with dread alarm;
For when th'Amighty shook the globes,

Then dread volcanoes rose,
And down the abyss with fiery robes,
Were mantled dreadful foes,
Like streaming meteors' flick'ring light
Above the verge of earth,
Descending down from starry hight,
Beyond creation's girth!
O, hades with thy raging flood,
Beneath a fiery sky,
Would dest'ny wring the tears of blood
From dim expiring eye,
To demon's fiendish voices hear,
Of murd'rous savage foes,
Lo, shocking ways, the gloomy bier,
Or dungeons black of woes!
Then awful thought, "what would have been,"
Like cyclones fearful sound,
Or craters fierce terrific seen
When quakings rock the ground,
To far away the echoes hear,
From distant beamy shore,
Immortal accents ever dear,
Above the stunning roar;
In dust to crumble and decay,
Forever so remain,
Oh, dreadful doom to pass away,
And never live again!

Deluded creatures if but knew
The judgments that await,
Th'evenomed serpents that pursue
Th'unhappy come too late,
Would instant stop and stand amazed,
With horror be appalled,
What dreadful monsters hideous raised,

From hell their doings called;
With fiery demons downward lo,
Oh, fearful thought, how dared,
With satan and his legions go,
To place for them prepared!
Lo, flitting owlets 'round the tomb,
A weird, supulchral sound,
And fiery serpents mid the gloom,
As hissing crawl the ground;
Oh, hopeless state of mould'ring graves,
Of dry and rattling bones,
No hand divine triumphant saves
The sad, deserted stones!
Since there exists a glorious God,
Whose face as lightning glows,
Whose might averts the *avenger's* rod,
A sacred river flows;
Since there exists a satan fell,
With murd'rous fiery darts,
Whose victims drags to burning hell
And tears their quiv'ring hearts,
Who from profoundest deeps arose,
And flapped his fiery wings,
Where flaming tempests, shocking woes,
Resounding horror rings,
Where purple ray nor golden beam
Ere gild that gloomy lair,
But burning chains, infernal steam,
Mid circling terrors there,
Should men not saving grace implore,
The lying tree embrace,
God's goodness trust forevermore,
And seek his shining face,
The heavens scale, the radiant skies,
Explore the starry plane,

Where comet soaring, wildering flies,
Beyond creation's reign,
Beyond the deeps chaotic clasp,
The fiery changes stem,
Till golden portals peerless grasp,
Of new Jerusalem!

Lo, Zion's Mount exalted stands,
All gloriously is formed,
The citadel, the fortress bands,
Whose hights were never stormed;
At Zion's base where lustres beam,
There lily and the rose,
The blooming tree and crystal stream,
Bright Eden's river flows;
Yes, Zion's hights are looming near,
Sweet paradise in bloom,
Will gladness flowing river cheer,
In glory bride and groom!
Still shadows, Zion only claim,
God's glorious brightness not,
The universe itself the same,
Beyond bright essence sought:
Lo, Jesus went beyond the cloud,
Will thence descend again,
With an archangel shout aloud,
On honored earth to reign:
With John beloved, He walked with Paul,
Nor dwelt beyond the stars,
As some believe the christian call,
All lively hope debars;
Still loving now, divinely walks,
Now saving those who fell,
The helpless lambs where satan stalks,
Will conquer death and hell;

On mundane sphere, still walks below
Majestic, peerless man,
As eighteen hundred years ago,
With sceptre and with fan;
Still name enthrills with rapturous song,
With joy exultant free,
Still harps triumphant heaven's throng
With shouts of jubilee!
But must Messiah all defeat,
Ere reign beneath, on high,
Will victor then the blessed meet,
Translated to the sky,
Will rush up through the buoyant air,
The Rapture to the skies,
Away from flying dragons where,
The coiling serpent lies;
Will praises then, hosannas ring,
His vict'ry o'er the grave,
The saved in glory ever sing,
Triumphant banners wave!

Like jew'ls within the heart enshrined,
Like flowers of the lea,
Are loving He and His entwined,
As lilies fair to me;
Like diamond-lustred sparkling dews
That glisten on the lawn,
Like penciled rays of orient hues,
Aurora's early dawn;
Like honey dripping from the comb,
Like golden nuptial loops,
Ye sons of New Jerus'lem home,
Ye stars in glitt'ring groups,
Ye flashing gems in azure sky,
Ye glowing, living lights,

Forever shine, in glory fly,
Amid th' enormous hights;
Ye sparkling jewels, lustrous shine,
In beauty beaming 'far,
Around the pearly throne divine,
With bright and Morning Star,
With golden crowns around the Throne,
Eternal race to run,
As stars refulgent shine alone,
Around the central sun,
Around the gem, the polar star,
In heaven's azure hights,
In crystal regions distant 'far,
Enwreathed mid stellar lights,
To glory of the zenith stream,
To regent of the skies,
Like radiant stars that brighter beam,
As up the heavens rise!

With garlands wreathe the sacred cross,
That bought the golden crown,
Beneath its banner warriors fought,
The champions of renown;
Eternal as the circle bends,
Of hope, the anchor sure,
With Morning Star in beauty blends,
With bow the emblem pure;
O, tow'ring grandeur, scene sublime,
To living verdure, turns,
The mystic circ of endless time,
On cross emblazoned burns!
All hail divine, the precious balm,
The succor sweet in death,
Let songs resound of spotless Lamb,
All praise with vocal breath;

Ye saints rejoice, with timbrels praise,
The galling yoke it breaks,
Of murd'rous foe, your voices raise,
And shout till Lebanon shakes;
Lo, Morning Star is rising bright,
Drink inspiration deep,
And shout aloud till morning light,
With joy exultant leap,
That chosen are through spotless Lamb,
The stars of bright'ning ray,
With vict'ry crowned, triumphant palm,
Through bless'd, eternal day;
Lo, diamonds glitt'ring midst the Star,
The glory of the light,
The lustrous gems reflecting 'far,
Through Morning Star and bright;
The Star above the cross behold!
With crescent moon unite,
The silent wonders, story told,
Mid pensive, stilly night,
With silver moon on shining scroll,
All lovely with the bow,
In heaven poised, inspiring goal,
Away from daring foe!

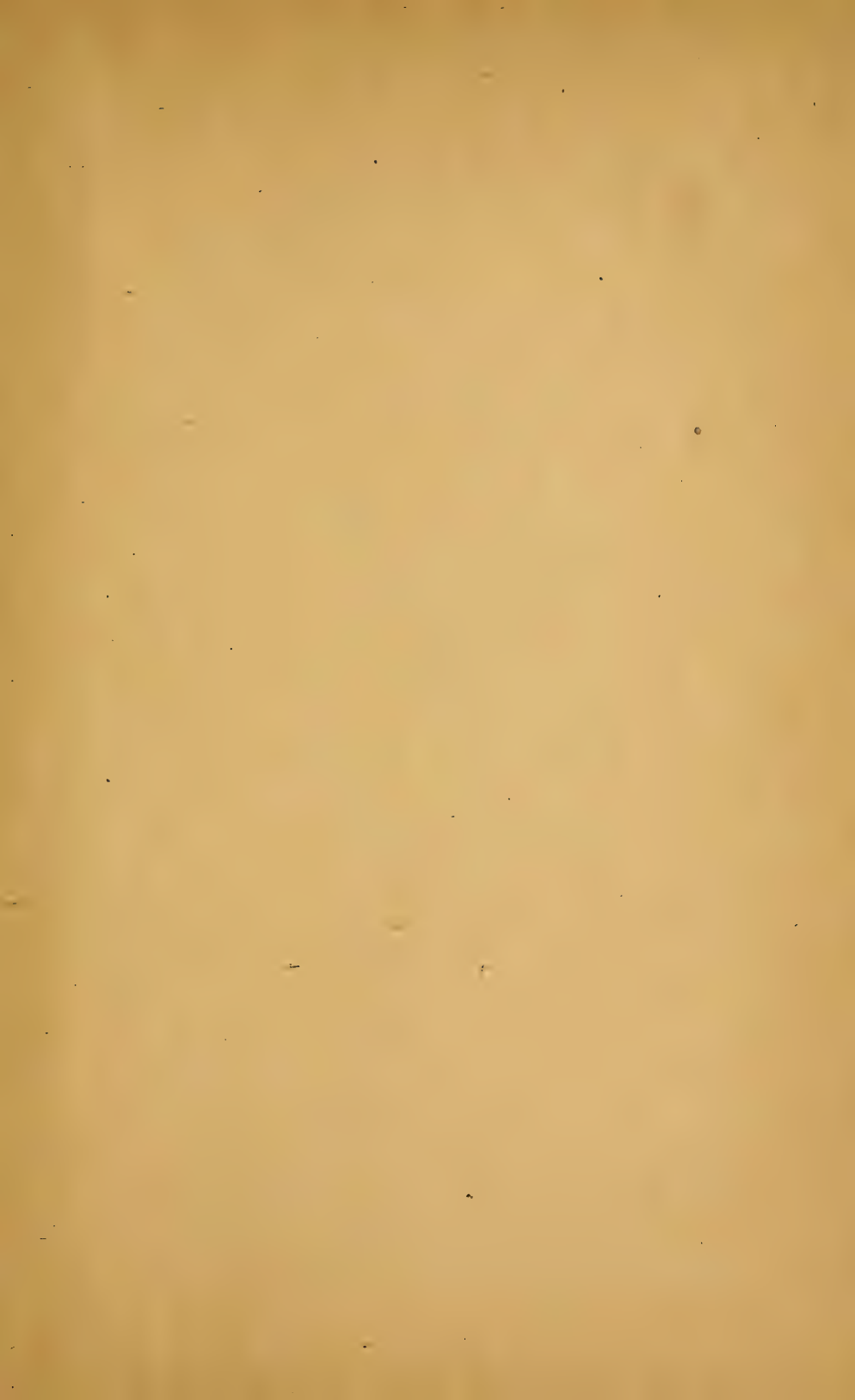
When crescent moon and Morning Star
Are hid in sable cloud,
In darkness dense the seraph car,
How dismal then the shroud!
But when the emblems glitt'ring shine,
In orient sweet adorn,
Then silver tones of voice divine
Will usher in the morn;
On brilliant Iris o'er the grave,
Descend then angels down,

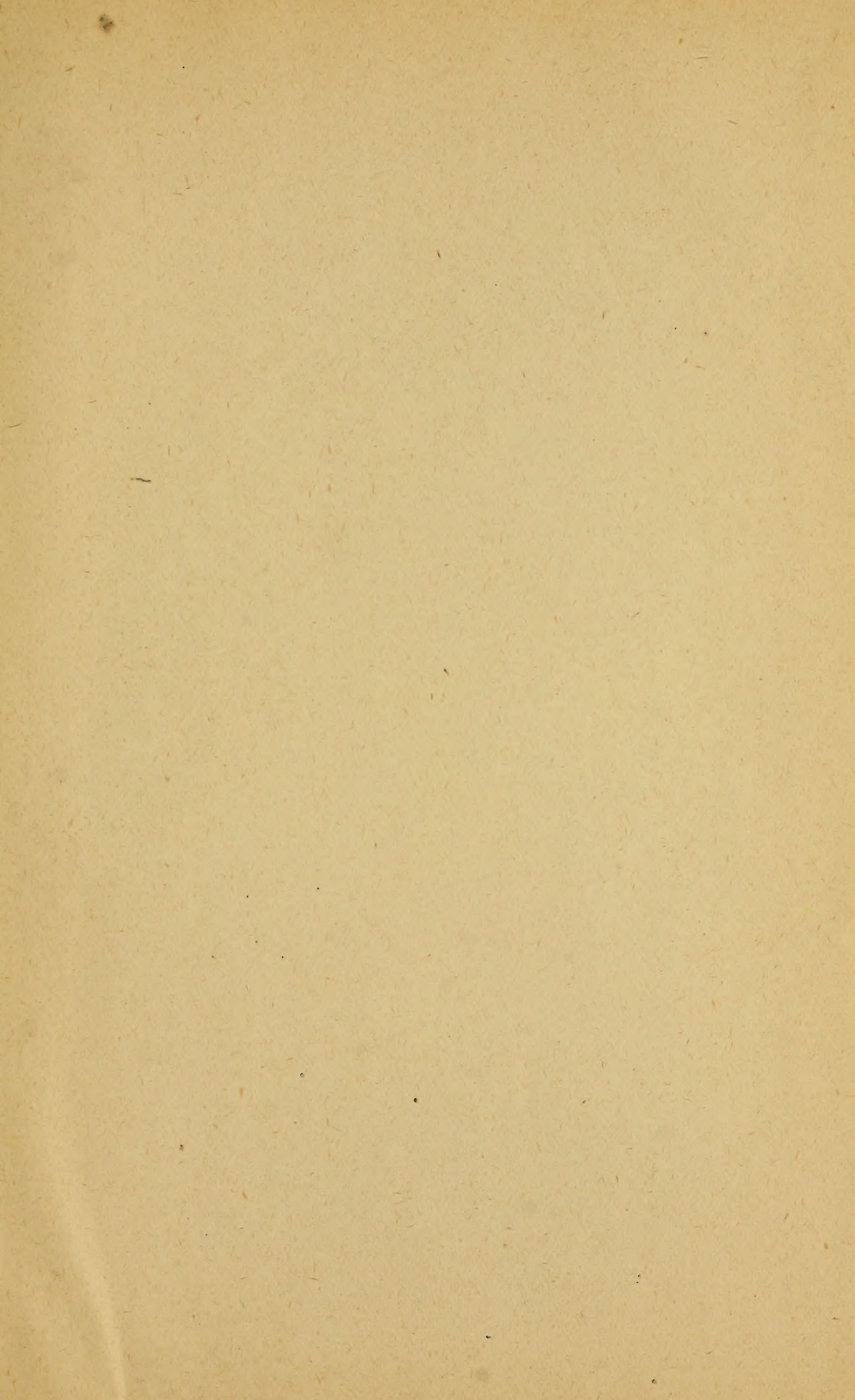
Where pillars in the azure lave,
The sparkling, golden crown;
For chosen bright of fleeting time,
The heavens wall with stars,
The tow'ring, wavy tide sublime,
Beyond the azure bars;
O, pleasing transport, fervid glow,
The soul-inspiring prize,
To mount aloft to purple bow,
Thence scale the starry skies,
Beyond the comet's orbit soar,
In boundless space untrod,
Beyond where planets crashing roar,
To dwell with triune God!
Behold, we'd fain no longer stay,
Beneath to wand'ring roam,
Take us aloft with Thee away,
To bright, celestial home,
To stars of New Jerusalem,
The treasure of the heart,
To join in anthems sweet with them,
Who nevermore will part;
To blissful regions sweet of peace,
All teeming with delight,
Where dear existence, ne'er will cease,
All pleasing in Thy sight;
With angels bright revered to sing
The triumph o'er the grave,
While new created kingdoms bring,
Beyond the dismal wave;
Where Venus bright in glory will,
Till vanished all away,
Will brighter shine and brighter still,
Until the perfect day;

O transit grand of golden star,
The victor over thrall,
Triumphal bright auroral car,
Jehovah's all in all!

O, let us ascend to the zenith of bow,
Where blending are colors all radiant aglow,
Arise to the orb, to the splendor of Star,
To ravishing beauty revolving afar,
Away to the Throne amid spangles of dome,
To Zion celestial, eternal the home,
Where seraphs are standing in presence divine,
With halo of glory forever to shine,
Away from the vortex engulfing that sweeps
To wastes of corruption, the terrible deeps,
From horrors terrific, in surges that roll,
From pole are careering in billows to pole!







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